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*Volume 12*

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IN LITERATURE

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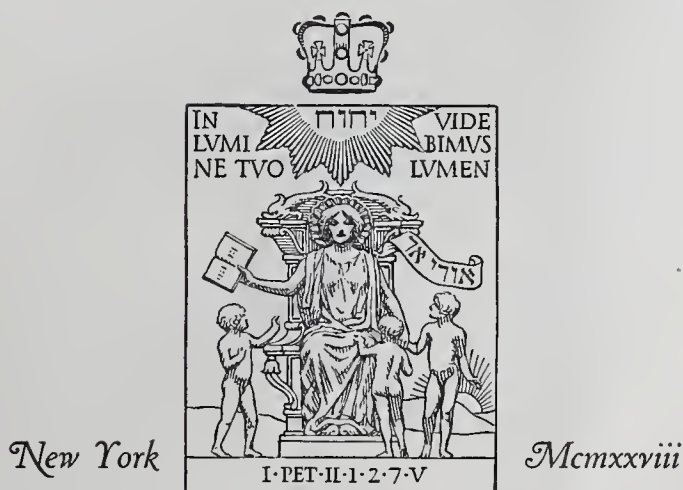
*GULLIVER IN THE LAND OF THE LILLIPUTIANS*

Painting by Louis Rhead in *Gulliver's Travels*, Louis Rhead Edition  
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*The*  
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*Pope to Burns*



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# INTRODUCTION

## THE AGE OF REASON

EACH succeeding generation has the ungrateful and unlovely habit of despising its immediate predecessor, and the nineteenth century had a fashion of depreciating the eighteenth, as lacking in romantic fervor, enthusiasm, and enterprise. But as we get farther away, and see the eighteenth century in historical perspective, it becomes clear that the achievements of the eighteenth century were not only important, but were a necessary basis for the progress made in the nineteenth. So far as prose is concerned the solid accomplishments of "The Age of Reason," as it was somewhat contemptuously called, have never been denied, and upon careful examination the poetic achievements, especially of the latter part of the century, are found to be considerable. But what was really significant of the eighteenth century in England was its steady if slow advance in representative and responsible government, in the power and freedom of the press, in the development of commerce and industry, in new humanitarian and religious movements, and in the gradual accession to power of the middle class, with its love of order, sobriety, solid comfort, and material progress. It is a period of special interest to American students because one of the great events it produced was the separation of the American Colonies from Great Britain—an event which had very important results for the Mother Country as well as for the Colonies immediately concerned. On both sides of the Atlantic the Revolution was preceded, accompanied, and followed by notable political and literary developments.

## THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Those who indulge in the melancholy pastime of imagining "what might have been" have drawn fanciful pictures of what the British Empire would have been able to accomplish if it had succeeded in keeping the American Colonies within its fold; and English historians whose political sympathies were with the Whigs have perhaps been inclined to lay too great a share of the responsibility for the loss of the Colonies at the door of George III; but it seems most sensible to regard the separation as the inevitable outcome of political and economic forces. It was natural that the love of liberty, inherent in human nature and traditional with the English stock, should develop more strongly and quickly under the conditions of colonial life than under the stoutly-rooted class system of Old England; and it was no less natural that the Colonists should be more eager for independence after they

had been relieved from the pressure and fear of the French and their Indian allies by the victories gained by the combined English and Colonial forces in Canada. Burdened with a war debt of one hundred and forty million pounds sterling, the British taxpayer naturally applauded the suggestion that part of this burden should be borne by the Colonists who had greatly benefited by the expenditure; and there can be little doubt that, when the King and his advisers became involved in the struggle with the Colonial forces, they had the support, not only of the House of Commons and the electorate, but of much wider circles of national opinion. The American patriots stated their side of the dispute with remarkable skill and cogency; Thomas Paine, author of 'The Rights of Man,' was a powerful ally in the influencing of public opinion; and in England itself their cause was advocated by Chatham and Burke, the foremost English statesmen of the time and publicists who would have been remarkable in any country and in any time. The dogged persistence with which, under the leadership of Washington, the armed forces of the Colonists kept the field successfully against the half-hearted or incompetent British generals sent to suppress them gave France the opportunity to throw her sword into the scale, and at length there came a British Government which preferred to score off its hereditary foe by making peace with its own rebellious subjects. The main outcome of the conflict was, of course, the setting free of the American people to work out their own destiny, but its issue had important consequences, not only for the colonies which remained part of the British Empire, but for Great Britain itself. The theory that colonies of Englishmen overseas could be governed from London for the advantage and profit of the home country was definitely abandoned, and before the end of the century a constitution was given to Canada which granted all the rights the American Colonists originally claimed.

Not only were the outlying parts of the future Empire thus benefited, but by the successful defense of their rights the American patriots encouraged the millions in England itself who were suffering under the same grievances — taxation without representation (out of a population of 8,000,000, only some 160,000 voted) and the burden of inefficient or corrupt office-holders over whose appointment or dismissal they had no control. When the elder Pitt, "The Great Commoner," exclaimed: "I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest," he had an eye upon the situation at home. He and his son and namesake, William Pitt, both advocated an extension of the franchise, and both rested their power, not upon the votes of the electorate, but upon the support of the people. These advances may seem small, but it must be remembered that Great Britain is a land where "freedom slowly broadens down, From precedent to precedent." The seventeenth century by the Civil War and the Revolution of 1688 made it clear that the King could not govern without the

consent of Parliament. The first half of the eighteenth century was occupied with establishing the Hanoverian succession and laying down the lines of modern parliamentary government. George I and George II, ignorant of the English language and interested in their little principality of Hanover, absented themselves from meetings of Ministers and allowed the right of royal veto to pass into oblivion. George III, born an Englishman and proud of that fact, perhaps misled by the brilliant superficialities of Bolingbroke's pamphlet, 'The Idea of a Patriot King,' attempted personal rule through the choice of his own ministers and the subversion of the House of Commons by means of appointments to office which were in reality bribes. These abuses had to be resisted and remedied in the slow, stubborn English way, and it took all of the eighteenth century so to limit the royal prerogative that the monarch became a sort of fifth wheel, carried not for driving power, but for ornament, for sentiment, for tradition. Victoria and Edward VII both complained that their Ministers took important decisions of which the sovereign was not informed before the decisions passed into action, but these complaints were merely curiosities of history as evidences that the royal prerogative had still some tenuous survival. The important point is that the Sovereign can now take no action for which his Ministers are not responsible. The Ministers are responsible to the House of Commons, and the members of the House of Commons are responsible to their constituents, who now include practically all the adult men and women of Great Britain. Thus responsible and representative government has been established by a struggle extending over centuries — a long chain in which George III's conflict with the American Colonies was an important link.

#### THE COFFEE-HOUSES

The chief gain of the eighteenth century in the constitutional struggle was the recognition of the power of public opinion. To the organization and expression of public opinion, the century contributed two important institutions — the newspapers and the coffee-houses, in which the newspapers were read and discussed. Coffee, tea, and tobacco, which in the days of the Elizabethan explorers had been counted among the wonders brought from foreign lands, had grown in popularity until they had become in the seventeenth century recognized English institutions, and the coffee-house established itself in the eighteenth century as an important part of the social organization of the time. It was a club with a moderate fee; it produced congenial company; the aroma of coffee and the fumes of tobacco combined to make wit and reason vie with one another in a society which was elastic enough to include the academic and the Bohemian. It has been estimated that by the first decade of the eighteenth century there were almost three thousand coffee-houses in the city of London, and a French traveler who visited the country at this time says that in the coffee-houses "you have all manner of news; you have a good fire, where you

may sit as long as you please; you have a dish of coffee, you meet your friends for the transaction of business, and all for a penny, if you don't care to spend more."

In the literary gatherings and in the discussions that inevitably sprang up in such half-professional, half-artistic groups, the rôle of leader was assumed by the stoutest intellect or the loudest tongue. Dryden, Pope, Johnson, and many others held the throne in succession in this little kingdom of English letters, and therein developed independence of thought, dogmatism of opinion, and even arrogance of speech.

As time went on, men of like taste congregated in certain coffee-houses — a fact of which Steele made use in the advertisement in the first number of *The Tatler* (April 12, 1709):

"All Accounts of Gallantry, Pleasure, and Entertainment, shall be under the Article of White's Chocolate-house; Poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-house; Learning under the Title of Græcian; Foreign and Domestick News you will have from St. James's Coffee-house; and what else I shall on any other Subject offer, shall be dated from my own Apartment."

There were also coffee-houses where the caller would be sure of his favorite journal to peruse and of a like-minded circle of talkers to discuss politics or the news of the day. There he could learn from print or by word of mouth the most recent changes in the ministry or its policy, so-and-so's chances of preferment, the latest scandal, the last victory over the French, or some proposed concession to the American Colonists.

## JOURNALISM

In a country and century in which the vast majority of the population could not read, the influence of the newspapers was necessarily restricted, and even if it had been possible to enlarge enormously the number of readers the press was not sufficiently developed on the mechanical side to supply any great demand: it was not until early in the nineteenth century that the improvement of the newspaper printing machine and the application of steam power made great circulations possible. Nevertheless, the eighteenth century made notable advances in the art and craft of journalism and greatly increased the influence of newspapers and periodicals and the attention paid to them. There were indeed newspapers in the seventeenth century, notably the official *Gazette*, first published in 1665. Of this official newspaper, the organ of the Government, Richard Steele was editor in 1707 and he managed by keeping it very innocent and very insipid to hold his office successfully. But he saw that with greater freedom of scope he could make his journalistic talent more useful to his party and more interesting to himself. He accordingly started in 1709 the *Tatler*, which avoided on the one hand the colorless style of the official *Gazette* and on the other the violence and one-sidedness of a

mere party organ. He aimed not so much at the publication of news as of light occasional articles of general interest and literary value, and was greatly assisted in the pursuit of this purpose by securing the co-operation of his friend Joseph Addison. Addison's easy and graceful style, his gentle humor and freedom from bitterness, made him the master of the modern essay, and the founder of periodical journalism in the English tongue. He was less of a politician than Steele and in the *Spectator* (1711-1712) the two co-workers produced a periodical that was free from party bias and made a notable contribution to the development of English prose. Later, when Steele wished to return to political journalism, he separated again from Addison and became sole editor of the *Englishman* and other reviews which were uniformly unsuccessful.

A much more typical journalist than either Addison or Steele (they were primarily men of letters and only journalists by accident) was Daniel Defoe, who was a journalist by instinct and profession and only occasionally a man of letters. Most of his books were really journalistic — *i. e.*, intended to supply the interest and demand of the passing day — and only one, 'Robinson Crusoe,' has kept a permanent place in literature. But his adventures and vicissitudes as a journalist ran the gamut of the possible experiences of the profession in his day and, indeed, in almost any day. He would write a last dying speech and confession for a condemned criminal and have it handed to himself by the criminal at the foot of the gallows in the sight of the mob assembled to witness the execution. Such is the verisimilitude of his realism that it is almost impossible to separate fact from fiction in his multitudinous publications about current events. He was the founder of sensational journalism, as well as of the realistic novel, and his achievements in these *genres* may reasonably be compared with those of Steele and Addison in the development of the periodical and light essay — politer forms of art, but with a much less significant future ahead of them.

#### SATIRE

All of these men could write, each in a way characteristic of himself, but the master of all of them, and of all predecessors and successors in the handling of English prose was Jonathan Swift; intellectually also he towered far above his contemporaries. He had a fling at journalism in the *Examiner* (1710-11) and also in his 'Drapier's Letters,' a series of pamphlets by which he endeared himself to the Irish as a successful advocate for the redress of one at least of their numerous wrongs. In one of his bitterest satires, 'A Modest Proposal for preventing the children of poor people from being a burden to their parents or the country, and for making them beneficial to the public' (1729), he gravely and in elaborate ironic detail argued that as Ireland was poor in everything except population, the lower classes should be encouraged

to breed and fatten children for consumption as food by more fortunate people. In 'The Tale of a Tub' (written about 1697, though not published till 1704) he turned his mordant power of sarcasm upon Roman Catholicism and other forms of dissent from the Established Church, with such success that all supporters and believers in revealed religion were offended and shocked; his shorter paper, 'An Argument against abolishing Christianity' (1708), is in a similar vein. Queen Anne, it is said, refused to make him a bishop because she could not understand his irony and thought that he was arguing seriously against Christianity, and Swift retired to his Irish deanery to eat out his heart in solitude. It was not a religious age, and Swift was undoubtedly embittered, not only by his own lack of preferment, but by the difference he perceived between men's professions and their performances. The English historian, J. R. Green, himself a clergyman, says that in the eighteenth century the English clergy were "the idlest and most lifeless in the world." Swift's genius may also have been clouded by some physical or mental defect which poisoned his life and made his relations with women impossible; many writers have attempted to solve the mystery of his love affairs with "Stella" and "Vanessa," but no adequate explanation has yet been suggested. The literary skill he put into 'Gulliver's Travels' as a burlesque of the story of travel and adventure have made it a favorite romance with young people, even up to our own time, but its real power consists in its savage invective, directed under very thin disguises not only at the shortcomings of his own time but at the miseries and meanness of the human race anywhere, at any time. In the land of the Lilliputians, by reducing everything to a small scale, Swift impresses the reader with the triviality of human experience; by magnifying everything to a gigantic scale in the country of the Brobdingnagians he forces on us the unwilling realization of the crudeness and the coarseness of certain phases of life. In the flying island of Laputa, he gives us a kind of perversion of Bacon's 'New Atlantis' and a bitter satire upon education; but it is in the country of the Houyhnhnms that the unconquerable loathing which possesses him for humanity at large expresses itself in the most uncompromising terms. Here the "fierce indignation" which lacerated Swift's spirit throughout his whole life shows itself in its most destructive form.

A satirical vein pervades also the work of the outstanding poet of the first half of the century — Alexander Pope. His satire has not the bitter energy and fierce indignation of Swift — it is more superficial and waspish; but there is no doubt of his high intelligence or of his supreme skill as a maker of verse in his own somewhat limited field. He sums up in his work all the characteristics of the period. The superficial glitter and high polish of his poetry are the expression in literature of the fine manners and the elaborate dress of the day. There is little of the subjective note in his work, little analysis of emotion, little interest in the deeper affairs of the heart or in the

permanent ideals of life. His poetry is dominated by what has been called the tyranny of the epithet. The exact word, the appropriate phrase, the apt allusion — all of these are thought worth striving for.

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,  
What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed.

The form of verse at first popular and then universally demanded is that known as the heroic couplet, which, from its very structure, lends itself to clear incisiveness of expression. The former richness of the Elizabethan imagination now degenerates into an elaborate and artificial fancy. The prevalent ideal of "good sense" puts a ban on the so-called extravagance of romantic feeling. Everything must conform to rules; literature is classified; it develops a theory of criticism; it is dominated by the laws which are not so much classical as pseudo-classical — derived by later critics from what they supposed to be classical practice; the forms of humanistic poetry are imitated; the classics are adapted to contemporary themes; it is an age of satire. Never, before or since in England, has satire, both in prose and in verse, reached such a height of effectiveness, such skill of expression, such bitterness of personal vituperation. Leaving aside Pope's translations and imitations, we find in the 'Rape of the Lock' (1712) the epitome of the age with its superficial comedy of manners and its delight in mock-heroic epic. The pseudo-classical machinery, the elaborate combat over the most trivial of offenses, the rather sneering disdain of society — these stand out clearly in this masterpiece of artificiality. Pope's personal spite is clearly rampant in 'The Dunciad' (1728) in which his aim was not so much to pillory dunces as to scarify his enemies; but these petty quarrels of literature have died with those who made them.

Pope's essays — the 'Essay on Criticism' (1711), the 'Essay on Man' (1733), and the 'Moral Essays' (1731-1735) — help us to form a higher regard for the work of a man who had more intellect than sympathy. The first of these shows clearly the influence of Horace and of Boileau. The Ancients are held up as models; excellence in style or manner of expression is the one thing to be desired; "Nature" is to be followed, but a Nature that is far from natural — the conventions fixed by the common-sense of past ages, not Nature's self, but as Pope put it, "Nature methodized." The 'Essay on Man' shows the influence of Bolingbroke and is full of neatly turned epigrams in which a superficial and often contradictory philosophy finds brilliant poetical expression.

### THE NOVEL

Just as the drama was the outstanding literary form of the Elizabethan age, so the novel was the great contribution of the eighteenth century to English literature. The part which the novelists of this day play in the history

of fiction is significant both retrospectively and prospectively, for, looking backward, we can see that all the elements of fiction were potentially there long before Richardson in 'Pamela' gave us the first real English novel in 1740; and, glancing ahead toward the great writers of fiction who were to come in the Victorian age and in the twentieth century, we can see in the work of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett all the possibilities of the high achievement of their successors.

As a form of prose writing, the novel holds a peculiar interest for the critic and the craftsman. It has been said (*The Times*, London, July 20, 1917) that "the peculiar virtue of the novel, as a form of art, is that it has no conventions imposed upon it," and that the law of the novel "is that the novelist shall never for a moment write about anything that does not interest him." This statement of the essence of prose fiction gives us a hint towards an explanation of the broad scope in subject-matter and the comparative freedom of technique which the novel enjoys in contrast to other literary forms. For there is practically no limit to the variety of theme or to the combination of characters or to the complexity of emotions and motives which have found in the novel their most natural expression. The acute analysis which has just been quoted suggests also where to find the key to the perennial interest which fiction has always had for the so-called general reader. The freedom of technique and the variety of subject appeal to a very large number of readers who might be repelled by the restriction and finish of a sonnet, or bored by the personal note or literary allusiveness of the essay. Furthermore, the contagious interest of the author in the fictitious child of his brain or in the social problem in which his characters are caught as in a net quickly spreads to the reader and induces in him a dramatic and sympathetic identification of himself with character or situation in such a way as to give him the delight or the wonder which comes from a new and growing experience.

As one looks at the course of literary history one seems to find therein a not entirely haphazard rotation of literary forms. The epic gives way to the romance and the romance to the drama, and the drama to fiction, but behind all these lies the fundamental inspiration to literature — human action, and its motives. Action when expressed in literature becomes narrative, and the earliest forms of literature grow out of story-telling. The novel, therefore, has a high ancestry and a long line of precursors. Far back in the ages we find Eastern tales ranging through all the gamut from simplicity to sophistication, and having in themselves an important influence upon European literature. Later on, we come upon Greek romances, medieval "romans," pastoral stories in which the brutality of real life is softened by a sentimental glamour, picaresque tales in which what was once the glory of the chivalric age is reduced to the absurdity of a burlesque, and lastly such immortal collections as Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales,' and Painter's 'Palace of Pleasure.'

In all of these we find, in embryo at least, the three fundamental interests

of the novel: action, character, and idea. The whole course of English fiction consists merely in developing one or other of these three elements until its utmost possibilities are revealed. If we follow the development of interest in action, we find ourselves inevitably led to a story like 'Robinson Crusoe,' and from Defoe's realistic masterpiece the step is not long to the numerous stories of adventure which have been produced in uncalculated quantities since that time. If we follow the line of development of character, we find ourselves passing the interesting though abbreviated sketches of Hall, Overbury, and Earle, stopping for an enchanted moment with Sir Roger de Coverley, following with breathless interest the autobiographical experiences of Bunyan and Defoe, until we lose ourselves in the manifold adventures of the eighteenth-century novel. In the same way, tracing the influence of an idea upon fiction, beginning perhaps with More's 'Utopia,' or Bacon's 'New Atlantis,' or Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' we find ourselves started on that line of development which leads inevitably to the didactic novel of the Victorian age or the sociological fiction of today.

The eighteenth-century novel, while it is to a certain extent moral in intent and not seldom satirical in method, escapes in general the religious heaviness of 'Pilgrim's Progress' and the unsocial bitterness of 'Gulliver's Travels.' It is primarily interested in real human beings, not in states of the soul or pathological exaggerations of human failings. The founders of the novel have not, of course, the ease and finish of technique attained by their successors; but Richardson is no mean psychologist, and Fielding has given us a picture of the average male perhaps unsurpassed in veracity by any of the numerous heroes (or villains) of the nineteenth century. Sterne is in his own wicked way inimitable, and Goldsmith in 'The Vicar of Wakefield' has achieved a presentation of simple life and simple people which will never lose its power and charm. There is less personal force in the work of Fanny Burney, but she prepares the way for the perfection of Jane Austen, in her own field unsurpassed. And the adorable Jane is thoroughly eighteenth century; although her novels did not begin to be published until the nineteenth century, 'Sense and Sensibility,' 'Pride and Prejudice,' and 'Northanger Abbey' were all written in the eighteenth. It is the eighteenth-century society that they portray, and Jane Austen is an eighteenth-century artist, both in her powers and limitations — her love of measure and common-sense, her dislike of enthusiasm and extravagance, her satirical view of life and human nature, her tone of moderation in expression as in emotion, and her inclination to accept things as they are without a thought — far less a wish — of upsetting human institutions or divine laws.

#### THE DRAMA

The Puritans objected on principle to the drama and their suppression of it during the Commonwealth struck it a blow which hampered its progress for two centuries and more. The Restoration brought back the stage as an

institution and assured it of the patronage of the Court, which encouraged a certain freedom — even licentiousness — in moral tone and a certain narrowness in literary taste; the Elizabethan plays began to disgust “this refined age” (as the diarist Evelyn put it) “since his Majesty’s being so long abroad.” Charles II granted letters patent to two London theaters — Drury Lane and Covent Garden — and the monopoly they enjoyed was reinforced by Walpole’s Licensing Act of 1737. The upshot was to alienate permanently from the theater the middle class, which was largely Puritan in sympathies, and to restrict the audiences to the most idle and dissolute members of the community — the Court and its hangers-on. There were still great actors — Garrick and Mrs. Siddons were among the greatest ornaments of the English stage during the whole of its history — and Shakespeare was still acted, but often in adapted versions, which, if they did not obliterate his genius, sometimes strangely perverted it. But the drama ceased to be a national institution appealing to the people at large; and it became both brutal and cynical in tone. Towards the end of the seventeenth century Jeremy Collier expressed indignation at the degradation of the stage in ‘A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage’ (1698), and though the dramatists did their best to defend themselves, they were unable to deny many of his charges. Addison wrote an inoffensive tragedy, ‘Cato’ (1713), in the pseudo-classical manner which won the applause of the critics of the time, but it had not enough life in it to preserve it from oblivion; among its many elegant commonplaces, only one, which may serve as a sample of the rest, had enough salt in it to preserve it in the popular memory:

’Tis not in mortals to command success,  
But we’ll do more, Sempronius, we’ll deserve it.

In comedy there was a reaction against the licentiousness of Restoration drama in the direction of sentimentality and the avoidance of “low” humor, and it was in opposition to this vein of sentimental and artificial refinement that Goldsmith wrote his rollicking play ‘She Stoops to Conquer’ (1773), in which high comedy is strangely mingled with farce; but its verve and naturalness — and the lack of anything to take its place — enabled it to keep the stage for a century and a half — and perhaps longer. Sheridan’s ‘The Rivals’ (1775) and ‘The School for Scandal’ (1777) have also held the boards, the former chiefly by its humor, the latter by its wit; both now have a certain antiquated flavor, which is partly offset for a modern audience by the tang of the dialogue and the charm of the costumes. Gay’s ‘Beggar’s Opera,’ with its riotous burlesque of Italian opera and its realistic reproduction of popular manners and vices, has been successfully revived both in England and America, for on both sides of the Atlantic there has been in recent years a revulsion from the easy sentimental enthusiasm of the nineteenth century to the more satirical bent of the eighteenth.

## THE RETURN TO NATURE

The leading writers of the second half of the eighteenth century continue the classical tradition — the appeal to reason, the submission to order and authority, the devotion to common-sense. Johnson, Burke, Gibbon, Adam Smith, Jeremy Bentham, various as were their interests and dispositions, have in common these characteristics of the "Age of Reason." But among the men of the second rank, as the second half of the century progresses, we see new tendencies creeping in, often along with rather than against the prevailing current. We have already noted a new vein of natural humor and simple emotion in Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield' as well as in his comedy 'She Stoops to Conquer.' His poem 'The Deserted Village' (1770) shows the same inclination to extol the virtues of humble life as we find, perhaps in a more sophisticated form, in Gray's 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard'; in the latter case the grace and charm of the verse have no doubt contributed as much as the simple thought and feeling of the poem to give it a permanent place alike in popular and critical appreciation. Shenstone in 'The Schoolmistress' treats a similar subject with less perfection of form, but shows metrical originality by reviving the almost forgotten rhyme scheme of the Spenserian stanza. Cowper, as the century is drawing to a close, shows a kindly and innocent humor, with only a touch of satire in it, in 'John Gilpin,' and his longer poems are full of appreciation of the simple things of life. Finally, but still within the bounds of the century, the "return to nature" reaches a mystical fervor in Blake's 'Songs of Innocence' and finds a richly tender, humorous, and even riotous expression in the poems of Burns.

## THE RETURN TO ROMANCE

There are some significant indications of a revival of interest in romance in the eighteenth century. Most of them are tinged with a certain air of artificiality — some of them with an element of falsity or even fraud — but this does not decrease their value as signs of the way the literary current was drifting. To an age at once sophisticated and ignorant — and ignorant the eighteenth century was in this particular — "the true has no value beyond the sham," as Browning puts it, and such an age may well find an element of artificiality welcome. When Macpherson published his Ossianic poems (1760-63) there was a lively discussion as to their possible authenticity, and Dr. Blair ventured to ask Dr. Johnson whether he thought any man of a modern age could have written such poems. "Yes, sir," replied the sage with his usual dogmatism, "many men, many women, and many children." Johnson's sterling common-sense stood him in good stead in this particular literary judgment, but the fact remains that Macpherson's 'Ossian' had considerable influence on literary movements on the European continent, and in the British

Isles stimulated a study of Celtic legends which has had very notable results. Chatterton's Old English imitations also had wide acceptance and were not without poetic merit. Gray's Norse and Welsh Odes were no doubt innocent of any close contact with the ancient literatures they profess to reproduce, but their metrical finish and potent rhetoric made them popular, and they were chosen for the young aristocrats of Eton College to practise their eloquence upon at as late a period as Palmerston's youth — perhaps in part because Gray had been at Eton and had written an Ode also about the College. The one genuine contribution to medieval scholarship was Bishop Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry' (1765), which inspired Scott to collect his 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border'; this in turn inspired his original Scottish ballads and ultimately suggested the Waverley Novels. These had had prose forerunners of a kind in the Gothic romances of Horace Walpole, Mrs. Radcliffe, and "Monk" Lewis, but these elaborate exploitations of the horrible should be credited rather with Jane Austen's satire upon them and their readers in 'Northanger Abbey' than with Scott's essentially original and very different creations in romantic fiction. In the history of the Romantic Revival the eighteenth century was remarkable rather for its promise of good things to come than for its actual accomplishments, but we are able to distinguish various tendencies which herald the dawn of a literary revolution.

#### ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

If we look outside the narrow confines of literary history to the broader social, political, and industrial achievements of the eighteenth century, we see that while its intelligence did not express itself greatly in works of the poetic imagination, it not only made a notable record in prose, but in spheres of intellectual activity outside the strictly literary domain it set on foot movements which were of very great significance for literary production in the future. The Whig leaders brought the Revolution of 1688 to a successful issue and laid the foundations for popular government. Democracy was still a word of ill omen, even more so after the French Revolution than before it, and class prejudice and political corruption were rampant; but Pitt, the first "Great Commoner," appealed from Parliament and the leading families of the aristocracy to the people, who, though as yet unenfranchised, were not incapable of exercising political influence. The power of the newspaper and the political pamphlet made notable advances, and the Press gradually freed itself from the trammels of a despotic Law of Libel. The loss of the American Colonies discredited George III's attempt at personal government, and even after this serious sacrifice of territory — in part the consequence of successes against the French in Canada and India — the British Empire at the end of the century remained a formidable and influential power. A large proportion of its inhabitants were indeed in a deplorable condition, even at the

very heart of the Empire in London and in the agricultural counties surrounding the capital. The substitution of gin for beer as the drink of the populace and of port for light French wines as the beverage of the aristocracy afflicted the upper class with gout and reduced many of the lower class to an indescribable state of degradation. Against these moral disorders some headway was made in the latter half of the century by the evangelizing zeal of the Methodists on the one hand, and on the other by various humanitarian movements, sometimes associated with religious fervor, sometimes with the colder intellectualism of people like Bentham.

Most of the important movements of the nineteenth century which have come to full fruition in the twentieth century had their beginnings in the eighteenth — democracy, scientific investigation, both on its intellectual side and its application to mechanical invention, mass production and the factory system, the decay of agriculture and the growth of industrialism. So a recent essayist is justified in saying that the Battle of Waterloo was won, not on the playing fields of Eton, but in the "dark Satanic mills" of Manchester, and it was the eighteenth century that ushered in the new mechanical and democratic civilization in which the world, on both sides of the Atlantic, now lives.

The contrasts between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries pointed out by students of literary, social, and political history are obvious and important, but it is equally important to realize that the two periods are not only continuous but are closely connected with each other. Some of the eighteenth-century men of letters, such as Thomson, Goldsmith, Gray, Burns, and Blake point on very distinctly to the characteristic movements of the nineteenth, and some of the leading figures of the first half of the nineteenth century, such as Wordsworth and Palmerston, have strong marks of eighteenth-century influence. For the sake of clearness it is necessary to recognize the differences between the two periods, which will be carefully analyzed in the Introduction to the next volume of this series; but the student should always bear in mind that the development of literature, like the current of life, is continuous.

JOHN W. CUNLIFFE  
G. R. LOMER

## HISTORICAL EVENTS

- 1702 Accession of Queen Anne
- 1704 Marlborough defeats the French at Blenheim
- 1706 Marlborough wins Ramillies and delivers Flanders
- 1707 Parliamentary Union of England and Scotland under the name of Great Britain
- 1709 Battle of Malplaquet won by Marlborough
- 1713 Treaty of Utrecht secures Gibraltar, Newfoundland, and Nova Scotia to Great Britain
- 1714 Accession of George I
- 1715 Death of Louis XIV  
Jacobite revolt crushed
- 1720 South Sea Bubble
- 1721-42 Walpole's supremacy
- 1727 Accession of George II
- 1730 Free export of American rice allowed
- 1740 War of Austrian Succession
- 1745 Charles Edward Stuart's rising defeated
- 1748 Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle
- 1756-63 Seven Years' War
- 1757 Clive wins Plassy  
British rule in India assured
- 1759 Wolfe captures Quebec

## LITERARY DATES

- 1702 First London daily, *The Daily Courant*
- 1704 Swift, *Tale of a Tub*
- 1704-13 Defoe, *The Review*
- 1709-11 Steele and Addison, *The Tatler*
- 1711 Pope, *Essay on Criticism*
- 1711-12 Steele and Addison, *The Spectator*
- 1712-14 Pope, *Rape of the Lock*
- 1713 Steele and Addison, *The Guardian*  
Addison, *Cato*
- 1715-20 Pope translates the *Iliad*
- 1719 Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*
- 1726 Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*
- 1726-30 Thomson, *Seasons*
- 1728 Pope, *Dunciad* (first edition)  
Gay, *Beggar's Opera*
- 1733 Pope, *Essay on Man*
- 1740 Richardson, *Pamela*
- 1749 Fielding, *Tom Jones*  
Bolingbroke, *Patriot King*
- 1750-52 Johnson, *The Rambler*
- 1751 Gray, *Elegy*
- 1755 Johnson, *Dictionary*
- 1759 Johnson, *Rasselas*

## HISTORICAL EVENTS

## LITERARY DATES

- 1760 Accession of George III
- 1763 Peace of Paris
- 1764 Hargreaves invents spinning-jenny
- 1765 Watt invents steam engine
- 1768 Arkwright invents spinning-machine
- 1773 "Boston Tea-Party"
- 1775 American Revolution begins
- 1776 Crompton invents spinning-mule
- Declaration of American Independence
- 1780 Capture of Charleston
- 1782 Parliamentary Reform Bill
- 1783 Treaties of Paris and Versailles
- 1785 Cartwright invents his spinning-machine
- 1787 Warren Hastings impeached
- 1789 Storming of the Bastille
- 1791 Representative government set up in Canada
- 1793 Execution of Louis XVI
- France declares war on England
- 1794 Fall of Robespierre
- 1798 Irish revolt crushed
- Battle of the Nile
- 1799 Death of Washington

- 1760-67 Sterne, *Tristram Shandy*
- 1760-63 Macpherson, the Ossianic Poems
- 1766 Goldsmith, *Vicar of Wakefield*
- Goldsmith, *Deserted Village*
- 1770 Death of Chatterton
- 1771 Smollett, *Humphrey Clinker*
- 1773 Goldsmith, *She Stoops to Conquer*
- 1774 Burke, *Speech on American Taxation*
- 1775 Burke, *Speech on Conciliation*
- Sheridan, *The Rivals*
- 1776 Adam Smith, *Wealth of Nations*
- 1776-88 Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*
- 1777 Sheridan, *School for Scandal*
- 1778 Frances Burney, *Evelina*
- 1779-81 Johnson, *Lives of the Poets*
- 1785 Cowper, *The Task*
- 1786 Burns, *Cotter's Saturday Night*
- 1789 Blake, *Songs of Innocence*
- 1791 Boswell, *Life of Johnson*
- 1792 Mary Wollstonecraft, *A Vindication of the Rights of Women*
- 1792-94 Young, *Travels in France*
- 1793 Burns, *Tam o' Shanter*

## DANIEL DEFOE

**D**ANIEL DEFOE, one of the most vigorous and voluminous writers of his time, was born in St. Giles parish, Cripplegate, in 1659 or 1660, and died near London in 1731. His father was a butcher named Foe, and the evolution of the son's name through the various forms of D. Foe, De Foe, Defoe, to Daniel Defoe, the present accepted form, did not begin much before he reached the age of forty. He was educated at the "dissenting school" of a Mr. Martin in Newington Green, and was intended for the Presbyterian ministry. Although the training at this school was not inferior to that to be obtained at the universities — and indeed superior in one respect, since all the exercises were in English — the fact that he had never been "in residence" set Defoe a little apart from the literary society of the day. Swift referred to him as "an illiterate fellow whose name I forget," and Pope inserted his name in the 'Dunciad':

Earless on high stood unabashed De Foe.

This line is false in two ways, for Defoe's ears were not clipped, though he was condemned to stand in the pillory, and the energetic, shifty, wide-awake Defoe was, like Bentley and Colley Cibber, a dunce only by Pope's peculiar definition. He answered Swift that "he had been in his time master of five languages and had not lost them yet," and challenged John Tutchin to "translate with him any Latin, French, or Italian author, and then retranslate them crosswise, for twenty pounds each book."

Notwithstanding the great activity of Defoe's pen (over two hundred pamphlets and books, most of them of considerable length, are known to be his; and it is more than probable that much of his work was anonymous and has perished, or could be only partly disinterred by laborious conjecture) he found time to engage twice in business, once as a factor in hosiery and once as a maker of tiles. In each venture he seems to have been unfortunate, and his business experience is alluded to here only because his practical knowledge of mercantile matters is evident in all his work. Even his pirates like Captain Bob Singleton, and adventurers like Colonel Jack, keep a weather eye on the profit-and-loss account, and retire like thrifty traders on a well-earned competency. It is worth mentioning, however, to Defoe's credit, that in one or two instances at least he paid his debts in full, after compromising with his creditors.

Defoe's writings fall into three classes. First, his political writings, included in numberless pamphlets, broadsheets, newspapers, and the like, and ranging

from attempts at political satire to admirable expository matter on the public questions of the day. Second, his fiction, 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Captain Singleton,' 'Colonel Jack,' 'Roxana,' and 'Moll Flanders.' Third, his miscellaneous work, innumerable biographies and papers like the 'History of the Plague,' the 'Account of the Great Storm,' and 'The True Relation of the Apparition of One Mrs. Veal.' His fictions proper are cast in the autobiographical form and are founded on incidents in the lives of real persons, and his biographies contain a large proportion of fiction.

Some knowledge of Defoe's political work is necessary to a comprehension of the early eighteenth century. During his life the power of the people and of the House of Commons was slowly extended, and the foundations of the modern English Constitution were laid. The trading and manufacturing classes, especially in the city of London, increased in wealth and political consequence. The reading public widened. With these changes came the establishment of news journals and reviews. Besides Addison's *Spectator* for the more cultured classes, multitudes of periodicals were founded which aimed to reach a more general public. The old method of broadsheet or pamphlet, hawked in the streets or exposed for sale and cried at the book-stalls, was still in use, but the regular issue of a news-letter was taking its place. Defoe attacked the public in both ways with unwearied assiduity. His poem 'The True-Born Englishman' was sold in the streets to the astonishing number of eighty thousand. In 1704 he established the *Review*, a bi-weekly. It ran to 1713, and Defoe wrote nearly all of each number. Afterwards he was for several years main contributor and substantially manager of *Mist's Journal*, a Tory organ. One of the most serious and well-founded charges against this first great journalist is that he was deficient in journalistic honor, and remained in the pay of the Whig Ministry while attached to the Opposition organ. During this period he founded and conducted several other journals.

Defoe possessed a sense for publicity. When the notorious Jack Sheppard was condemned, he visited him at Newgate, wrote his life, and had the highwayman, standing under the gallows, send for a copy and deliver it as his "last speech and dying confession." Defoe had the knack of singling out from the mass of passing events whatever would be likely to interest the public. He brought out an account of it in some newspaper, and if successful, made the occurrence the subject of a longer article in pamphlet or book form. It was Defoe who invented the leading article or news-letter of weekly comment, and the society column.

The list of Defoe's political pamphlets is a large one. They show a remarkable command over the method of reaching the plain people. He is never vituperative — that is, vituperative for the age of Pope and Swift and Dennis; he is tolerant, too, of those who differ from him in politics and religion. Defoe was a great journalist with a touch of genius. In the one instance where he hit upon a subject of universal interest, the life of the solitary castaway thrown

absolutely on his own resources, he wrote a book, without any effort or departure from his usual style, which has been as popular with succeeding generations as it was with his own. It is a mistake to call 'Robinson Crusoe' a "great boys' book" — unless we regard the boy nature as persistent in all men, and perhaps it is in all healthy men — for it treats the unaided conflict with nature and circumstances, which is the essence of adult life, with unequaled simplicity and force. Crusoe is not merely an adventurer; he is the human will, courage, resolution, stripped of all the adventitious support of society. He has the elements of universal humanity, though in detail he is as distinctly English as Odysseus is Greek.

The characters of Defoe's other novels — Colonel Jack, Captain Singleton, Moll Flanders, and Roxana — are so repulsive, and so entirely unaware of their repulsiveness, that we can take little interest in them. Possibly an exception might be made in favor of Colonel Jack, who evinces at times an amusing humor. All are criminals, and the conflict of the criminal with the forces of society may be the subject of the most powerful fiction. But these books are inartistic in several regards. No criminals, even allowing them to be hypocrites, ever disclose themselves in the open-hearted manner of these autobiographers. Despite all his Newgate experiences and his acquaintance with noted felons, Defoe never understood either the weakness or the strength of the criminal type. So all his harlots and thieves and outcasts are amateurish. His pirates have none of the desperation and brutal heroism of sin. 'Moll Flanders' and 'Roxana' are coarse books, but it can hardly be said that they are harmful or corrupting. They are simply vulgar. Vice has preserved all its evil by preserving all its grossness.

Defoe is sometimes spoken of as the first great realist. In a sense this may be true. No doubt he presents the surface of a limited area of the eighteenth-century world with fidelity. With the final establishment of Protestantism, the increase of trade, and the building of physical science on the broad foundations laid down by Newton, England had become more mundane than at any other period. The intense faith and the imaginative quality of the seventeenth century were deadened. The eighteenth century kept its eyes on the earth, and though it found a great many interesting and wonderful things there, and though it laid the foundations of England's industrial greatness, it was neither a spiritual nor an artistic age. The novel was in its infancy; and as if a true story was more worthy of respect than an invention, it received from Defoe an air of verisimilitude and is usually based on some real events. He is careful to embellish his fictions with little bits of realism. Thus, Moll Flanders gives an inventory of the goods she took to America, and in the 'History of the Plague' Defoe adds a note to his description of a burial-ground: — "N.B. The author of this Journal lies buried in that very ground, being at his own desire, his sister having been buried there a few weeks before." This enumeration of particulars certainly gives an air of reality, but it is a trick easily caught, and, except in

'Robinson Crusoe,' much of his detail is irrelevant and tiresome. But all the events on the lonely island are admirably harmonized and have a cumulative effect. The second part, after the rescue, written to take advantage of the popularity of the first, is vastly inferior. The artistic selective power is not exercised. This same concrete imagination which sees minute details is also evident in his contemporary Swift, but with him it works at the bidding of a far more fervid and emotional spirit.

Defoe is a pioneer in novel-writing and in journalism. Most writers imitate, but it cannot be said that Defoe founded himself on any predecessor, while his successors are numbered by hundreds. A certain relationship could be traced between his work and the picaresque tales of France and Spain on the one hand and the contemporary journals of actual adventure on the other; but not one close enough to detract from his claim to original power.

Defoe made several attempts at poetical satire, which are sufficient to show that he lacked either the talent or the patience to write political verse. Compared with Dryden's or Pope's, his work is mere doggerel, enlivened by occasional vigorous couplets like

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,  
The devil always builds a chapel there:  
And 'twill be found upon examination  
The latter has the largest congregation.

Or

No panegyric needs their praise record —  
An Englishman ne'er wants his own good word.

But an examination will confirm the impression that Defoe was not a poet, as surely as the re-reading of 'Robinson Crusoe' will strengthen our traditional belief that he was a great writer of prose.

CHARLES F. JOHNSON

## FROM 'ROBINSON CRUSOE'

### CRUSOE'S SHIPWRECK

**N**OTHING can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sunk into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw my breath; till that wave having driven me or rather carried me a vast way on towards the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in. I had so much presence of mind as well as breath left, that seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, I got upon my

feet, and endeavored to make on towards the land as fast as I could, before another wave should return and take me up again; but I soon found it was impossible to avoid it; for I saw the sea coming after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy which I had no means or strength to contend with: my business was to hold my breath, and raise myself upon the water, if I could; and so by swimming to preserve my breathing, and pilot myself towards the shore if possible; my greatest concern now being that the wave, as it would carry me a great way towards the shore when it came on, might not carry me back again with it when it gave back towards the sea.

The wave that came upon me again, buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body; and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore, a very great way; but I held my breath, and assisted myself to swim still forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when, as I felt myself rising up, so to my immediate relief I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water; and though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath and new courage. I was covered again with water a good while, but not so long but I held it out; and finding the water had spent itself, and began to return, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath, and till the water went from me, and then took to my heels and ran with what strength I had farther towards the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again; and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forward as before, the shore being very flat.

The last time of these two had well-nigh been fatal to me; for the sea having hurried me along as before, landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of rock, and that with such force that it left me senseless, and indeed helpless as to my own deliverance; for the blow taking my side and breast, beat the breath as it were quite out of my body, and had it returned again immediately I must have been strangled in the water; but I recovered a little before the return of the waves, and seeing I should again be covered with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of the rock, and so to hold my breath if possible till the wave went back. Now, as the waves were not so high as the first, being nearer land, I held my hold till the wave abated, and then fetched another run, which brought me so near the shore, that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not so swallow me up as to carry me away; and the next run I took, I got to the mainland, where to my great comfort I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat me down upon the grass, free from danger and quite out of the reach of the water.

I was now landed, and safe on shore; and began to look up and thank God that my life was saved, in a case wherein there were, some minutes before, scarce any room to hope. I believe it is impossible to express, to the life, what

the ecstasies and transports of the soul are when it is so saved, as I may say, out of the grave: and I did not wonder now at the custom, *viz.*, that when a malefactor who has the halter about his neck is tied up, and just going to be turned off, and has a reprieve brought to him — I say I do not wonder that they bring a surgeon with it, to let him blood that very moment they tell him of it; that the surprise may not drive the animal spirits from the heart and overwhelm him.

For sudden joys, like griefs, confound at first.

I walked about the shore, lifting up my hands, and my whole being, as I may say, wrapped up in the contemplation of my deliverance; making a thousand gestures and motions which I cannot describe; reflecting upon my comrades that were drowned, and that there should not be one soul saved but myself; for as for them, I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them, except three of the hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows.

I cast my eyes to the stranded vessel — when the breach and froth of the sea being so big I could hardly see it, it lay so far off — and considered, Lord! how was it possible I could get on shore?

#### CRUSOE MAKES A NEW HOME

I soon found the place I was in was not for my settlement, particularly because it was upon a low moorish ground, near the sea, and I believed it would not be wholesome; and more particularly because there was no fresh water near it; so I resolved to find a more healthy and more convenient spot of ground.

I consulted several things in my situation which I found would be proper for me: first, air and fresh water, I just now mentioned; secondly, shelter from the heat of the sun; thirdly, security from ravenous creatures, whether men or beasts; fourthly, a view to the sea, that if God sent any ship in sight, I might not lose any advantage for my deliverance, of which I was not willing to banish all my expectation yet.

I searched for a place proper for this. I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front towards this little plain was steep as a house-side, so that nothing could come down upon me from the top. On the side of this rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance or door of a cave; but there was not really any cave, or way into the rock at all.

On the flat of the green, just before this hollow place, I resolved to pitch my tent. This plain was not above a hundred yards broad, and about twice as long, and lay like a green before my door; and at the end of it descended irregularly every way down into the low ground by the seaside. It was on the N. N. W. side of the hill, so that it was sheltered from the heat every day, till it came to a W. and by S. sun, or thereabouts, which in those countries is near the setting.

Before I set up my tent I drew a half-circle before the hollow place, which took in about ten yards in its semi-diameter from the rock, and twenty yards in its diameter from its beginning and ending.

In this half-circle I pitched two rows of long stakes, driving them into the ground till they stood very firm like piles, the biggest end being out of the ground about five feet and a half, and sharpened on the top. The two rows did not stand above six inches from one another.

Then I took the pieces of cable which I cut in the ship, and laid them in rows, one upon another, within the circle between these two rows of stakes, up to the top, placing other stakes in the inside, leaning against them, about two feet and a half high, like a spur to a post: and this fence was so strong that neither man nor beast could get into it or over it. This cost me a great deal of time and labor, especially to cut the piles in the woods, bring them to the place, and drive them into the earth.

The entrance into this place I made to be not by a door, but by a short ladder to go over the top; which ladder, when I was in, I lifted over after me; and so I was completely fenced in and fortified, as I thought, from all the world, and consequently slept secure in the night, which otherwise I could not have done; though as it appeared afterwards, there was no need of all this caution against the enemies that I apprehended danger from.

#### A FOOTPRINT

It happened one day about noon, going toward my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen on the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked about me, but I could hear nothing nor see anything; I went up to a rising ground to look farther; I went up the shore and down the shore, but it was all one: I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the print of a foot — toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came hither I knew not, nor could I in the least imagine; but after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man. Nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes my affrighted imagination represented things to me in, how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way. When I came to my castle (for so I think I called it ever after this) I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I had called a door, I cannot

remember; no, nor could I remember the next morning, for never frightened hare fled to cover or fox to earth with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

## FROM 'HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON'

### SUPERSTITION AND THE PLAGUE

**B**UT I must go back again to the beginning of this surprising time; while the fears of the people were young, they were increased strangely by several odd incidents, which put altogether, it was really a wonder the whole body of the people did not rise as one man and abandon their dwellings, leaving the place as a space of ground designed by heaven for an Akeldama doomed to be destroyed from the face of the earth, and that all that would be found in it would perish with it. I shall name but a few of these things; but sure they were so many, and so many wizards and cunning people propagating them, that I have often wondered there was any (women especially) left behind.

In the first place, a blazing star or comet appeared for several months before the plague, as there did the year after, another, a little before the fire; the old women, and the phlegmatic hypochondriac part of the other sex, whom I could almost call the old women too, remarked, especially afterward, though not till both those judgments were over, that those two comets passed directly over the city, and that so very near the houses that it was plain they imported something peculiar to the city alone. That the comet before the pestilence was of a faint, dull, languid color, and its motion very heavy, solemn, and slow; but that the comet before the fire was bright and sparkling, or as others said, flaming, and its motion swift and furious; and that accordingly one foretold a heavy judgment, slow but severe, terrible, and frightful, as was the plague. But the other foretold a stroke, sudden, swift, and fiery, as was the conflagration; nay, so particular some people were, that as they looked upon that comet preceding the fire they fancied that they not only saw it pass swiftly and fiercely, and could perceive the motion with their eye, but they even heard it — that it made a rushing mighty noise, fierce and terrible, though at a distance and but just perceivable.

I saw both these stars, and I must confess, had had so much of the common notion of such things in my head that I was apt to look upon them as the forerunners and warnings of God's judgments; and especially when the plague had followed the first, I saw yet another of the like kind, I could not but say, God had not yet sufficiently scourged the city.

The apprehensions of the people were likewise strangely increased by the error of the times, in which I think the people, from what principle I cannot

imagine, were more addicted to prophecies and astrological conjurations, dreams, and old wives' tales, than ever they were before or since: whether this unhappy temper was originally raised by the follies of some people who got money by it — that is to say, by printing predictions and prognostications — I know not; but certain it is, books frightened them terribly; such as 'Lily's Almanack,' 'Gadbury's Astrological Predictions,' 'Poor Robin's Almanack,' and the like; also several pretended religious books, one entitled, 'Come out of Her, my People, lest Ye be Partakers of her Plagues'; another called 'Fair Warning'; another, 'Britain's Remembrancer'; and many such, all or most part of which foretold, directly or covertly, the ruin of the city; nay, some were so enthusiastically bold as to run about the streets with their oral predictions, pretending they were sent to preach to the city; and one in particular, who like Jonah to Nineveh, cried in the streets, "Yet forty days, and London shall be destroyed." I will not be positive whether he said forty days or yet a few days. Another ran about naked, except a pair of drawers about his waist, crying day and night, like a man that Josephus mentions, who cried, "Woe to Jerusalem!" a little before the destruction of that city; so this poor naked creature cried, "Oh! the great and the dreadful God!" and said no more, but repeated those words continually, with a voice and countenance full of horror, a swift pace; and nobody could ever find him to stop, or rest, or take any sustenance, at least that ever I could hear of. I met this poor creature several times in the streets, and would have spoken to him, but he would not enter into speech with me or any one else, but kept on his dismal cries continually.

These things terrified the people to the last degree; and especially when two or three times, as I have mentioned already, they found one or two in the hills, dead of the plague at St. Giles's.

Next to these public things were the dreams of old women; or I should say, the interpretation of old woman upon other people's dreams; and these put abundance of people even out of their wits. Some heard voices warning them to be gone, for that there would be such a plague in London, so that the living would not be able to bury the dead; others saw apparitions in the air; and I must be allowed to say of both, I hope without breach of charity, that they heard voices that never spake, and saw sights that never appeared; but the imagination of the people was really turned wayward and possessed; and no wonder if they who were poring continually at the clouds saw shapes and figures, representations and appearances, which had nothing in them but air and vapor. Here they told us they saw a flaming sword held in a hand, coming out of a cloud, with a point hanging directly over the city. There they saw hearses and coffins in the air carrying to be buried. And there again, heaps of dead bodies lying unburied and the like; just as the imagination of the poor terrified people furnished them with matter to work upon.

So hypochondriac fancies represent  
Ships, armies, battles in the firmament;  
Till steady eyes the exhalations solve,  
And all to its first matter, cloud, resolve.

I could fill this account with the strange relations such people give every day of what they have seen; and every one was so positive of their having seen what they pretended to see, that there was no contradicting them without breach of friendship, or being accounted rude and unmannerly on the one hand and profane and impenetrable on the other. One time before the plague was begun, otherwise than as I have said in *St. Giles's* — I think it was in *March* — seeing a crowd of people in the street I joined with them to satisfy my curiosity, and found them all staring up into the air to see what a woman told them appeared plain to her, which was an angel clothed in white, with a fiery sword in his hand, waving it or brandishing it over his head. She described every part of the figure to the life, showed them the motion and the form, and the poor people came into it so eagerly and with so much readiness: "Yes! I see it all plainly," says one, "there's the sword as plain as can be;" another saw the angel; one saw his very face, and cried out what a glorious creature he was! One saw one thing, and one another. I looked as earnestly as the rest, but perhaps not with so much willingness to be imposed upon; and I said indeed that I could see nothing but a white cloud, bright on one side by the shining of the sun upon the other part. The woman endeavored to show it me, but could not make me confess that I saw it, which indeed if I had, I must have lied; but the woman turning to me looked me in the face and fancied I laughed, in which her imagination deceived her too, for I really did not laugh, but was seriously reflecting how the poor people were terrified by the force of their own imagination. However, she turned to me, called me a profane fellow and a scoffer, told me that it was a time of God's anger, and dreadful judgments were approaching, and that despisers such as I should wander and perish.

The people about her seemed disgusted as well as she, and I found there was no persuading them that I did not laugh at them, and that I should be rather mobbed by them than be able to undeceive them. So I left them, and this appearance passed for as real as the blazing star itself.

Another encounter I had in the open day also; and this was in going through a narrow passage from *Petty France* into *Bishopsgate Churchyard*, by a row of almshouses. There are two churchyards to *Bishopsgate Church* or parish; one we go over to pass from the place called *Petty France* into *Bishopsgate Street*, coming out just by the church door; the other is on the side of the narrow passage where the almshouses are on the left, and a dwarf wall with a palisade on it on the right hand, and the city wall on the other side to the right.

In this narrow passage stands a man looking through the palisades into the burying-place, and as many people as the narrowness of the place would admit to stop without hindering the passage of others; and he was talking mighty eagerly to them and pointing now to one place, then to another, and affirming that he saw a ghost walking upon such a gravestone there: he described the shape, the posture, and the movement of it so exactly, that it was the greatest amazement to him in the world that everybody did not see it as well as he. On a sudden he would cry, "There it is! Now it comes this way!" then, "'Tis turned back!" till at length he persuaded the people into so firm a belief of it, that one fancied he saw it; and thus he came every day making a strange hubbub, considering it was so narrow a passage, till Bishopsgate clock struck eleven, and then the ghost would seem to start, and as if he were called away, disappear on a sudden.

I looked earnestly every way and at the very moment that this man directed, but could not see the least appearance of anything; but so positive was this poor man that he gave them vapors in abundance, and sent them away trembling and frightened, till at length few people that knew of it cared to go through that passage, and hardly anybody by night on any account whatever.

This ghost, as the poor man affirmed, made signs to the houses, and to the ground, and to the people, plainly intimating, or else they so understanding it, that abundance of people should come to be buried in that churchyard, as indeed happened; but that he saw such aspects, I must acknowledge I never believed, nor could I see anything of it myself, though I looked most earnestly to see it if possible.

#### QUACKS AND IMPOSTORS

I cannot omit a subtlety of one of those quack operators, with which he gulled the poor people to crowd about him, but did nothing for them without money. He had, it seems, added to his bills which he gave out in the streets, this advertisement in capital letters; *viz.*, "He gives advice to the poor for nothing."

Abundance of people came to him accordingly, to whom he made a great many fine speeches, examined them of the state of their health and of the constitution of their bodies, and told them many good things to do which were of no great moment; but the issue and conclusion of all was, that he had a preparation which, if they took such a quantity of every morning, he would pawn his life that they should never have the plague — no, though they lived in the house with people that were infected. This made the people all resolve to have it; but then the price of that was so much — I think it was half a crown. "But, sir," says one poor woman, "I am a poor alms-woman, and am kept by the parish, and your bills say you give the poor

your help for nothing." "Ay, good woman," says the doctor, "so I do, as I published there; I give my advice, but not my physic!" "Alas, sir," says she, "that is a snare laid for the poor then, for you give them your advice for nothing: that is to say, you advise them gratis, to buy your physic for their money; so does every shopkeeper with his wares." Here the woman began to give him ill words, and stood at his door all that day, telling her tale to all the people that came, till the doctor, finding she turned away his customers, was obliged to call her up-stairs again and give her his box of physic for nothing, which perhaps too was good for nothing when she had it.

### QUARANTINE

This shutting up of houses was at first counted a very cruel and unchristian method, and the poor people so confined made bitter lamentations; complaints of the severity of it were also daily brought to my lord mayor, of houses causelessly and some maliciously shut up; I cannot say, but upon inquiry, many that complained so loudly were found in a condition to be continued; and others again, inspection being made upon the sick person and the sickness not appearing infectious, or if uncertain, yet on his being content to be carried to the pest-house, were released.

As I went along Houndsditch one morning about eight o'clock there was a great noise; it is true indeed that there was not much crowd, because the people were not very free to gather together, or to stay together when they were there, nor did I stay long there; but the outcry was loud enough to prompt my curiosity, and I called to one who looked out of a window, and asked what was the matter.

A watchman, it seems, had been employed to keep his post at the door of a house which was infected, or said to be infected, and was shut up; he had been there all night for two nights together, as he told his story, and the day watchman had been there one day, and was now come to relieve him; all this while no noise had been heard in the house, no light had been seen, they called for nothing, sent him on no errands, which used to be the chief business of the watchman, neither had they given him any disturbance, as he said, from Monday afternoon, when he heard a great crying and screaming in the house, which as he supposed was occasioned by some of the family dying just at that time. It seems the night before, the dead-cart, as it was called, had been stopped there, and a servant-maid had been brought down to the door dead, and the buriers or bearers, as they were called, put her into the cart, wrapped only in a green rug, and carried her away.

The watchman had knocked at the door, it seems, when he heard that noise and crying as above, and nobody answered a great while; but at last one looked out and said with an angry quick tone, and yet a kind of crying voice, or a voice of one that was crying, "What d'ye want, that you make

such a knocking?" He answered, "I am the watchman; how do you do? What is the matter?" The person answered, "What is that to you? Stop the dead-cart." This, it seems, was about one o'clock; soon after, as the fellow said, he stopped the dead-cart, and then knocked again, but nobody answered; he continued knocking, and the bellman called out several times, "Bring out your dead"; but nobody answered, till the man that drove the cart, being called to other houses, would stay no longer, and drove away.

The watchman knew not what to make of all this, so he let them alone till the morning man, or day watchman, as they called him, came to relieve him. Giving him an account of the particulars, they knocked at the door a great while, but nobody answered, and they observed that the window or casement at which the person looked out who had answered before, continued open, being up two pair of stairs.

Upon this the two men, to satisfy their curiosity, got a long ladder, and one of them went up to the window and looked into the room, where he saw a woman lying dead upon the floor in a dismal manner, having no clothes on her but her shift; but though he called aloud, and putting in his long staff, knocked hard on the floor, yet nobody stirred or answered; neither could he hear any noise in the house.

He came down upon this, and acquainted his fellow, who went up also, and finding it just so, they resolved to acquaint either the lord mayor or some other magistrate of it, but did not offer to go in at the window. The magistrate, it seems, upon the information of the two men ordered the house to be broken open, a constable and other persons being appointed to be present, that nothing might be plundered; and accordingly it was so done, when nobody was found in the house but that young woman, who having been infected and past recovery, the rest had left her to die by herself, and every one gone, having found some way to delude the watchman and to get open the door, or get out at some back door, or over the tops of the houses, so that he knew nothing of it; and as to those cries and shrieks which he heard, it was supposed they were the passionate cries of the family at this bitter parting, which to be sure it was to them all, this being the sister to the mistress of the family. The man of the house, his wife, several children, and servants, being all gone and fled; whether sick or sound, that I could never learn, nor indeed did I make much inquiry after it.

#### MORAL EFFECTS OF THE PLAGUE

Here we may observe, and I hope it will not be amiss to take notice of it, that a near view of death would soon reconcile men of good principles one to another, and that it is chiefly owing to our easy situation in life, and our putting these things far from us, that our breaches are fomented, ill blood continued, prejudices, breach of charity and of Christian union so much kept

and so far carried on among us as it is: another plague year would reconcile all these differences; a close conversing with death or with diseases that threaten death would scum off the gall from our tempers, remove the animosities among us, and bring us to see with differing eyes than those which we looked on things with before; as the people who had been used to join with the church were reconciled at this time with the admitting the Dissenters to preach to them, so the Dissenters, who with an uncommon prejudice had broken off from the communion of the Church of England, were now content to come to their parish churches, and to conform to the worship which they did not approve of before; but as the terror of the infection abated, those things all returned again to their less desirable channel, and to the course they were in before.

I mention this but historically. I have no mind to enter into arguments to move either or both sides to a more charitable compliance one with another; I do not see that it is probable such a discourse would be either suitable or successful; the breaches seem rather to widen, and tend to a widening farther than to closing; and who am I that I should think myself able to influence either one side or the other? But this I may repeat again, that it is evident death will reconcile us all — on the other side the grave we shall be all brethren again; in heaven, whither I hope we may come from all parties and persuasions, we shall find neither prejudice nor scruple; there we shall be of one principle and of one opinion. Why we cannot be content to go hand in hand to the place where we shall join heart and hand, without the least hesitation and with the most complete harmony and affection; I say, why we cannot do so here, I can say nothing to, neither shall I say anything more of it but that it remains to be lamented.

#### TERRIBLE SCENES IN THE STREETS

This [38,195 deaths in about a month] was a prodigious number of itself; but if I should add the reasons which I have to believe that this account was deficient, and how deficient it was, you would with me make no scruple to believe that there died above 10,000 a week for all those weeks, and a proportion for several weeks both before and after. The confusion among the people, especially within the city, at that time was inexpressible; the terror was so great at last that the courage of the people appointed to carry away the dead began to fail them; nay, several of them died, although they had the distemper before, and were recovered; and some of them dropped down when they had been carrying the bodies even at the pitside, and just ready to throw them in; and this confusion was greater in the city, because they had flattered themselves with hopes of escaping, and thought the bitterness of death was past. One cart, they told us, going up to Shoreditch, was forsaken by the drivers, or being left to one man to drive, he died in the street;

and the horses, going on, overthrew the cart and left the bodies, some thrown here, some there, in a dismal manner. Another cart was, it seems, found in the great pit in Finsbury Fields, the driver being dead, or having been gone and abandoned it; and the horses running too near it, the cart fell in and drew the horses in also. It was suggested that the driver was thrown in with it and that the cart fell upon him, by reason his whip was seen to be in the pit among the bodies; but that, I suppose, could not be certain.

In our parish of Aldgate the dead-carts were several times, as I have heard, found standing at the churchyard gate, full of dead bodies; but neither bellman, nor driver, nor any one else with it. Neither in these nor in many other cases did they know what bodies they had in their cart, for sometimes they were let down with ropes out of balconies and out of windows; and sometimes the bearers brought them to the cart, sometimes other people; nor, as the men themselves said, did they trouble themselves to keep any account of the numbers.

#### • PROVIDENCE AND NATURAL CAUSES

I would be far from lessening the awe of the judgments of God, and the reverence to his Providence, which ought always to be on our minds on such occasions as these; doubtless the visitation itself is a stroke from heaven upon a city, or country, or nation where it falls, a messenger of his vengeance, and a loud call to that nation, or country, or city, to humiliation and repentance, according to that of the prophet Jeremiah: xviii 7, 8: "At what instant I shall speak concerning a nation, and concerning a kingdom to pluck up, and pull down, and destroy it; if that nation against whom I have pronounced turn from their evil, I will repent of the evil that I thought to do unto them." Now to prompt due impressions of the awe of God on the minds of men on such occasions, and not to lessen them, it is that I have left those minutes upon record.

I say, therefore, I reflect upon no man for putting the reason of those things upon the immediate hand of God, and the appointment and direction of his Providence; nay, on the contrary there were many wonderful deliverances of persons when infected, which intimate singular and remarkable Providence in the particular instances to which they refer; and I esteem my own deliverance to be one next to miraculous, and do record it with thankfulness.

But when I am speaking of the plague as a distemper arising from natural causes, we must consider it as it was really propagated by natural means; nor is it at all the less a judgment for its being under the conduct of human causes and effects: for as the Divine power has formed the whole scheme of nature, and maintains nature in its course, so the same power thinks fit to let his own actings with men, whether of mercy or judgment, to go on

in the ordinary course of natural causes, and he is pleased to act by those natural causes as the ordinary means; excepting and reserving to himself nevertheless a power to act in a supernatural way when he sees occasion. Now it is evident that in the case of an infection there is no apparent extraordinary occasion for supernatural operation, but the ordinary course of things appears sufficiently armed and made capable of all the effects that heaven usually directs by a contagion. Among these causes and effects, this of the secret conveyance of infection, imperceptible and unavoidable, is more than sufficient to execute the fierceness of Divine vengeance, without putting it upon supernaturals and miracles.

This acute penetrating nature of the disease itself was such, and the infection was received so imperceptibly, that the most exact caution could not secure us while in the place; but I must be allowed to believe — and I have so many examples fresh in my memory to convince me of it that I think none can resist their evidence — I say, I must be allowed to believe that no one in this whole nation ever received the sickness or infection but who received it in the ordinary way of infection from somebody, or the clothes, or touch, or stench of somebody that was infected before.

#### THE NECESSITIES OF THE POOR

Before people came to right notions of the infection, and of infecting one another, people were only shy of those that were really sick; a man with a cap upon his head, or with cloths round his neck, which was the case of those that had swellings there — such was indeed frightful. But when we saw a gentleman dressed, with his band on, and his gloves in his hand, his hat upon his head, and his hair combed, of such we had not the least apprehensions, and people conversed a great while freely, especially with their neighbors and such as they knew. But when the physicians assured us that the danger was as well from the sound — that is, the seemingly sound — as the sick, and that those people that thought themselves entirely free were oftentimes the most fatal; and that it came to be generally understood that people were sensible of it, and of the reason of it; then, I say, they began to be jealous of everybody, and a vast number of people locked themselves up so as not to come abroad into any company at all, nor suffer any that had been abroad in promiscuous company to come into their houses or near them; at least not so near them as to be within the reach of their breath or of any smell from them; and when they were obliged to converse at a distance with strangers, they would always have preservatives in their mouths, and about their clothes, to repel and keep off the infection.

It must be acknowledged that when people began to use these cautions, they were less exposed to danger, and the infection did not break into such houses so furiously as it did into others before; and thousands of families

were preserved, speaking with due reserve to the direction of divine Providence, by that means.

But it was impossible to beat anything into the heads of the poor; they went on with the usual impetuosity of their tempers, full of outcries and lamentations when taken, but madly careless of themselves, foolhardy and obstinate, while they were well. Where they could get employment, they pushed into any kind of business, the most dangerous and the most liable to infection; and if they were spoken to, their answer would be: — "I must trust in God for that; if I am taken, then I am provided for, and there is an end of me;" and the like. Or thus: — "Why, what must I do? I cannot starve; I had as good have the plague as perish for want; I have no work, what could I do? I must do this or beg." Suppose it was burying the dead, or attending the sick, or watching infected houses, which were all terrible hazards; but their tale was generally the same. It is true, necessity was a justifiable, warrantable plea, and nothing could be better; but their way of talk was much the same where the necessities were not the same. This adventurous conduct of the poor was that which brought the plague among them in a most furious manner; and this, joined to the distress of their circumstances when taken, was the reason why they died so by heaps; for I cannot say I could observe one jot of better husbandry among them — I mean the laboring poor — while they were all well and getting money, than there was before, but as lavish, as extravagant, and as thoughtless for tomorrow as ever; so that when they came to be taken sick, they were immediately in the utmost distress, as well for want as for sickness, as well for lack of food as lack of health.

### ENGAGING A MAID-SERVANT

From 'Everybody's Business is Nobody's Business'

**B**ESIDES, the fear of spoiling their clothes makes them afraid of household work, so that in a little time we shall have none but chambermaids and nurserymaids; and of this let me give you one instance. My family is composed of myself and sister, a man and maid; and being without the last, a young wench came to hire herself. The man was gone out, and my sister above-stairs, so I opened the door myself, and this person presented herself to my view, dressed completely, more like a visitor than a servant-maid; she, not knowing me, asked for my sister. "Pray, madam," said I, "be pleased to walk into the parlor; she shall wait on you presently." Accordingly I handed madam in, who took it very cordially. After some apology I left her alone for a minute or two, while I, stupid wretch!

ran up to my sister and told her there was a gentlewoman below come to visit her. "Dear brother," said she, "don't leave her alone; go down and entertain her while I dress myself." Accordingly down I went and talked of indifferent affairs; meanwhile my sister dressed herself all over again, not being willing to be seen in an undress. At last she came down dressed as clean as her visitor; but how great was my surprise when I found my fine lady a common servant-wench.

My sister, understanding what she was, began to inquire what wages she expected. She modestly asked but eight pounds a year. The next question was, "What work she could do to deserve such wages?" to which she answered she could clean a house, or dress a common family dinner. "But cannot you wash," replied my sister, "or get up linen?" She answered in the negative, and said she would undertake neither, nor would she go into a family that did not put out their linen to wash and hire a charwoman to scour. She desired to see the house, and having carefully surveyed it, said the work was too hard for her, nor could she undertake it. This put my sister beyond all patience, and me into the greatest admiration. "Young woman," she said, "you have made a mistake; I want a housemaid, and you are a chambermaid." "No, madam," replied she, "I am not needlewoman enough for that." "And yet you ask eight pounds a year," replied my sister. "Yes, madam," said she, "nor shall I bate a farthing." "Then get you gone for a lazy impudent baggage," said I; "you want to be a boarder, not a servant; have you a fortune or estate, that you dress at that rate?" "No, sir," said she, "but I hope I may wear what I work for without offense." "What! you work?" interrupted my sister; "why, you do not seem willing to undertake any work; you will not wash nor scour; you cannot dress a dinner for company; you are no needlewoman; and our little house of two rooms on a floor is too much for you. For God's sake, what can you do?" "Madam," replied she pertly, "I know my business, and do not fear service; there are more places than parish churches: if you wash at home, you should have a laundrymaid; if you give entertainments, you must have a cookmaid; if you have any needlework, you should have a chambermaid; and such a house as this is enough for a housemaid, in all conscience."

I was pleased at the wit, and astonished at the impudence of the girl, so dismissed her with thanks for her instructions, assuring her that when I kept four maids she should be housemaid if she pleased.

## MATTHEW PRIOR

NO one is better qualified to speak of Matthew Prior than Austin Dobson, who concludes the introduction to his edition of 'Prior's Selected Poems' as follows: "Prior has left behind him not a few pieces which have never yet been equaled for grace, ease, good-humor, and spontaneity; and which are certain of immortality so long as there is any saving virtue in 'fame's great antiseptic — Style.'"

Prior was probably born July 21, 1664, at Wimborne Manor in East Dorset. His father is thought to have been a joiner, who removed to London, and sent his son to Westminster. After his parents' early death, young Matt was adopted by his uncle, a vintner, who lived in Channel (now Cannon) Row; and it was here that he attracted the attention of the Earl of Dorset, who found him reading Horace and Ovid. Aided by this rich patron, he returned to Westminster school, forming a friendship with Charles and James Montagu (the former afterwards founder of the Bank of England, and Earl of Halifax). He went with them to Cambridge, where he took his bachelor's degree in 1686. His first piece of clever writing, a parody of Dryden's poem 'The Hind and the Panther,' was executed at this period in collaboration with Charles Montagu, who, like Prior, was freshly wearing his college honors. It has no great merit aside from boyish animal spirits, but may be accepted as a prophecy of the better work to come. Its humor strongly suggests that of the American newspaper parodist.

In 1688 Prior obtained a fellowship, and was made tutor to Lord Exeter's sons; having won this distinguished patronage, he was appointed secretary to the ambassador to Holland. After spending three years at The Hague, he was sent to France in the same capacity. Returning to England in 1701, he entered Parliament, became a Tory, and in 1711 was sent on a secret mission to Paris, where he attracted the favor of Louis XIV, who wrote to Queen Anne, "I expect with impatience the return of Mr. Prior, whose conduct is very agreeable to me." The English queen replied: "I send back Mr. Prior to Versailles, who, in continuing to conduct himself in the manner that shall be entirely agreeable to you, does no more than execute, to a tittle, the orders which I have given him." Bolingbroke and Swift greatly admired his diplomatic qualities (although Pope sneered at them), and archives exist in Paris that attest his faithful service. One of Prior's favorite sayings was, "I had rather be thought a good Englishman than be the best poet or greatest scholar that ever wrote." When the Whigs came into power, Prior returned to England in 1715 to suffer imprisonment; and when discharged

he settled at Down-Hall, Essex, on an estate that he had purchased. He died at Lord Harley's country-seat of Wimpole, Cambridge, September 18, 1721, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Although Prior considered a long poem, 'Solomon, or the Vanity of the World,' his most important work, it is seldom read today. 'Alma, or the Progress of the Mind,' is also long, but contains many witty Hudibrastic passages. The 'Tales' are rather coarse, and Prior's fame has rested upon his lyrics, epigrams, and playful poems. In 'An English Padlock' occur the often quoted lines as advice to a husband: —

Be to her virtues very kind;  
Be to her faults a little blind;  
Let all her ways be unconfined,  
And clap your Padlock — on her mind.

Prior has always been a favorite with men of letters. Gay said that he "was beloved by every Muse"; Allan Ramsay wrote a pastoral on his death, beginning "Dear, sweet-tongued Matt! thousands shall greet for thee"; Swift was extremely fond of him, and took great trouble to find subscribers for his poems; and Thackeray in his 'English Humorists' calls him "a world-philosopher of no small genius, good-nature, and acumen," and considers his "among the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poems. Horace is always in his mind," he continues; "and his song, and his philosophy, his good sense, his happy, easy turns and melody, his loves, and his epicureanism bear a great resemblance to that most delightful and accomplished master." His poem 'To a Child of Quality' Swinburne calls "the most adorable of nursery idyls that ever was or will be in our language." His own estimation of himself may be learned by the following verses from his poem entitled 'For my Own Monument': —

Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,  
His virtue and vice were as other men's are;  
High hopes he conceived, and he smothered great fears,  
In a life particolored, half pleasure, half care.

Not to business a drudge, not to faction a slave,  
He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree;  
In public employments industrious and grave,  
And alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was he!

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,  
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;  
And whirled in the round, as the wheel turned about,  
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

## TO A CHILD OF QUALITY

**L**ORDS, knights, and squires, the numerous band  
 That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,  
 Were summoned by her high command  
 To show their passions by their letters.

My pen among the rest I took,  
 Lest those bright eyes that cannot read  
 Should dart their kindling fires, and look  
 The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality nor reputation  
 Forbid me yet my flame to tell;  
 Dear five-year-old befriends my passion,  
 And I may write till she can spell.

For while she makes her silkworms beds  
 With all the tender things I swear,  
 Whilst all the house my passion reads  
 In papers round her baby's hair,

She may receive and own my flame;  
 For though the strictest prudes should know it,  
 She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,  
 And I for an unhappy poet.

Then, too, alas! when she shall tear  
 The lines some younger rival sends,  
 She'll give me leave to write, I fear,  
 And we shall still continue friends.

For as our different ages move,  
 'Tis so ordained (would Fate but mend it!)  
 That I shall be past making love  
 When she begins to comprehend it.

## SONG

**I**N vain you tell your parting lover,  
 You wish fair winds may waft him over; —  
 Alas! what winds can happy prove,  
 That bear me far from what I love?  
 Alas! what dangers on the main  
 Can equal those that I sustain  
 From slighted vows and cold disdain?

Be gentle, and in pity choose  
 To wish the wildest tempests loose;  
 That thrown again upon the coast,  
 Where first my shipwrecked heart was lost,  
 I may once more repeat my pain;  
 Once more in dying notes complain  
 Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

## TO A LADY

SHE REFUSING TO CONTINUE A DISPUTE WITH ME, AND  
 LEAVING ME IN THE ARGUMENT

**S**PARE, generous Victor, spare the slave,  
 Who did unequal war pursue;  
 That more than triumph he might have,  
 In being overcome by you.

In the dispute whate'er I said,  
 My heart was by my tongue belied;  
 And in my looks you might have read  
 How much I argued on your side.

You, far from danger as from fear,  
 Might have sustained an open fight:  
 For seldom your opinions err;  
 Your eyes are always in the right.

Why, fair one, would you not rely  
 On Reason's force with Beauty's joined?  
 Could I their prevalence deny,  
 I must at once be deaf and blind.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,  
 I only to the fight aspired;  
 To keep the beauteous foe in view  
 Was all the glory I desired.

But she, howe'er of victory sure,  
 Contemns the wreath too long delayed;  
 And armed with more immediate power,  
 Calls cruel silence to her aid.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight;  
 She drops her arms, to gain the field;  
 Secures her conquest by her flight,  
 And triumphs when she seems to yield.

So when the Parthian turned his steed,  
 And from the hostile camp withdrew,  
 With cruel skill the backward reed  
 He sent; and as he fled he slew.

#### AN ODE

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,  
 Conveys it in a borrowed name:  
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure,  
 But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,  
 Upon Euphelia's toilet lay:  
 When Chloe noted her desire  
 That I should sing, that I should play,

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise;  
 But with my numbers mix my sighs:  
 And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,  
 I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blushed; Euphelia frowned;  
 I sung and gazed; I played and trembled:  
 And Venus to the Loves around  
 Remarked, how ill we all dissembled.

## CUPID MISTAKEN

**A**S after noon, one summer's day,  
 Venus stood bathing in a river,  
 Cupid a-shooting went that way,  
 New strung his bow, new filled his quiver.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart,  
 With all his might his bow he drew;  
 Swift to his beauteous parent's heart  
 The too well guided arrow flew.

I faint! I die! the goddess cried;  
 O cruel, couldst thou find none other  
 To wreck thy spleen on? Parricide!  
 Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.

Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak:  
 Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye;  
 Alas! how easy my mistake —  
 I took you for your likeness Chloe.

## A BETTER ANSWER

**D**EAR Chloe, how blubbered is that pretty face;  
 Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd:  
 Pr'ythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falstaff says)  
 Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world.

How canst thou presume thou hast leave to destroy  
 The beauties which Venus but lent to thy keeping?  
 Those looks were designed to inspire love and joy:  
 More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vexed at a trifle or two that I writ:  
 Your judgment at once, and my passion you wrong;  
 You take that for fact, which will scarce be found wit:  
 'Ods life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write, shows  
 The difference there is betwixt nature and art:  
 I court others in verse, but I love thee in prose;  
 And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

The god of us verse-men — you know, child — the sun,  
 How after his journeys he sets up his rest;  
 If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,  
 At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am wearied with wandering all day,  
 To thee, my delight, in the evening I come;  
 No matter what beauties I saw in my way,  
 They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war;  
 And let us, like Horace and Lydia, agree:  
 For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,  
 As he was a poet sublimer than me.

### A SIMILE

**D**EAR Thomas, didst thou never pop  
 Thy head into a tinman's shop?  
 There, Thomas, didst thou never see —  
 'Tis but by way of simile —  
 A squirrel spend his little rage  
 In jumping round a rolling cage?  
 The cage, as either side turned up,  
 Striking a ring of bells a-top? —  
 Moved in the orb, pleased with the chimes,  
 The foolish creature thinks he climbs;  
 But here or there, turn wood or wire,  
 He never gets two inches higher.  
 So fares it with those merry blades  
 That frisk it under Pindus' shades:  
 In noble songs and lofty odes,  
 They tread on stars and talk with gods;  
 Still dancing in an airy round,  
 Still pleased with their own verses' sound:  
 Brought back, how fast soe'er they go,  
 Always aspiring, always low.

## THE FEMALE PHAETON

**T**HUS Kitty, beautiful and young,  
And wild as a colt untamed,  
Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,  
With little rage inflamed:

Inflamed with rage at sad restraint,  
Which wise mamma ordained;  
And sorely vexed to play the saint,  
Whilst wit and beauty reigned: —

“Shall I thumb holy books, confined  
With Abigails forsaken?  
Kitty’s for other things designed,  
Or I am much mistaken.

“Must Lady Jenny frisk about,  
And visit with her cousins?  
At balls must she make all the rout,  
And bring home hearts by dozens?

“What has she better, pray, than I,  
What hidden charms to boast,  
That all mankind for her should die,  
Whilst I am scarce a toast?

“Dearest mamma! for once let me  
Unchained my fortune try:  
I’ll have my earl as well as she,  
Or know the reason why.

“I’ll soon with Jenny’s pride quit score,  
Make all her lovers fall:  
They’ll grieve I was not loosed before;  
She, I was loosed at all.”

Fondness prevailed; mamma gave way:  
Kitty, at heart’s desire,  
Obtained the chariot for a day,  
And set the world on fire.

## GEORGE BERKELEY

FEW readers in the United States are unfamiliar with the lines, "Westward the course of empire takes its way." It is vaguely remembered that a certain Bishop Berkeley was the author of a treatise on tar-water. There is moreover a general impression that this Bishop Berkeley contended for the unreality of all things outside of his own mind, and now and then some recall Byron's lines:

When Bishop Berkeley said "there was no matter,"  
And proved it — 'twas no matter what he said.

This is the substance of the popular knowledge of one of the profoundest thinkers of the early part of the eighteenth century — the time of Shaftesbury and Locke, of Addison and Steele, of Butler, Pope, and Swift — one of the most fascinating men of his day, and one of the best of any age. Beside, or rather above, Byron's line should be placed Pope's tribute:

To Berkeley, every virtue under Heaven.

Berkeley was born in Ireland, probably at Dysart Castle in the Valley of the Nore, near Kilkenny, March 12, 1685. The family having but lately come into Ireland, Berkeley always accounted himself an Englishman. At Kilkenny School he met the poet Prior, who became his intimate friend, his business representative, and his most regular correspondent for life. Swift preceded him at this school and at Trinity College, Dublin, whither Berkeley went March 21, 1700, being then fifteen years of age. Here as at Kilkenny he took rank much beyond his years, and was soon deep in philosophical speculations.

In Professor Fraser's edition of the 'Life and Works of Berkeley' appears a 'Common-Place Book,' kept during the Trinity College terms, full of memoranda remarkable for a youth of his years. In 1709, while still at Trinity, he published an 'Essay toward a New Theory of Vision,' which foreshadowed imperfectly his leading ideas, and in the following year, a 'Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge.' Two or three years later he went to London, where he was received with unusual favor in the literary circles of the day, being attractive in all ways, young, handsome, fascinating in discourse, enthusiastic, and full of ideas. Swift was especially impressed by him, and did much to further his fortunes.

At this time he popularized his philosophical conceptions in 'Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous,' a work highly rated by critics. Before

going to London, Berkeley had been made a Fellow of Trinity, had been appointed to various college offices, and had taken orders. He remained away from Dublin for about eight years, on leave frequently extended, writing in London, and traveling, teaching, and writing on the Continent. On his return from his foreign travels in 1720 or 1721, he found society completely demoralized by the collapse of the South Sea bubble, and sought to awaken the moral sense of the people by 'An Essay toward Preventing the Ruin of Great Britain.' Returning to Dublin and resuming college duties, he was shortly made Dean of Dromore, and then Dean of Derry. Hardly had he received these appointments when he began planning to rid himself of them, being completely absorbed in a scheme for a university in the Bermudas, which should educate scholars, teachers, and ministers for the New World, to which his hope turned. To this scheme he devoted himself for many years. A singular occurrence, which released him from pecuniary cares, enabled him to give his time as well as his heart to the work. Miss Vanhomrigh, the "Vanessa" of Swift, upon her mother's death, left London, and went to live in Ireland, to be near her beloved Dean; and there she heard the report of Swift's marriage to "Stella." The news killed her, but she revoked the will by which her fortune was bequeathed to Swift, and left one-half of it, or about £4,000, to Berkeley, whom she had met but once. He must have "kept an atmosphere," as Bagehot says of Francis Horner.

Going to London on fire with his great scheme, prepared to resign his deanery and cast in his lot with that of the proposed university, Berkeley wasted years in the effort to secure a charter and grant from the administration. His enthusiasm and his fascinating manners effected much, and over and over again only the simplest formalities seemed necessary to success. Only the will of Sir Robert Walpole stood in the way, but Walpole's will sufficed. At last, in September 1728, tired of waiting at court, Berkeley, who had just married, sailed with three or four friends, including the artist Smibert, for Rhode Island, intending to await there the completion of his grant, and then proceed to Bermuda. He bought a farm near Newport, and built a house which he called Whitehall, in which he lived for about three years, leaving a tradition of a benignant but retired and scholastic life. Among the friends who were here drawn to him was the Rev. Samuel Johnson of Stratford, afterward the first President of King's (now Columbia) College, with whom he corresponded during the remainder of his life, and through whom he was able to aid the cause of education in America.

Berkeley had brought over a good library, and read and wrote. The principal work of this period, written in a romantic cleft in the rocks, was 'Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher,' in seven dialogues, directed especially against atheism.

At length Berkeley learned that Walpole would not allow the parliamentary grant of £20,000 for the Bermuda College, and returned to England at the

close of 1732. His Whitehall estate he conveyed to Yale College for the maintenance of certain scholarships. From England he sent over nearly a thousand volumes for the Yale library, the best collection of books ever brought at one time to America, being helped in the undertaking by some of the Bermuda subscribers. A little later he sent a collection of books to Harvard College also, and presented a valuable organ to Trinity Church in Newport.

Shortly after his return, Berkeley was appointed Bishop of Cloyne, near Cork in Ireland, and here he remained for about eighteen years. Although a recluse, he wrote much, and he kept up his loving relations with old friends who still survived. He had several children to educate, and he cultivated music and painting. He attempted to establish manufactures, and cultivate habits of industry and refinement among the people. The winter of 1739, which was bitterly cold, was followed by general want, famine, and disease. Berkeley and his family lived simply and gave away what they could save. Large numbers of the people died from an epidemic. In America Berkeley's attention had been drawn to the medicinal virtues of tar, and he experimented successfully with tar-water as a remedy. Becoming more and more convinced of its value, he exploited his supposed discovery with his usual ardor, writing letters and essays, and at length 'A Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Enquiries concerning the Virtues of Tar-water and divers other subjects connected together and arising one from another.' This was called 'Siris' in a second edition which was soon demanded. Beginning with the use of tar-water as a remedy, the treatise gradually developed into the treatment of the largest themes, and offered the ripest fruits of his philosophy.

Berkeley's system was neither consistent nor complete, but much of it remains sound. In brief, he contended that matter has no independent existence, but is an idea in the supreme mind, which is realized in various forms by the human mind. Without mind nothing exists. Cause cannot exist except as it rests in mind and will. All so-called physical causes are merely cases of constant sequence of phenomena. Far from denying the reality of phenomena, Berkeley insists upon it; but contends that reality depends upon the supremacy of mind. Abstract matter does not and cannot exist. The mind can only perceive qualities of objects, and infers the existence of the objects from them; or as a modern writer tersely puts it, "The only thing certain is mind. Matter is a doubtful and uncertain inference of the human intellect."

Berkeley wrote much for periodicals, mainly upon practical themes; and in *The Querist*, an intermittent journal, considered many matters of ethical and political importance to the country. Though a bishop of the Established Church, he lived upon the most friendly terms with his Roman Catholic neighbors, and his labors were highly appreciated by them.

Berkeley chose to spend the last days of his life in scholarly seclusion at

Oxford. He asked to exchange his bishopric for a canonry, but this could not be permitted. He then begged to be allowed to resign his charge. The king replied that he might live where he pleased, but that he should die a bishop in spite of himself. In August 1752, Bishop Berkeley removed himself, his wife, his daughter, and his goods to Oxford, where his son George was a student; and here on the fourteenth of the following January he died.

## ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA

**T**HE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime  
Barren of every glorious theme,  
In distant lands now waits a better time,  
Producing subjects worthy fame:

In happy climes, where from the genial sun  
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,  
The force of art by nature seems outdone,  
And fancied beauties by the true;

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,  
Where nature guides and virtue rules,  
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense  
The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,  
The rise of empire and of arts,  
The good and great inspiring epic rage,  
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;  
Such as she bred when fresh and young,  
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,  
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;  
The four first Acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the Drama with the day.  
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

## ESSAY ON TAR-WATER

From 'Siris'

THE seeds of things seem to lie latent in the air, ready to appear and produce their kind, whenever they light on a proper matrix. The extremely small seeds of fern, mosses, mushrooms, and some other plants, are concealed and wafted about in the air, every part whereof seems replete with seeds of one kind or other. The whole atmosphere seems alive. There is everywhere acid to corrode, and seed to engender. Iron will rust, and mold will grow, in all places. Virgin earth becomes fertile, crops of new plants ever and anon show themselves, all which demonstrate the air to be a common seminary and receptacle of all vivifying principles. . . .

The eye by long use comes to see, even in the darkest cavern; and there is no subject so obscure, but we may discern some glimpse of truth by long poring on it. Truth is the cry of all, but the game of a few. Certainly where it is the chief passion, it doth not give way to vulgar cares and views; nor is it contented with a little ardor in the early time of life; active, perhaps, to pursue, but not so fit to weigh and revise. He that would make a real progress in knowledge, must dedicate his age as well as youth, the later growth as well as first fruits, at the altar of truth. . . .

As the nerves are instruments of sensation, it follows that spasms in the nerves may produce all symptoms, and therefore a disorder in the nervous system shall imitate all distempers, and occasion, in appearance, an asthma for instance, a pleurisy, or a fit of the stone. Now, whatever is good for the nerves in general is good against all such symptoms. But tar-water, as it includes in an eminent degree the virtues of warm gums and resins, is of great use for comforting and strengthening the nerves, curing twitches in the nervous fibers, cramps also, and numbness in the limbs, removing anxieties and promoting sleep, in all which cases I have known it very successful.

This safe and cheap medicine suits all circumstances and all constitutions, operating easily, curing without disturbing, raising the spirits without depressing them, a circumstance that deserves repeated attention, especially in these climates, where strong liquors so fatally and so frequently produce those very distresses they are designed to remedy; and if I am not misinformed, even among the ladies themselves, who are truly much to be pitied. Their condition of life makes them a prey to imaginary woes, which never fail to grow up in minds unexercised and unemployed. To get rid of these, it is said, there are who betake themselves to distilled spirits. And it is not improbable they are led gradually to the use of those poisons by a certain complaisant pharmacy, too much used in the modern practice, palsy drops, poppy

cordial, plague water, and such-like, which being in truth nothing but drams disguised, yet coming from the apothecaries, are considered only as medicines.

The soul of man was supposed by many ancient sages to be thrust into the human body as into a prison, for punishment of past offenses. But the worst prison is the body of an indolent epicure, whose blood is inflamed by fermented liquors and high sauces, or rendered putrid, sharp, and corrosive by a stagnation of the animal juices through sloth and indolence; whose membranes are irritated by pungent salts; whose mind is agitated by painful oscillations of the nervous system, and whose nerves are mutually affected by the irregular passions of his mind. This ferment in the animal economy darkens and confounds the intellect. It produceth vain terrors and vain conceits, and stimulates the soul with mad desires, which, not being natural, nothing in nature can satisfy. No wonder, therefore, there are so many fine persons of both sexes, shining themselves, and shone on by fortune, who are inwardly miserable and sick of life.

The hardness of stubbed vulgar constitutions renders them insensible of a thousand things that fret and gall those delicate people, who, as if their skin was peeled off, feel to the quick everything that touches them. The remedy for this exquisite and painful sensibility is commonly sought from fermented, perhaps from distilled liquors, which render many lives wretched that would otherwise have been only ridiculous. The tender nerves and low spirits of such poor creatures would be much relieved by the use of tar-water, which might prolong and cheer their lives. I do therefore recommend to them the use of a cordial, not only safe and innocent, but giving health and spirit as sure as other cordials destroy them.

I do verily think there is not any other medicine whatsoever so effectual to restore a crazy constitution and cheer a dreary mind, or so likely to subvert that gloomy empire of the spleen which tyrannizeth over the better sort (as they are called) of these free nations, and maketh them, in spite of their liberty and property, more wretched slaves than even the subjects of absolute power who breathe clear air in a sunny climate, while men of low degree often enjoy a tranquillity and content that no advantage of birth or fortune can equal. Such indeed was the case while the rich alone could afford to be debauched; but when even beggars became debauchees, the case was altered.

The public virtue and spirit of the British legislature never showed itself more conspicuous in any act than in that for suppressing the immoderate use of distilled spirits among the people, whose strength and numbers constitute the true wealth of a nation: though evasive arts will, it is feared, prevail so long as distilled spirits of any kind are allowed, the character of Englishmen in general being that of Brutus, *Quicquid vult valde vult* [whatever he desires he desires intensely]. But why should such a canker be tolerated in the vitals of a State, under any pretense, or in any shape whatsoever? Better

by far the whole present set of distillers were pensioners of the public, and their trade abolished by law; since all the benefit thereof put together would not balance the hundredth part of its mischief. . . .

This tar-water will also give charitable relief to the ladies, who often want it more than the parish poor; being many of them never able to make a good meal, and sitting pale and puny, and forbidden like ghosts at their own table, victims of vapors and indigestion.

Studious persons also, pent up in narrow holes, breathing bad air, and stooping over their books, are much to be pitied. As they are debarred the free use of air and exercise, this I will venture to recommend as the best succedaneum to both; though it were to be wished that modern scholars would, like the ancients, meditate and converse more in walks and gardens and open air, which upon the whole would perhaps be no hindrance to their learning, and a great advantage to their health. My own sedentary course of life had long since thrown me into an ill habit, attended with many ailments, particularly a nervous colic, which rendered my life a burden, and the more so because my pains were exasperated by exercise. But since the use of tar-water, I find, though not a perfect recovery from my old and rooted illness, yet such a gradual return of health and ease, that I esteem my having taken this medicine the greatest of all temporal blessings, and am convinced that under Providence I owe my life to it.

## JONATHAN SWIFT

JONATHAN SWIFT wrote what is in many ways the best English prose ever written; simple and clear, it is at once a lamp to the unlettered and a star to the scholar. He has been characterized as an English Mephistopheles, devoid of imagination and spirituality and incapable of warm feeling. This is hardly true. Love, in other than its tender phases, seems to infuriate him, and in love as in religion he seems to have been a pronounced idealist, constantly striving to convert passion into intellectualism. As to his occasional coarseness, that seems to spring from a protest against animality rather than from a fondness for it. His genius is perhaps best seen in his political career and writings: he might be called the father of the political pamphlet, for it is here that his lucidity, force, and common sense, coupled with his incomparable satire, find their fullest expression. Only he could have written a work of such universal appeal as 'Gulliver's Travels,' a nursery classic that is at the same time the most savage attack on human nature the world has ever known. It is true that he lived always in the shadow of insanity, and his habitual bitterness and gloom deepened as he grew older; the Yahoos may be an indication of something more sinister than mere misanthropy, and the figures of Stella and Vanessa stand out pathetically as unable to cope with the malady of his later years. Partly for this reason, no figure in English literature is more striking, or less intelligible, than Swift's, and it is as presumptuous to judge him as it is to judge a gigantic forest oak blasted by lightning. Nevertheless, one thing is certain: he securely holds his place among the great, unexcelled for power, clarity, simplicity, and for the brilliancy of his satire.

He was born on March 30, 1667, at Hoey's Court, Dublin, of an old and honorable English family. His grandfather was Dr. Thomas Swift, a clergyman whose devotion to Charles I received the severest tests, and whose family consisted of thirteen or fourteen children. The eldest son, Godwin, was rewarded after the Restoration with the attorney-generalship of the palatinate of Tipperary in Ireland; his brother Jonathan, father of the future Dean, and his wife, Abigail Ericke of Leicester, accompanied him to Ireland. Jonathan died shortly after this emigration, and seven months afterward his son was born. The early education of the boy was conducted by his nurse, who had carried him to England secretly because she could not bear to be separated from him. He did not return to Ireland until his sixth year, when he was sent by his uncle Godwin to Kilkenny grammar school, where Congreve and Berkeley were also educated. No evidence remains that Swift distinguished

himself either in this school or in Dublin University, which he entered in 1682. The logical, clear mind of the future author of the 'Tale of a Tub' could only be suffocated in the airless realms of scholasticism: he passed from the University with contempt for much of its teachings. He had come into the world disheartened: the remoteness, the isolation of genius, was in his case intensified by a constitutional morbidness which changed pin pricks to dagger thrusts; and he was very poor. His uncle Godwin would do little for him, and he had to begin life solely with the aid of his own intelligence. By his mother's advice he sought the patronage of his distant relative, Sir William Temple, the elegant dilettante of Moor Park. Between this courtier, whose intellect was as pruned and orderly as his own Dutch gardens, and the rough young Titan, forced by fate into the meek attitude of the beneficiary, there could be little sympathy, and the only alleviations of Swift's existence were his master's library, and a little bright-eyed girl, the housekeeper's daughter, who loved him and was glad to be taught by him. This was Esther Johnson, or, as she is better known, "Stella." Her life was thus early absorbed into his, whose limits were always beyond her comprehension, but never beyond the reach of her love.

At Sir William Temple's, Swift also met many of the great statesmen of the day, and was thus drawn into the congenial atmosphere of politics. Although tradition assigns Swift to a servant's place in Temple's household, this is hardly probable. Temple must have recognized Swift's talents, for he sent him on one occasion to King William to persuade him to consent to the bill for triennial Parliaments. Swift hoped for much from the king's favor, but obtained little more than promises. His talents as a prose-writer seem to have been as yet unknown to him. His literary compositions were limited to Pindaric odes in praise of Sir William: they fully justify Dryden's curt criticism, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet."

In 1692 Swift took his degree of M.A. from Oxford, where he had been most kindly received; it was perhaps here that he entered into the full consciousness of his powers, and he always retained his affection and gratitude for Oxford. In 1695 he parted from his patron in anger and went to Ireland, where he sought ordination to the diaconate. To achieve this, he was forced, after hesitating five months, to ask Sir William for a letter of recommendation. He was awarded the small living of Kilroot, where he remained but a short time, returning to Moor Park at the earnest solicitation of Sir William, who had learned to appreciate his powers, in part at least. Their relations from that time until Sir William's death in 1699 were cordial, Swift remaining in his household until the end. He found Esther grown into a comely girl of sixteen. When Sir William died, he took her under his protection; by his advice she went to live in Ireland in 1708, with her chaperon, Mrs. Dingley, and became known as Swift's dearest friend, perhaps his wife. The mystery of his relationship to her has never been solved; one thing, however, is certain:

that her love was the solace of his life, and that his feeling toward her was of that exquisite tenderness in which alone he seemed to find peace.

After Sir William's death, Swift obtained only minor offices in place of the more important ones he had hoped for, at length becoming chaplain to the Duke of Ormond, and afterwards to the Earl of Pembroke. His frequent visits to London with these statesmen drew him gradually into the domain of political life, and familiarized him with the political parties and ideals of the time. His own brilliant political career was opened in 1701, by the publication of the 'Discourse on the Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome,' a pamphlet which won for him the friendship of the Whig leaders. Until 1710 he remained in close conjunction with the Whigs, but his change in politics was as inevitable as it was organic. He was too much of a genius to be rabid in the cause of a party. "Whoever has a true value for Church and State," he writes, "should avoid the extremes of Whig for the sake of the former, and the extremes of Tory on account of the latter." And again: "No true lover of liberty could unite with extreme Tories, no true lover of Church with extreme Whigs." Swift's political position is here summed up. His enthusiasm and idealism found expression in upholding the ecclesiastical tradition, and although he concealed his affections under the mask of indifference and even raillery, his religious pamphlets bear witness to an intense devotion to the cause of the Church. The 'Tale of a Tub' appeared in 1704; in this satire his genius reaches its highest mark. Underneath the veil of ridicule, his preference for the Anglican Church can be clearly traced. To this same era of his life belong his 'Sentiments of a Church of England Man,' his 'Letter to a Member of Parliament concerning the Sacramental Test,' and his famous 'Argument against the Abolition of Christianity.'

After 1709 Swift more definitely employed the resources of his great intellect to further the aims of the Tories: the full establishment of the authority of the Church of England, and the termination of the Continental war. He founded the Examiner as the organ of his party, and through it directed the course of public opinion with unparalleled acumen and political tact. During these years he had close friendship with Pope and Congreve, Addison and Steele, Arbuthnot and Halifax and Bolingbroke; but notwithstanding his popularity and acknowledged eminence, his chances for preferment were never great. Queen Anne could have little appreciation of his genius; she was moreover in the hands of injudicious female advisers. It was with difficulty that the deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin, was obtained for him in 1713. He did not remain there long after his installation, but hurried back to England at the urgent request of his political friends, to reconcile the two leaders, Oxford and Bolingbroke. Oxford's fall and Bolingbroke's elevation to the ministry occurred soon afterwards. It is remembered to Swift's eternal honor that he did not desert Oxford in his ill-fortune. The death of the queen, and the

consequent collapse of the Tory party, occurring soon after, Swift retired to his deanery in Dublin.

For the detailed account of Swift's London career, we must look to his journal to Stella — those circumstantial, playful letters which he wrote to her, sometimes in the "little language" of her childhood, sometimes in the strong, terse prose of the great statesman. In any case it was the language of the heart, whose meaning was known only to himself and to Stella. It is always tender, never passionate; Stella assumed, at least, to be content with tenderness; and because she did so, she remained the one serene influence in his stormy life.

Had "Vanessa," or Esther Vanhomrigh, possessed Stella's wisdom and demanded merely friendship instead of passionate love, her fate would have been very different. She was the daughter of a wealthy widow residing in London, where Swift first made her acquaintance. He recognized the high quality of her intelligence, and for a time directed her studies. She at last confessed her love to him; he answered in the poem of 'Cadenus and Vanessa,' designed to show her that his feeling for her was only that of friendship. He allowed her, however, to follow him to Ireland, and even called upon her frequently in her home while there. She at last wrote to Stella, demanding to know the true relationship existing between her and Swift. It is said that Stella showed the letter to him, that he rode post-haste to Vanessa's house in a paroxysm of rage, cast the letter at her feet, and departed without a word. However that may be, she died not long after — presumably of a broken heart.

After Swift's return to Ireland he wrote many pamphlets in the interests of the Irish people, whose condition at that time was most deplorable. The *Drapier* letters were written to discredit the English Government by accusing it of having imposed a debased copper coinage on Ireland; the accusation was unfounded, but Swift's espousal of the grievances of the Irish people earned for him their undying gratitude. In another well-known pamphlet he proposed that the children of the peasantry should be fattened for the table, thus keeping down the population and supplying an article of nutritious food. It is this pamphlet which was so completely misunderstood by Thackeray in his 'English Humorists,' and which has led many to judge Swift as an inhuman monster. The humor of it is indeed terrible, but the cause of its being written was even more terrible; in his savagely ironical fashion Swift was drawing attention to the real source of the woes of the Irish people — their dire poverty.

'Gulliver's Travels' was published anonymously in two volumes in 1726. The success of the book was immediate, and it was read and discussed everywhere. Lady Mary Montagu attributed it to the joint efforts of Swift, Arbuthnot, and Pope, and rather caustically referred to "the great eloquence they have employed to prove themselves beasts." In the Lilliputians, Swift satirizes the littleness of man; in Brobdingnag we are shown, by contrast

with a race of giants, the insignificance and futility of man, "the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth," as the Brobdingnagian king says. As Laputans, scientists and philosophers are held up to ridicule with many personal attacks and ill-natured jibes (as in the case of the Lilliputians also); and in the land of the Houyhnhnms we find the Yahoos, a crushing indictment of mankind. After describing the Yahoos as a race of most loathsome and degraded brutes, Swift concludes that the human race in general consists of such monsters, "perhaps a little more civilized, and qualified with the gift of speech but making no other use of their reason than to improve and multiply those vices," each one of them "a lump of deformity and diseases both in body and mind."

In 1728 Stella died. The last barrier between him and his impending insanity was thus removed. After her death he declined visibly. The last years of his life were spent in madness and idiocy. He died in 1745, and was buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

## THE ABOLISHING OF CHRISTIANITY

From 'An Argument'

I AM very sensible what a weakness and presumption it is to reason against the general humor and disposition of the world. I remember it was, with great justice and due regard to the freedom both of the public and the press, forbidden upon several penalties, to write or discourse or lay wagers against the Union, even before it was confirmed by Parliament; because that was looked upon as a design to oppose the current of the people — which, beside the folly of it, is a manifest breach of the fundamental law that makes this majority of opinion the voice of God. In like manner, and for the very same reasons, it may perhaps be neither safe nor prudent to argue against the abolishing of Christianity, at a juncture when all parties appear so unanimously determined upon the point, as we cannot but allow from their actions, their discourses, and their writings. However, I know not how — whether from the affectation of singularity or the perverseness of human nature, but so it unhappily falls out, that I cannot be entirely of this opinion. Nay, though I were sure an order were issued for my immediate prosecution by the attorney-general, I should still confess that in the present posture of our affairs at home or abroad, I do not yet see the absolute necessity of extirpating the Christian religion from among us.

This perhaps may appear too great a paradox even for our wise and para-

doxical age to endure; therefore I shall handle it with all tenderness, and with the utmost deference to that great and profound majority which is of another sentiment.

And yet the curious may please to observe how much the genius of a nation is liable to alter in half an age: I have heard it affirmed for certain by some very old people that the contrary opinion was, even in their memories, as much in vogue as the other is now; and that a project for the abolishing of Christianity would then have appeared as singular, and been thought as absurd, as it would be at this time to write or discourse in its defense.

Therefore I freely own that all appearances are against me. The system of the gospel, after the fate of other systems, is generally antiquated and exploded: and the mass or body of the common people, among whom it seems to have had its latest credit, are now grown as much ashamed of it as their betters; opinions like fashions always descending from those of quality to the middle sort, and hence to the vulgar, where at length they are dropped and vanish.

But here I would not be mistaken; and must therefore be so bold as to borrow a distinction from the writers on the other side, when they make a difference between nominal and real Trinitarians. I hope no reader imagines me so weak to stand up in the defense of real Christianity, such as used in primitive times (if we may believe the authors of those ages) to have an influence upon men's belief and actions; — to offer at the restoring of that would indeed be a wild project: it would be to dig up foundations; to destroy at one blow all the wit and half the learning of the kingdom; to break the entire frame and constitution of things; to ruin trade, extinguish arts and sciences, with the professors of them; in short, to turn our courts, exchanges, and shops into deserts: and would be full as absurd as the proposal of Horace, where he advises the Romans all in a body to leave their city, and seek a new seat in some remote part of the world, by way of cure for the corruption of their manners.

Therefore I think this caution was in itself altogether unnecessary (which I have inserted only to prevent all possibility of caviling), since every candid reader will easily understand my discourse to be intended only in defense of nominal Christianity; the other having been for some time wholly laid aside by general consent, as utterly inconsistent with our present schemes of wealth and power.

But why we should therefore cast off the name and title of Christians, although the general opinion and resolution be so violent for it, I confess I cannot (with submission) apprehend; nor is the consequence necessary. However, since the undertakers propose such wonderful advantages to the nation by this project, and advance many plausible objections against the system of Christianity, I shall briefly consider the strength of both, fairly allow them their greatest weight, and offer such answers as I think most reasonable. After which I will beg leave to show what inconveniences may possibly happen by such an innovation, in the present posture of our affairs.

## GULLIVER AMONG THE PIGMIES

From 'Gulliver's Travels'

**M**Y father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire: I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College in Cambridge, at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies: but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years: my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be — some time or other — my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates I went down to my father, where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden: there I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden I was recommended by my good master, Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to the Swallow, Captain Abraham Pannel, commander, with whom I continued three years and a half; making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back I resolved to settle in London; to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry; and being advised to alter my condition, I married Miss Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier, in New-gate Street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted with my wife and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships; and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern — being always provided with a good number of books — and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and disposition of the people, as well as learning their language; wherein I had a great facility, by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter-lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get

business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Prichard, master of the *Antelope*, who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol May 4, 1699; and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas: let it suffice to inform him that in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation we found ourselves in the latitude of  $30^{\circ} 2'$  south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labor and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On November 5, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labor while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves; and in about half an hour the boat was upset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as Fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth, and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired; and with that and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep.

I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground, and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look upwards; the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me; but in the posture I lay, I could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost to my chin; when, bending

my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands and a quiver at his back. In the meantime, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned; and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, "Hekinah degul"; the others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant.

I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me; and at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, "Tolgo phonac": when in an instant, I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many I suppose fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain; and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce.

I thought it the most prudent method to lie still; and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself; and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but by the noise I heard I knew their numbers increased: and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work, when, turning my head that way as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three

times, "Langro dehul san" (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me); whereupon, immediately, about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him: whereof one was a page, that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency), by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food.

The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learned) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides; on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I eat them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket-bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign, that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me: and being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads; then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top: I drank it off at a draught — which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times, as they did at first, "Hekinah degul." They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads; but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, "Borach mevolah": and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was a universal shout of "Hekinah degul!"

I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt,

which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor I made them — for so I interpreted my submissive behavior — soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his Imperial Majesty. His Excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue: and producing his credentials under the signet-royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes, without any signs of anger but with a kind of determined resolution, often pointing forwards; which as I afterwards found was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his Majesty in council that I must be conveyed. . . .

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince has several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground — about seven feet long, and four wide — moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine; which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of pack-thread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told; for while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me toward the metropolis, which as I said was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped awhile, to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I

looked when I was asleep: they climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them — an officer in the guards — put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my waking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sunrise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us; but his great officers would by no means suffer his Majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom: which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane; and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side the king's smith conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me — as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand at several times who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it upon pain of death. When the workmen found that it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people at seeing me rise and walk are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long; and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle, but being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in and lie at my full length in the temple.

## GULLIVER AMONG THE GIANTS

From 'Gulliver's Travels'

[Gulliver, having been shipwrecked in Brobdingnag, a country of giants, is found by a farmer who gives him for a plaything to his little daughter Glumdalclitch, nine years old and forty feet tall.]

MY mistress had a daughter of nine years old, a child of towardly parts for her age, very dexterous at her needle, and skilful in dressing her baby. Her mother and she contrived to fit up the baby's cradle for me against night; the cradle was put into a small drawer of a cabinet, and the drawer placed upon a hanging shelf for fear of the rats. This was my bed all the time I stayed with those people; though made more convenient by degrees, as I began to learn their language and make my wants known. This young girl was so handy, that after I had once or twice pulled off my clothes before her, she was able to dress and undress me; though I never gave her that trouble when she would let me do either myself. She made me seven shirts, and some other linen, of as fine cloth as could be got, which indeed was coarser than sackcloth; and these she constantly washed for me with her own hands. She was likewise my schoolmistress, to teach me the language: when I pointed to anything, she told me the name of it in her own tongue; so that in a few days I was able to call for whatever I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age. She gave me the name of Grildrig, which the family took up, and afterwards the whole kingdom. The word imports what the Latins call *nanunculus*, the Italians *homunculetino*, and the English *mannikin*. To her I chiefly owe my preservation in that country; we never parted while I was there: I called her my *Glumdalclitch*, or little nurse; and should be guilty of great ingratitude if I omitted this honorable mention of her care and affection towards me, which I heartily wish it lay in my power to requite as she deserves, instead of being the innocent but unhappy instrument of her disgrace, as I have too much reason to fear.

It now began to be known and talked of in the neighborhood that my master had found a strange animal in the field, about the bigness of a *splacnuck*, but exactly shaped in every part like a human creature, which it likewise imitated in all its actions: seemed to speak in a little language of its own, had already learned several words of theirs, went erect upon two legs, was tame and gentle, would come when it was called, do whatever it was bid, had the finest limbs in the world, and a complexion fairer than a nobleman's daughter of three years old. Another farmer who lived hard by, and was a particular friend of my master, came on a visit on purpose to inquire into the truth of this story.

I was immediately produced and placed upon a table, where I walked as I was commanded, drew my hanger, put it up again, made my reverence to my master's guest, asked him in his own language how he did, and told him he was welcome — just as my little nurse had instructed me. This man, who was old and dim-sighted, put on his spectacles to behold me better; at which I could not forbear laughing very heartily, for his eyes appeared like the full moon shining into a chamber at two windows. Our people, who discovered the cause of my mirth, bore me company in laughing; at which the old fellow was fool enough to be angry and out of countenance. He had the character of a great miser; and to my misfortune, he well deserved it, by the cursed advice he gave my master to show me as a sight upon a market-day in the next town, which was half an hour's riding, about two-and-twenty miles from our house. I guessed there was some mischief contriving when I observed my master and his friend whispering long together, sometimes pointing at me; and my fears made me fancy that I overheard and understood some of their words. But the next morning Glumdalclitch, my little nurse, told me the whole matter, which she had cunningly picked out from her mother. The poor girl laid me on her bosom, and fell a-weeping with shame and grief. She apprehended some mischief would happen to me from rude vulgar folks, who might squeeze me to death, or break one of my limbs by taking me in their hands. She had also observed how modest I was in my nature, how nicely I regarded my honor, and what an indignity I should conceive it to be exposed for money as a public spectacle to the meanest of the people. She said her papa and mamma had promised that Grildrig should be hers; but now she found they meant to serve her as they did last year, when they pretended to give her a lamb, and yet, as soon as it was fat, sold it to a butcher. For my own part, I may truly affirm that I was less concerned than my nurse. I had a strong hope, which never left me that I should one day recover my liberty: and as to the ignominy of being carried about for a monster, I considered myself to be a perfect stranger in the country, and that such a misfortune could never be charged upon me as a reproach if ever I should return to England, since the King of Great Britain himself, in my condition, must have undergone the same distress.

My master, pursuant to the advice of his friend, carried me in a box the next market-day to the neighboring town, and took along with him his little daughter, my nurse, upon a pillion behind him. The box was close on every side, with a little door for me to go in and out, and a few gimlet-holes to let in air. The girl had been so careful as to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it for me to lie down on. However, I was terribly shaken and discomposed in this journey, though it were but of half an hour; for the horse went about forty feet at every step, and trotted so high that the agitation was equal to the rising and falling of a ship in a great storm, but much more frequent. Our journey was somewhat farther than from London to St. Alban's. My master alighted at an inn which he used to frequent; and after consulting a

while with the innkeeper, and making some necessary preparations, he hired the "grultrud," or crier, to give notice through the town of a strange creature to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a splacnuck (an animal in that country very finely shaped, about six feet long), and in every part of the body resembling a human creature — could speak several words, and perform a hundred diverting tricks.

I was placed upon a table in the largest room of the inn, which might be near three hundred feet square. My little nurse stood on a low stool close to the table, to take care of me and direct what I should do. My master, to avoid a crowd, would suffer only thirty people at a time to see me. I walked about on the table as the girl commanded; she asked me questions as far as she knew my understanding of the language reached, and I answered them as loud as I could. I turned about several times to the company, paid my humble respects, said "they were welcome," and used some other speeches I had been taught. I took up a thimble filled with liquor, which Glumdalclitch had given me for a cup, and drank their health. I drew out my hanger, and flourished with it after the manner of fencers in England. My nurse gave me a part of a straw, which I exercised as a pike, having learnt the art in my youth. I was that day shown to twelve sets of company, and as often forced to act over again the same fopperies, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation; for those who had seen me made such wonderful reports that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in. My master, for his own interest, would not suffer any one to touch me except my nurse; and to prevent danger, benches were set round the table at such a distance as to put me out of everybody's reach. However, an unlucky schoolboy aimed a hazel-nut directly at my head, which very narrowly missed me; otherwise it came with so much violence that it would have infallibly knocked out my brains, for it was almost as large as a small pumpkin: but I had the satisfaction to see the young rogue well beaten and turned out of the room.

My master gave public notice that he would show me again the next market-day; and in the meantime he prepared a more convenient vehicle for me: which he had reason enough to do; for I was so tired with my first journey, and with entertaining company for eight hours together, that I could hardly stand upon my legs or speak a word. It was at least three days before I recovered my strength; and that I might have no rest at home, all the neighboring gentlemen, from a hundred miles round, hearing of my fame, came to see me at my master's own house. There could be no fewer than thirty persons, with their wives and children (for the country is very populous); and my master demanded the rate of a full room whenever he showed me at home, although it were only to a single family: so that for some time I had but little ease every day of the week (except Wednesday, which is their Sabbath), although I were not carried to the town.

My master, finding how profitable I was likely to be, resolved to carry me

to the most considerable cities of the kingdom. Having therefore provided himself with all things necessary for a long journey, and settled his affairs at home, he took leave of his wife; and upon August 17, 1703, about two months after my arrival, we set out for the metropolis, situate near the middle of that empire, and about three thousand miles distance from our house. My master made his daughter Glumdalclitch ride behind him. She carried me on her lap, in a box tied about her waist. The girl had lined it on all sides with the softest cloth she could get, well quilted underneath; furnished it with her baby's bed, provided me with linen and other necessities, and made everything as convenient as she could. We had no other company but a boy of the house, who rode after us with the luggage.

My master's design was to show me in all the towns by the way; and to step out of the road, for fifty or a hundred miles, to any village or person of quality's house where he might expect custom. We made easy journeys, of not above seven or eight score miles a day; for Glumdalclitch, on purpose to spare me, complained she was tired with the trotting of the horse. She often took me out of my box, at my own desire, to give me air and show me the country; but always held me fast by a leading-string. We passed over five or six rivers, many degrees broader and deeper than the Nile or the Ganges; and there was hardly a rivulet so small as the Thames at London Bridge. We were ten weeks in our journey, and I was shown in eighteen large towns, besides many villages and private families.

## THE HOUYHNHNMS

From 'Gulliver's Travels'

[The author having been set ashore by a mutinous crew in an unknown land, falls in with a disgusting animal in human form called the Yahoo, is at length taken possession of by the Houyhnhnms (horses) and conducted to their home. The horses mistake him for another sort of Yahoo, and attempt to civilize him.]

MY principal endeavor was to learn the language: which my master (for so I shall henceforth call him) and his children, and every servant of his house, were desirous to teach me; for they looked upon it as a prodigy that a brute animal should discover such marks of a rational creature. I pointed to everything and inquired the name of it, which I wrote down in my journal-book when I was alone; and corrected my bad accent by desiring those of the family to pronounce it often. In this employment a sorrel nag, one of the under-servants, was very ready to assist me.

In speaking they pronounce through the nose and throat; and their lan-

guage approaches nearest to the High Dutch or German of any I know in Europe, but is much more graceful and significant. The Emperor Charles V made almost the same observation when he said that "If he were to speak to his horse, it should be in High Dutch."

The curiosity and impatience of my master were so great, that he spent many hours of his leisure to instruct me. He was convinced (as he afterwards told me) that I must be a *Yahoo*: but my teachableness, civility, and cleanliness astonished him; which were qualities altogether opposite to those animals. He was most perplexed about my clothes: reasoning sometimes with himself whether they were a part of my body; for I never pulled them off till the family were asleep, and got them on before they waked in the morning. My master was eager to learn "whence I came; how I acquired those appearances of reason which I discovered in all my actions, and to know my story from my own mouth; which he hoped he should soon do, by the great proficiency I made in learning and pronouncing their words and sentences." To help my memory, I formed all I learned into the English alphabet, and writ the words down, with the translations. This last after some time I ventured to do in my master's presence. It cost me much trouble to explain to him what I was doing, for the inhabitants have not the least idea of books or literature.

In about ten weeks' time I was able to understand most of his questions, and in three months could give him some tolerable answers. He was extremely curious to know "from what part of the country I came, and how I was taught to imitate a rational creature; because the *Yahoos* (whom he saw I exactly resembled in my head, hands, and face, that were only visible), with some appearance of cunning, and the strongest disposition to mischief, were observed to be the most unteachable of all brutes." I answered that "I came over the sea from a far place, with many others of my own kind, in a great hollow vessel, made of the bodies of trees; that my companions forced me to land on this coast, and then left me to shift for myself." It was with some difficulty, and by the help of many signs, that I brought him to understand me. He replied that "I must needs be mistaken, or that I said the thing which was not": for they have no word in their language to express lying or falsehood. He knew it was impossible that there could be a country beyond the sea, or that a parcel of brutes could move a wooden vessel whither they pleased upon water. He was sure no *Houyhnhnm* alive could make such a vessel, nor would trust *Yahoos* to manage it.

The word *Houyhnhnm*, in their tongue, signifies "a horse"; and in its etymology, "the perfection of nature." I told my master that "I was at a loss for expression, but would improve as fast as I could, and hoped in a short time I should be able to tell him wonders." He was pleased to direct his own mare, his colt and foal, and the servants of the family, to take all opportunities of instructing me; and every day, for two or three hours, he was

at the same pains himself. Several horses and mares of quality in the neighborhood came often to our house, upon the report spread of "a wonderful Yahoo, that could speak like a Houyhnhnm, and seemed, in his words and actions, to discover some glimmering of reason." These delighted to converse with me; they put many questions, and received such answers as I was able to return. By all these advantages I made so great a progress, that in five months from my arrival I understood whatever was spoken, and could express myself tolerably well.

The Houyhnhnms, who came to visit my master out of a design of seeing and talking with me, could hardly believe me to be a right Yahoo, because my body had a different covering from others of my kind. They were astonished to observe me without the usual hair or skin, except on my head, face, and hands; but I discovered that secret to my master, upon an accident which happened about a fortnight before.

I have already told the reader that every night, when the family were gone to bed, it was my custom to strip, and cover myself with my clothes. It happened, one morning early, that my master sent for me by the sorrel nag, who was his valet. When he came I was fast asleep, my clothes fallen off on one side, and my shirt above my waist. I awakened at the noise he made, and observed him to deliver his message in some disorder; after which he went to my master, and in a great fright gave him a very confused account of what he had seen. This I presently discovered; for, going as soon as I was dressed to pay my attendance upon his Honor, he asked me "the meaning of what his servant had reported — that I was not the same thing when I slept as I appeared to be at other times; that his valet assured him some part of me was white, some yellow — at least not so white — and some brown."

I had hitherto concealed the secret of my dress, in order to distinguish myself as much as possible from that cursed race of Yahoos; but now I found it in vain to do so any longer. Besides, I considered that my clothes and shoes would soon wear out, which already were in a declining condition, and must be supplied by some contrivance — from the hides of Yahoos, or other brutes — whereby the whole secret would be known. I therefore told my master that "in the country whence I came, those of my kind always covered their bodies with the hairs of certain animals prepared by art, as well for decency as to avoid the inclemencies of air, both hot and cold: of which, as to my own person, I would give him immediate conviction, if he pleased to commend me; only desiring his excuse if I did not expose those parts that nature taught us to conceal." He said, "My discourse was all very strange, but especially the last part: for he could not understand why nature should teach us to conceal what nature had given; that neither himself nor family were ashamed of any part of their bodies: but however I might do as I pleased." Whereupon I first unbuttoned my coat, and pulled it off; I did the same with my waistcoat; I drew off my shoes, stockings, and breeches;

I let my shirt down to my waist, and drew up the bottom, fastening it like a girdle about my middle to hide my nakedness.

My master observed the whole performance with great signs of curiosity and admiration. He took up all my clothes in his pastern, one piece after another, and examined them diligently; he then stroked my body very gently, and looked round me several times: after which he said it was plain I must be a perfect Yahoo, but that I differed very much from the rest of my species in the softness, whiteness, and smoothness of my skin; my want of hair in several parts of my body; the shape and shortness of my claws behind and before; and my affectation of walking continually on my two hinder feet. He desired to see no more, and gave me leave to put on my clothes again, for I was shuddering with cold.

I expressed my uneasiness at his giving me so often the appellation of Yahoo — an odious animal, for which I had so utter a hatred and contempt; I begged he would forbear applying that word to me, and make the same order in his family, and among his friends whom he suffered to see me. I requested likewise, that “the secret of my having a false covering to my body might be known to none but himself, at least as long as my present clothing should last; for as to what the sorrel nag, his valet, had observed, his Honor might command him to conceal it.”

All this my master very graciously consented to; and thus the secret was kept till my clothes began to wear out, which I was forced to supply by several contrivances that shall hereafter be mentioned. In the meantime he desired “I would go on with my utmost diligence to learn their language, because he was more astonished at my capacity for speech and reason than at the figure of my body, whether it were covered or not”; adding that “he waited with some impatience to hear the wonders which I promised to tell him.”

Thenceforth he doubled the pains he had been at to instruct me: he brought me into all company, and made them treat me with civility; “because,” as he told them privately, “this would put me into good humor, and make me more diverting.”

Every day, when I waited on him, besides the trouble he was at in teaching, he would ask me several questions concerning myself, which I answered as well as I could; and by these means he had already received some general ideas, though very imperfect. It would be tedious to relate the several steps by which I advanced to a more regular conversation; but the first account I gave of myself in any order and length was to this purpose: —

That “I came from a very far country, as I already had attempted to tell him, with about fifty more of my own species; that we traveled upon the seas in a great hollow vessel made of wood, and larger than his Honor’s house.” I described the ship to him in the best terms I could, and explained by the help of my handkerchief displayed, how it was driven forward by the wind. “That upon a quarrel among us, I was set on shore on this coast,

where I walked forward, without knowing whither, till he delivered me from the persecution of those execrable Yahoos." He asked me, "Who made the ship, and how it was possible that the Houyhnhnms of my country would leave it to the management of brutes?" My answer was, that "I durst proceed no further in my relation unless he would give me his word and honor that he would not be offended, and then I would tell him the wonders I had so often promised." He agreed; and I went on by assuring him that the ship was made by creatures like myself, who in all the countries I had traveled, as well as in my own, were the only governing rational animals: and that upon my arrival hither, I was as much astonished to see the Houyhnhnms act like rational beings as he or his friends could be in finding some marks of reason in a creature he was pleased to call a Yahoo; to which I owned my resemblance in every part, but could not account for their degenerate and brutal nature. I said further that "If good fortune ever restored me to my native country, to relate my travels hither, as I resolved to do, everybody would believe that I said the thing that was not — that I invented the story out of my own head; and (with all possible respect to himself, his family, and friends, and under his promise of not being offended), our countrymen would hardly think it probable that a Houyhnhnm should be the presiding creature of a nation, and a Yahoo the brute."

My master heard me with great appearances of uneasiness in his countenance; because doubting, or not believing, are so little known in this country, that the inhabitants cannot tell how to behave themselves under such circumstances. And I remember, in frequent discourses with my master concerning the nature of manhood in other parts of the world, having occasion to talk of lying and false representation, it was with much difficulty that he comprehended what I meant, although he had otherwise a most acute judgment; for he argued thus: "That the use of speech was to make us understand one another, and to receive information of facts; now, if any one said the thing which was not, these ends were defeated, because I cannot properly be said to understand him: and I am so far from receiving information that he leaves me worse than in ignorance; for I am led to believe a thing black when it is white, and short when it is long." And these were all the notions he had concerning that faculty of lying, so perfectly well understood and so universally practised among human creatures.

To return from this digression. When I asserted that the Yahoos were the only governing animals in my country, which my master said was altogether past his conception, he desired to know whether we "had Houyhnhnms among us, and what was their employment?" I told him, "We had great numbers; that in summer they grazed in the fields, and in winter were kept in houses with hay and oats, where Yahoo servants were employed to rub their skins smooth, comb their manes, pick their feet, serve them with food, and make their beds." "I understood you well," said my master: "it is now very plain, from all you have spoken, that whatever share of reason

the Yahoos pretend to, the Houyhnhnms are your masters. I heartily wish our Yahoos would be so tractable." I begged his Honor "would please to excuse me from proceeding any further, because I was very certain that the account he expected from me would be highly displeasing." But he insisted in commanding me to let him know the best and the worst. I told him "he should be obeyed." I owned that "the Houyhnhnms among us, whom we called horses, were the most generous and comely animal we had: that they excelled in strength and swiftness, and when they belonged to persons of quality, were employed in traveling, racing, or drawing chariots; they were treated with much kindness and care, till they fell into diseases, or became foundered in the feet: but then they were sold, and used to all kinds of drudgery till they died: after which their skins were stripped, and sold for what they were worth, and their bodies left to be devoured by dogs and birds of prey. But the common race of horses had not so good fortune; being kept by farmers and carriers, and other mean people, who put them to greater labor and fed them worse." I described as well as I could our way of riding; the shape and use of a bridle, a saddle, a spur, and a whip; of harness and wheels. I added that we fastened plates of a certain hard substance called iron at the bottom of their feet, to preserve their hoofs from being broken by the stony ways on which we often traveled.


My master, after some expression of great indignation, wondered "how we dared to venture upon a Houyhnhnm's back; for he was sure that the weakest servant in his house would be able to shake off the strongest Yahoo, or by lying down and rolling on his back, squeeze the brute to death." I answered that "Our horses were trained up, from three or four years old, to the several uses we intended them for: that if any of them proved intolerably vicious, they were employed for carriages; that they were severely beaten, while they were young, for any mischievous tricks; that the males designed for the common use of riding or draught were generally castrated about two years after their birth, to take down their spirits, and make them more tame and gentle: that they were indeed sensible of rewards and punishments; but his Honor would please to consider that they had not the least tincture of reason, any more than the Yahoos in this country."

It put me to the pains of many circumlocutions to give my master a right idea of what I spoke; for their language does not abound in variety of words, because their wants and passions are fewer than among us. But it is impossible to express his noble resentment at our savage treatment of the Houyhnhnm race; particularly after I had explained the manner and use of castrating horses among us to hinder them from propagating their kind, and to render them more servile. He said, "If it were possible there could be any country where Yahoos alone were endued with reason, they certainly must be the governing animal; because reason in time will always prevail against brutal strength. But considering the frame of our bodies, and especially of mine, he thought no creature of equal bulk was so ill contrived for employing

that reason in the common offices of life"; whereupon he desired to know whether "those among whom I lived resembled me or the Yahoos of his country." I assured him that "I was as well shaped as most of my age; but the younger, and the females, were much more soft and tender, and the skins of the latter generally as white as milk." He said, "I differed indeed from other Yahoos, being much more cleanly and not altogether so deformed; but in point of real advantage, he thought I differed for the worse. That my nails were of no use either to my fore or hinder feet: as to my fore-feet, he could not properly call them by that name, for he never observed me to walk upon them — that they were too soft to bear the ground; that I generally went with them uncovered; neither was the covering I sometimes wore on them of the same shape or so strong as that on my feet behind. That I could not walk with any security, for if either of my hinder feet slipped, I must inevitably fall." He then began to find fault with other parts of my body: — "The flatness of my face, the prominence of my nose, mine eyes placed directly in front, so that I could not look on either side without turning my head; that I was not able to feed myself without lifting one of my fore-feet to my mouth, and therefore nature had placed those joints to answer that necessity. He knew not what could be the use of those several clefts and divisions in my feet behind — that these were too soft to bear the hardness and sharpness of stones, without a covering made from the skin of some other brute; that my whole body wanted a fence against heat and cold, which I was forced to put on and off every day with tediousness and trouble. And lastly, that he observed every animal in this country naturally to abhor the Yahoos; whom the weaker avoided, and the stronger drove from them. So that, supposing us to have the gift of reason, he could not see how it were possible to cure that natural antipathy which every creature discovered against us; nor, consequently, how we could tame and render them serviceable. However, he would," as he said, "debate the matter no further; because he was more desirous to know my story, the country where I was born, and the several actions and events of my life before I came hither."

## THE STRULDBRUGS

From 'Gulliver's Travels'

 ONE day, in much good company [among the Luggnaggians] I was asked by a person of quality, "whether I had seen any of their *struldbregs*, or immortals?" I said, "I had not"; and desired he would explain to me what he meant by such an appellation, applied to a mortal creature. He told me that "sometimes, though very rarely, a child happened to be born in a family, with a red circular spot on the forehead, directly over the left eyebrow, which was an infallible mark that it should

never die. The spot," as he described it, "was about the compass of a silver threepence, but in the course of time grew larger, and changed its color: for at twelve years of age it became green, so continued till five-and-twenty, then turned a deep blue; at five-and-forty it grew coal-black, and as large as an English shilling, but never admitted any further alteration." . . .

After this preface, he gave me a particular account of the *struldbrugs* among them. He said, "They commonly acted like mortals till about thirty years old; after which by degrees they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession; for otherwise, there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionated, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed, are the vices of the younger sort and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral, they lament and repine that others are gone to a harbor of rest to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age, and even that is very imperfect; and for the truth or particulars of any fact, it is safer to depend on common tradition than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories: these meet with more pity and assistance because they want many bad qualities which abound in others."

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## SIR RICHARD STEELE

IT is entirely indicative of our opinions and feelings of the life and writings of this British author of the eighteenth century that we should think of Addison's friend and fellow-essayist as Richard, or Dick, or Dicky Steele, rather than of Sir Richard Steele, as he is known in the history of literature. Dick or Dicky Steele conveys to our minds the impression which the heavy-limbed, square-jawed, dark-eyed, tender-hearted, awkward, careless, wholly unselfish Irishman conveyed to his personal friends and acquaintances.

Irish by birth — for he was born in Dublin in 1672 — he was of English parentage and descent, being the son of the secretary of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Duke of Ormond. Yet he had many of the amiable, kindly, mirthful, genial traits attributed to the Irish race. Through the Duke's influence he was sent to the Charterhouse, London, where he first met Addison, of the same age as himself; with him he formed the closest intimacy, which, continuing for many years, is one of the most memorable in literature. Steele always looked up to Addison, cherishing for him a respect almost reverential; and Addison's stronger, more stable, more serious character affected very favorably his own wayward, volatile nature, without causing any permanent change in it. Although he lived to be fifty-eight — dying at Llangunnor, Wales, September 1, 1729 — he seemed never to have quite grown up. He preserved through all his vicissitudes, and to the very last, the same gay, reckless, jovial, irregular, prodigal disposition; never intending to do ill, but always getting into straits from which his friends were obliged to extricate him so far as they could, until he fell into new ones. If he constantly needed help, he was constantly trying to help others; and to this cause are due most of his perplexities.

The two friends were together at Merton College, Oxford; where Steele remained for three years, but left without taking a degree. He had conceived a passion for the army; and unable to get a commission, he enlisted as a private in the Horse Guards. A rich kinsman in Ireland had menaced him with disinheritance should he take such a step; but being naturally independent, he defied interference. He was liked in the army, and gained the rank of captain; a promotion due to his colonel, Lord Cutts, to whom he had dedicated his 'Christian Hero' (published in 1701), which was so moral and pious as to displease his very worldly associates, and which was written in those moods of contrition so frequent and so transient with him. It was at this time that he made that intimate acquaintance with the follies and

vices of the era, and with human nature as he saw it, which made him an acute delineator of manners when he embraced literature as a profession.

As a man about town he frequented the London theaters, and became intimately acquainted with the players and their companions. This naturally turned his mind to the stage; and in 1702 he published a comedy, 'The Funeral, or Grief à la Mode' (in striking contrast with the 'Christian Hero'), which met with marked favor at Drury Lane. The next year he brought out 'The Lying Lover,' adapted from 'Le Menteur' of Thomas Corneille; and two years later a third comedy, 'The Tender Husband.' This was too staid, too solemn, to suit his audience, who so energetically condemned it that he did not attempt until 1722 another play, 'The Conscious Lovers' (based on Terence's 'Andria'), his most successful drama, and conspicuously decorous.

Steele was now a popular and a fashionable man, having political no less than social position. He was appointed gazetteer and gentleman usher to Prince George of Denmark. He had taken a wife, who lived but a little while, leaving him a considerable estate in Barbadoes. His second wife, Molly Scurlock, increased his fortune. His letters to this wife, some four hundred of which have been preserved, form an extraordinary correspondence. They reveal the author as he was — full of faults and weaknesses, of dissipations and repentance, of affection and tenderness, of ardent promises of reform and reckless promise-breaking. They are wholly artless and confidential, written without premeditation or second thought; mere talk on paper. They are dated from jails, taverns, wine-shops, bailiffs' offices, under the influence of vinous headaches, marital contritions, fresh impulses of devotion, and tearful regrets for neglected duties. They afford a curious, rather melancholy, but at the same time entertaining, history of a drinking, impulsive, vacillating, over-generous, spendthrift, loving husband's checkered life.

To a man of Steele's temperament and habits, money was of little benefit. He was always in debt, and always would have been, whether his income were five hundred pounds or five thousand. He had neither order nor method; but in their stead numberless whims and desires. He had not the slightest conception of business; he was entirely destitute of practicality: but no kind of adversity, no misfortune, could depress his ever-buoyant spirit.

In 1709 a happy financial idea struck him; and oddly enough, he acted on it. His office of gazetteer put him in control of early foreign intelligence; and in imitation of Defoe's plan, he organized the Tatler, issuing the first number April 12. He secured the assistance of Addison, who furnished many of the principal articles, and who aided him in procuring the appointment of commissioner of the Stamp Office. When the Whigs were overthrown in 1710, Steele, as a strong Whig, was deprived of his gazetteership, and with it the means of supplying the items of official news which were at the beginning important to the Tatler. This paper was accordingly succeeded the

next year by the *Spectator*, mostly written by the two friends. The *Tatler* had appeared thrice a week, price one penny; but the *Spectator* appeared daily at twopence, issuing five hundred and fifty-five numbers—the last December 6, 1712. Many of Addison's most famous contributions were printed in the two papers; though Steele furnished the larger number, and stamped himself and his character on what he wrote. His object was to expose what was false in life, manners, morals; to strip disguises from vanity, selfishness, affectation; to recommend simplicity and sincerity; to correct public taste, and urge the adoption of true English sentiment and opinion. Steele and Addison co-operated also in the *Guardian*: and Steele at different periods was interested in similar periodicals, like the *Englishman*, the *Lover*, the *Reader*, the *Plebeian*; but they were short-lived, and added nothing to his reputation. Few of Steele's essays are remembered. This neglect is hardly just, for they are delightful, easy sketches, many of them in narrative form. It should not be forgotten, too, that Steele was the originator of the noted characters "Sir Roger de Coverley" and "Will Honeycomb," though Addison afterward adopted them, making them virtually his own. As an essayist he is admired for vivacity and ease, but not for finish: he was often neglectful of his style. His charm lies in his perfect naturalness. He had great versatility, being a humorist, satirist, critic, story-teller, and remarkable in each capacity.

Political acrimony raged in 1713. Steele's patriotism triumphed over self-interest; he resigned his office, and plunged headlong into political controversy. He gained a seat in Parliament as a member for Stockbridge in Hampshire; vehemently supported the Protestant succession, which he believed was in peril; and published a pamphlet, 'The Crisis,' warning the kingdom against the danger of a Popish succession, for which he was expelled from the House of Commons. The death of Queen Anne mollified his opponents. During the new reign he received several profitable employments; was knighted, and elected to Parliament from Boroughbridge. But, head over heels in debt again, he was soon attacked with paralysis and rendered incapable of exertion. He retired to a small estate (left him by his second wife), where he passed away in 1729, nearly forgotten by his contemporaries. Steele was distinguished, in an era that cherished slight respect for women, for his high opinion of and chivalrous feeling for them. No loftier compliment has ever been paid to woman than his to Lady Elizabeth Hastings: "To love her was a liberal education."

## ON THE ART OF GROWING OLD

From the Tatler

IT would be a good appendix to 'The Art of Living and Dying,' if any one would write 'The Art of Growing Old,' and teach men to resign their pretensions to the pleasures and gallantries of youth, in proportion to the alteration they find in themselves by the approach of age and infirmities. The infirmities of this stage of life would be much fewer if we did not affect those which attend the more vigorous and active part of our days; but instead of studying to be wiser, or being contented with our present follies, the ambition of many of us is also to be the same sort of fools we formerly have been. I have often argued, as I am a professed lover of women, that our sex grows old with a much worse grace than the other does; and have ever been of opinion that there are more well-pleased old women than old men. I thought it a good reason for this, that the ambition of the fair sex being confined to advantageous marriages, or shining in the eyes of men, their parts were over sooner, and consequently the errors in the performances of them. The conversation of this evening has not convinced me of the contrary; for one or two fop-women shall not make a balance for the crowds of coxcombs among ourselves, diversified according to the different pursuits of pleasure and business.

Returning home this evening a little before my usual hour, I scarce had seated myself in my easy-chair, stirred the fire, and stroked the cat, but I heard somebody come rumbling up-stairs. I saw my door opened, and a human figure advancing towards me so fantastically put together that it was some minutes before I discovered it to be my old and intimate friend Sam Trusty. Immediately I rose up, and placed him in my own seat; a compliment I pay to few. The first thing he uttered was, "Isaac, fetch me a cup of your cherry brandy before you offer to ask any question." He drank a lusty draught, sat silent for some time, and at last broke out: "I am come," quoth he, "to insult thee for an old fantastic dotard, as thou art, in ever defending the women. I have this evening visited two widows who are now in that state I have often heard you call an 'after-life'; I suppose you mean by it, an existence which grows out of past entertainments, and is an untimely delight in the satisfactions which they once set their hearts upon too much to be ever able to relinquish. Have but patience," continued he, "until I give you a succinct account of my ladies, and of this night's adventure.

"They are much of an age, but very different in their characters. The one of them, with all the advances which years have made upon her, goes on in a certain romantic road of love and friendship which she fell into in her teens; the other has transferred the amorous passions of her first years

to the love of cronies, pets, and favorites, with which she is always surrounded: but the genius of each of them will best appear by the account of what happened to me at their houses. About five this afternoon, being tired with study, the weather inviting, and time lying a little upon my hands, I resolved at the instigation of my evil genius to visit them; their husbands having been our contemporaries. This I thought I could do without much trouble, for both live in the very next street.

"I went first to my lady Camomile; and the butler, who had lived long in the family, and seen me often in his master's time, ushered me very civilly into the parlor, and told me though my lady had given strict orders to be denied, he was sure I might be admitted, and bid the black boy acquaint his lady that I was come to wait upon her. In the window lay two letters, one broke open, the other fresh sealed with a wafer: the first directed to the divine Cosmelia, the second to the charming Lucinda; but both, by the indented characters, appeared to have been writ by very unsteady hands. Such uncommon addresses increased my curiosity, and put me upon asking my old friend the butler, if he knew who those persons were? 'Very well,' says he: 'that is from Mrs. Furbish to my lady, an old schoolfellow and great crony of her ladyship's; and this the answer.' I inquired in what country she lived. 'Oh dear!' says he, 'but just by, in the neighborhood. Why, she was here all this morning, and that letter came and was answered within these two hours. They have taken an odd fancy, you must know, to call one another hard names; but for all that, they love one another hugely.' By this time the boy returned with his lady's humble service to me, desiring I would excuse her; for she could not possibly see me nor anybody else, for it was opera-night."

"Methinks," says I, "such innocent folly as two old women's courtship to each other should rather make you merry than put you out of humor."

"Peace, good Isaac," says he, "no interruption, I beseech you. I got soon to Mrs. Feeble's — she that was formerly Betty Frisk; you must needs remember her: Tom Feeble of Brazen Nose fell in love with her for her fine dancing. Well, Mrs. Ursula without further ceremony carries me directly up to her mistress's chamber, where I found her environed by four of the most mischievous animals that can ever infest a family: an old shock dog with one eye, a monkey chained to one side of the chimney, a great gray squirrel to the other, and a parrot waddling in the middle of the room. However, for a while, all was in a profound tranquillity. Upon the mantel-tree (for I am a pretty curious observer) stood a pot of lambetive electuary, with a stick of liquorice, and near it a phial of rosewater and powder of tutty. Upon the table lay a pipe filled with betony and colt's-foot, a roll of wax candle, a silver spitting-pot, and a Seville orange. The lady was placed in a large wicker chair, and her feet wrapped up in flannel, supported by cushions; and in this attitude, would you believe it, Isaac, she was reading

a romance with spectacles on. The first compliments over, as she was industriously endeavoring to enter upon conversation, a violent fit of coughing seized her. This awaked Shock, and in a trice the whole room was in an uproar; for the dog barked, the squirrel squealed, the monkey chattered, the parrot screamed, and Ursula, to appease them, was more clamorous than all the rest. You, Isaac, who know how any harsh noise affects my head, may guess what I suffered from the hideous din of these discordant sounds. At length all was appeased, and quiet restored: a chair was drawn for me, where I was no sooner seated, but the parrot fixed his horny beak, as sharp as a pair of shears, in one of my heels, just above the shoe. I sprung from the place with an unusual agility; and so, being within the monkey's reach, he snatches off my new bob-wig and throws it upon two apples that were roasting by a sullen sea-coal fire. I was nimble enough to save it from any further damage than singeing the foretop. I put it on; and composing myself as well as I could, I drew my chair towards the other side of the chimney. The good lady, as soon as she had recovered breath, employed it in making a thousand apologies, and with great eloquence and a numerous train of words lamented my misfortune. In the middle of her harangue, I felt something scratching near my knee; and feeling what it should be, found the squirrel had got into my coat pocket. As I endeavored to remove him from his burrow, he made his teeth meet through the fleshy part of my forefinger. This gave me an inexpressible pain. The Hungary water was immediately brought to bathe it, and gold-beater's skin applied to stop the blood. The lady renewed her excuses; but being now out of all patience, I abruptly took my leave, and hobbling down-stairs with heedless haste, I set my foot full in a pail of water, and down we came to the bottom together."

Here my friend concluded his narrative, and with a composed countenance I began to make him compliments of condolence; but he started from his chair, and said, "Isaac, you may spare your speeches—I expect no reply. When I told you this, I knew you would laugh at me; but the next woman that makes me ridiculous shall be a young one."

## ON COFFEE-HOUSES

From the Spectator

**I**T is very natural for a man who is not turned for mirthful meetings of men, or assemblies of the fair sex, to delight in that sort of conversation which we find in coffee-houses. Here a man of my temper is in his element; for if he cannot talk, he can still be more agreeable to his company, as well as pleased in himself, in being only a hearer. It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall

into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is whether he has a great inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. The latter is the more general desire; and I know very able flatterers that never speak a word in praise of the persons from whom they obtain daily favors, but still practice a skilful attention to whatever is uttered by those with whom they converse. We are very curious to observe the behavior of great men and their clients: but the same passions and interests move men in lower spheres; and I (that have nothing else to do but make observations) see in every parish, street, lane, and alley of this populous city, a little potentate that has his court, and his flatterers, who lay snares for his affection and favor by the same arts that are practised upon men in higher stations.

In the place I most usually frequent, men differ rather in the time of day in which they make a figure, than in any real greatness above one another. I, who am at the coffee-house at six in the morning, know that my friend Beaver the haberdasher has a levee of more undissembled friends and admirers than most of the courtiers or generals of Great Britain. Every man about him has perhaps a newspaper in his hand; but none can pretend to guess what step will be taken in any one court of Europe, till Mr. Beaver has thrown down his pipe and declares what measures the allies must enter into upon this new posture of affairs. Our coffee-house is near one of the Inns of Court, and Beaver has the audience and admiration of his neighbors from six till within a quarter of eight; at which time he is interrupted by the students of the house, some of whom are ready dressed for Westminster at eight in a morning, with faces as busy as if they were retained in every cause there; and others come in their night-gowns to saunter away their time, as if they never designed to go thither. I do not know that I meet in any of my walks objects which move both my spleen and laughter so effectually as those young fellows at the Grecian, Squire's, Serle's, and all other coffee-houses adjacent to the law, who rise early for no other purpose but to publish their laziness. One would think these young virtuosos take a gay cap and slippers, with a scarf and party-colored gown, to be ensigns of dignity; for the vain things approach each other with an air which shows they regard one another for their vestments. I have observed that the superiority among these proceeds from an opinion of gallantry and fashion. The gentleman in the strawberry sash, who presides so much over the rest, has, it seems, subscribed to every opera this last winter, and is supposed to receive favors from one of the actresses.

When the day grows too busy for these gentlemen to enjoy any longer the pleasures of their dishabille with any manner of confidence, they give place to men who have business or good sense in their faces, and come to the coffee-house either to transact affairs or enjoy conversation. The persons to whose behavior and discourse I have most regard, are such as are between these two sorts of men: such as have not spirits too active to be happy and

well pleased in a private condition, nor complexions too warm to make them neglect the duties and relations of life. Of these sort of men consist the worthier part of mankind; of these are all good fathers, generous brothers, friends, and faithful subjects. Their entertainments are derived rather from reason than imagination; which is the cause that there is no impatience or instability in their speech or action. You see in their countenances they are at home, and in quiet possession of their present instant as it passes, without desiring to quicken it by gratifying any passion, or prosecuting any new design. These are the men formed for society, and those little communities which we express by the word neighborhoods.

The coffee-house is the place of rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turned to relish calm and ordinary life. Eubulus presides over the middle hours of the day, when this assembly of men meet together. He enjoys a great fortune handsomely, without launching into expense; and exerts many noble and useful qualities, without appearing in any public employment. His wisdom and knowledge are serviceable to all that think fit to make use of them; and he does the office of a counsel, a judge, an executor, and a friend, to all his acquaintance, not only without the profits which attend such offices, but also without the deference and homage which are usually paid to them. The giving of thanks is displeasing to him. The greatest gratitude you can show him is to let him see that you are a better man for his services; and that you are as ready to oblige others as he is to oblige you.

In the private exigencies of his friends, he lends at legal value considerable sums, which he might highly increase by rolling in the public stocks. He does not consider in whose hands his money will improve most, but where it will do most good.

Eubulus has so great an authority in his little diurnal audience, that when he shakes his head at any piece of public news, they all of them appear dejected; and on the contrary, go home to their dinners with a good stomach and cheerful aspect when Eubulus seems to intimate that things go well. Nay, their veneration towards him is so great that when they are in other company they speak and act after him; are wise in his sentences, and are no sooner sat down at their own tables, but they hope or fear, rejoice or despond, as they saw him do at the coffee-house. In a word, every man is Eubulus as soon as his back is turned.

Having here given an account of the several reigns that succeed each other from daybreak till dinner-time, I shall mention the monarchs of the afternoon on another occasion, and shut up the whole series of them with the history of Tom the Tyrant, who, as the first minister of the coffee-house, takes the government upon him between the hours of eleven and twelve at night, and gives his orders in the most arbitrary manner to the servants below him, as to the disposition of liquors, coal, and cinders.

## ON BEHAVIOR AT CHURCH

From the Guardian

THERE is not anywhere, I believe, so much talk about religion, as among us in England; nor do I think it possible for the wit of man to devise forms of address to the Almighty in more ardent and forcible terms than are everywhere to be found in our Book of Common Prayer; and yet I have heard it read with such a negligence, affectation, and impatience, that the efficacy of it has been apparently lost to all the congregation. For my part, I make no scruple to own it, that I go sometimes to a particular place in the city, far distant from my own home, to hear a gentleman whose manner I admire, read the liturgy. I am persuaded devotion is the greatest pleasure of his soul, and there is none hears him read without the utmost reverence. I have seen the young people who have been interchanging glances of passion to each other's person, checked into an attention to the service at the interruption which the authority of his voice has given them.

But the other morning I happened to rise earlier than ordinary, and thought I could not pass my time better than to go upon the admonition of the morning bell, to the church prayers at six of the clock. I was there the first of any in the congregation, and had the opportunity (however I made use of it) to look back on all my life, and contemplate the blessing and advantage of such stated early hours for offering ourselves to our Creator, and prepossessing ourselves with the love of him, and the hopes we have from him, against the snares of business and pleasure in the ensuing day. But whether it be that people think fit to indulge their own ease in some secret, pleasing fault, or whatever it was, there was none at the confession but a set of poor scrubs of us, who could sin only in our wills, whose persons could be of no temptation to one another, and might have, without interruption from anybody else, humble, lowly hearts, in frightful looks and dirty dresses, at our leisure.

When we poor souls had presented ourselves with a contrition suitable to our worthlessness, some pretty young ladies in mobs popped in here and there about the church, clattering the pew door after them, and squatting into a whisper behind their fans. Among others, one of Lady Lizard's daughters and her hopeful maid made their entrance: the young lady did not omit the ardent form behind the fan, while the maid immediately gaped round her to look for some other devout person, whom I saw at a distance, very well dressed; his air and habit a little military, but in the pertness, not the true possession of the martial character. This jackanapes was fixed at the end of a pew, with the utmost impudence declaring, by a fixed eye on that

seat where our beauty was placed, the object of his devotion. This obscene sight gave me all the indignation imaginable, and I could attend to nothing but the reflection that the greatest affronts imaginable are such as no one can take notice of.

Before I was out of such vexatious inadvertencies to the business of the place, there was a great deal of good company now come in. There was a good number of very jaunty slatterns, who gave us to understand that it is neither dress nor art to which they were beholden for the town's admiration. Besides these, there were also by this time arrived two or three sets of whisperers, who carry on most of their calumnies by what they entertain one another with in that place; and we were now altogether very good company. There were indeed a few in whose looks there appeared a heavenly joy and gladness upon the entrance of a new day, as if they had gone to sleep with expectation of it. For the sake of these it is worth while that the Church keeps up such early matins throughout the cities of London and Westminster; but the generality of those who observe that hour perform it with so tasteless a behavior that it appears a task rather than a voluntary act. But of all the world, those familiar ducks who are, as it were, at home at the church, and by frequently meeting there throw the time of prayer very negligently into their common life, and make their coming together in that place as ordinary as any other action, and do not turn their conversation upon any improvements suitable to the true design of that house, but on trifles below even their worldly concerns and characters. These are little groups of acquaintance dispersed in all parts of the town, who are forsooth the only people of unspotted characters, and throw all the spots that stick on those of other people.

Malice is the ordinary vice of those who live in the mode of religion, without the spirit of it. The pleasurable world are hurried by their passions above the consideration of what others think of them, into a pursuit of irregular enjoyment; while these who forbear the gratifications of flesh and blood, without having won over the spirit to the interests of virtue, are implacable in defamations on the errors of such who offend without respect to fame. But the consideration of persons whom one cannot but take notice of when one sees them in that place, has drawn me out of my intended talk, which was to bewail that people do not know the pleasure of early hours, and of dedicating the first moments of the day, with joy and singleness of heart, to their Creator. Experience should convince us that the earlier we left our beds the seldomer should we be confined to them.

One great good which would also accrue from this, were it become a fashion, would be, that it is possible our chief divines would condescend to pray themselves, or at least those whom they substitute would be better supplied than to be forced to appear at those orisons in a garb and attire which makes them appear mortified with worldly want, and not abstracted

from the world by the contempt of it. How is it possible for a gentleman, under the income of fifty pounds a year, to be attentive to sublime things? He must rise and dress like a laborer for sordid hire, instead of approaching his place of service with the utmost pleasure and satisfaction that now he is going to be mouth of a crowd of people who have laid aside all the distinctions of this contemptible being, to beseech a protection under its manifold pains and disadvantages, or a release from it by His favor who sent them into it. He would, with decent superiority, look upon himself as orator before the Throne of Grace, for a crowd who hang upon his words while he asks for them all that is necessary in a transitory life; from the assurance that a good behavior, for a few moments in it, will purchase endless joy and happy immortality.

But who can place himself in this view who, though not pinched with want, is distracted with care from the fear of it? No: a man in the least degree below the spirit of a saint or a martyr will loll, huddle over his duty, look confused, or assume a resolution in his behavior which will be quite as ungraceful, except he is supported above the necessities of life.

"Power and commandment to his minister to declare and pronounce to his people" is mentioned with a very unguarded air, when the speaker is known in his own private condition to be almost an object of their pity and charity. This last circumstance, with many others here loosely suggested, are the occasion that one knows not how to recommend, to such as have not already a fixed sense of devotion, the pleasure of passing the earliest hours of the day in a public congregation. But were this morning solemnity as much in vogue even as it is now at more advanced hours of the day, it would necessarily have so good an effect upon us as to make us more disengaged and cheerful in conversation, and less artful and insincere in business. The world would be quite another place than it is now, the rest of the day; and every face would have an alacrity in it which can be borrowed from no other reflections but those which give us the assured protection of Omnipotence.

## THE ART OF STORY-TELLING

From the Guardian

I HAVE often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination and a mirthful temper will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them: and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight

of some odd occurrences in life, yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well-told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a "knack"; it does not so much subsist upon wit as upon humor; and I will add that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end: but this is by no means a general rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks and whimsical agitations. I will go yet further; and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticized upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit with the widow at the coffee-house, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though upon examination I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I found, after some time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the shaking of a fat paunch, and the tossing up of a pair of rosy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once; and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature are apt to show their parts with too much ostentation: I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories but as they seem to grow out of the subject-matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irksome; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of allusion. Those that are altogether new should never be ushered in without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned, because by that means you make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us administer more mirth than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters.

## JOSEPH ADDISON

THERE are few figures in literary history more dignified and attractive than Joseph Addison; few men more eminently representative, not only of literature as a profession, but of literature as an art. It has happened more than once that literary gifts of a high order have been lodged in very frail moral tenements; that taste, feeling, and felicity of expression have been divorced from general intellectual power, from intimate acquaintance with the best in thought and art, from grace of manner and dignity of life. There have been writers of force and originality who failed to attain a representative eminence, to identify themselves with their art in the memory of the world. There have been other writers without claim to the possession of gifts of the highest order, who have secured this distinction by virtue of harmony of character and work, of breadth of interest, and of that fine intelligence which instinctively allies itself with the best in its time. Of this class Addison is an illustrious example. His gifts are not of the highest order; there was none of the spontaneity, abandon, or fertility of genius in him; his thought made no lasting contribution to the highest intellectual life; he set no pulses beating by his eloquence of style, and fired no imagination by the insight and emotion of his verse; he was not a scholar in the technical sense: and yet, in an age which was stirred and stung by the immense satiric force of Swift, charmed by the wit and elegance of Pope, moved by the tenderness of Steele, and enchanted by the fresh realism of Defoe, Addison holds the most representative place. He is, above all others, the Man of Letters of his time; his name instantly evokes the literature of his period.

Born in the rectory at Milston, Wiltshire, on May Day, 1672, it was Addison's fortune to take up the profession of letters at the very moment when it was becoming a recognized profession, with a field of its own, and with emoluments sufficient in kind to make decency of living possible, and so related to a man's work that their acceptance involved loss neither of dignity nor of independence. He was contemporary with the first English publisher, Jacob Tonson. He was also contemporary with the notable reorganization of English prose which freed it from exaggeration, complexity, and obscurity; and he contributed not a little to the flexibility, charm, balance, and ease which have since characterized its best examples. He saw the rise of polite society in its modern sense; the development of the social resources of the city; the enlargement of what is called "the reading class" to embrace all classes in the community and all orders in the nation. And he was one of

the first, following the logic of a free press, an organized business for the sale of books, and the appearance of popular interest in literature, to undertake that work of translating the best thought and feeling of his time, and of all times, into the language of the drawing-room, the club, and the street, which has done so much to humanize and civilize the modern world.

To recognize these various opportunities, to feel intuitively the drift of sentiment and conviction, and so to adjust the uses of art to life as to exalt the one, and enrich and refine the other, involved not only the possession of gifts of a high order, but that training which puts a man in command of himself and of his materials. Addison was fortunate in being brought up in a home where things of the spirit were not neglected. His father was a man of generous culture: an Oxford scholar, who had stood frankly for the Monarchy and Episcopacy in Puritan times; a voluminous and agreeable writer; of whom Steele says that he bred his five children "with all the care imaginable in a liberal and generous way." From this most influential of schools Addison passed on to other masters: from the Grammar School at Lichfield, to the well-known Charterhouse; and thence to Oxford, where he first entered Queen's College, and later became a member of Magdalen, to the beauty of whose architecture and natural situation the tradition of his walks and personality adds no small charm. He was a close student, shy in manner, given to late hours of work. His literary tastes and appetite were early disclosed, and in his twenty-second year he was already known in London, had written an 'Account of the Greatest English Poets,' and had addressed some complimentary verses to Dryden, then the recognized head of English letters.

While Addison was hesitating what profession to follow, the leaders of the political parties were casting about for men of literary power. A new force had appeared in English politics — the force of public opinion; and in their experiments in controlling and directing this novel force, politicians were eager to secure the aid of men of letters. The shifting of power from the throne to the House of Commons involved a radical readjustment, not only of the mechanism of political action, but of the attitude of public men to the nation. They felt the need of trained and persuasive interpreters and advocates; of the resources of wit, satire, and humor. It was this very practical service which literature was in the way of rendering to political parties, rather than any deep regard for literature itself, which brought about a brief but brilliant alliance between groups of men who have not often worked together to mutual advantage. It must be said, however, that there was among the great Whig and Tory leaders of the time a certain liberality of taste, and a care for those things which give public life dignity and elegance, which were entirely absent from Robert Walpole and the leaders of the two succeeding reigns, where literature and politics were completely divorced, and the govern-

ment knew little and cared less about the welfare of the arts. Addison came on the stage at the very moment when the government was not only ready but eager to foster such talents as his. He was a Whig of pronounced although modern type, and the Whigs were in power.

Lord Somers and Charles Montagu, better known later as Lord Halifax, were the heads of the ministry, and his personal friends as well. They were men of culture, lovers of letters, and not unappreciative of the personal distinction which already stamped the studious and dignified Magdalen scholar. A Latin poem on the Peace of Ryswick, dedicated to Montagu, happily combined Vergilian elegance with Whig sentiment. It confirmed the judgment already formed of Addison's ability; and, setting aside with friendly insistence the plan of putting that ability into the service of the Church, Montagu secured a pension of £300 for the purpose of enabling Addison to fit himself for public employment abroad by thorough study of the French language, and of manners, methods, and institutions on the Continent. Armed with letters of introduction from Montagu to many distinguished personages, Addison left Oxford in the summer of 1699, and, after a prolonged stay at Blois for purposes of study, visited many cities and interesting localities in France, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, and Holland. The shy, reticent, but observing young traveler was everywhere received with the courtesy which early in the century had made so deep an impression on Milton. He studied hard, saw much, and meditated more. He was not only fitting himself for public service, but for that delicate portraiture of manners which was later to become his distinctive work. Clarendon had already drawn a series of lifelike portraits of men of action in the stormy period of the Revolution: Addison was to sketch the society of his time with a touch at once delicate and firm; to exhibit its life in those aspects which emphasize individual humor and personal quality, against a carefully wrought background of manners and social condition. The habit of observation and the wide acquaintance with cultivated social life which was a necessary part of the training for the work which was later to appear in the pages of the *Spectator*, were perhaps the richest educational results of these years of travel and study; for Addison the official is a comparatively obscure figure, but Addison the writer is one of the most admirable and attractive figures in English history.

Addison returned to England in 1703 with clouded prospects. The accession of Queen Anne had been followed by the dismissal of the Whigs from office; his pension was stopped, his opportunity of advancement gone, and his father dead. The skies soon brightened, however: the support of the Whigs became necessary to the Government; the brilliant victory of Blenheim shed luster not only on Marlborough, but on the men with whom he was politically affiliated; and there was a great dearth of poetic ability in the Tory ranks at the very moment when a notable achievement called for brave and splendid

verse. Lord Godolphin, that easy-going and eminently successful politician of whom Charles the Second once shrewdly said that he was "never in the way and never out of it," was directed to Addison in this emergency; and the story goes that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, afterward Lord Carleton, who was sent to express to the needy scholar the wishes of the Government, found him lodged in a garret over a small shop. The result of this memorable embassy from politics to literature was 'The Campaign': a poem of the formal, "occasional" order, which celebrated the victor of Blenheim with tact and taste, pleased the ministry, delighted the public, and brought reputation and fortune to its writer. Its excellence is in skilful avoidance of fulsome adulation, in the exclusion of the well-worn classical allusions, and in a straightforward celebration of those really great qualities in Marlborough which set his military career in brilliant contrast with his private life. The poem closed with a simile which took the world by storm: —

So when an angel, by divine command,  
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,  
(Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed,)  
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;  
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,  
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

"Addison left off at a good moment," says Thackeray. "That simile was pronounced to be the greatest ever produced in poetry. That angel, that good angel, flew off with Mr. Addison, and landed him in the place of Commissioner of Appeals — *vice* Mr. Locke, providentially promoted. In the following year Mr. Addison went to Hanover with Lord Halifax, and the year after was made Under-Secretary of State. O angel visits! You come 'few and far between' to literary gentlemen's lodgings! Your wings seldom quiver at the second-floor windows now!"

The prize poem was followed by a narrative of travel in Italy, happily written, full of felicitous description, and touched by a humor which, in quality and manner, was new to English readers. Then came one of those indiscretions of the imagination which showed that the dignified and somewhat sober young poet, the "parson in a tye-wig," as he was called at a later day, was not lacking in gaiety of mood. The opera 'Rosamond' was not a popular success, mainly because the music to which it was set fell so far below it in grace and ease. It must be added, however, that Addison lacked the qualities of a successful libretto writer. He was too serious, and despite the lightness of his touch, there was a certain rigidity in him which made him unapt at versification which required quickness, agility, and variety. When he attempted to give his verse gaiety of manner, he did not get beyond awkward simulation of an ease which nature had denied him: —

Since conjugal passion  
 Is come into fashion,  
 And marriage so blest on the throne is,  
 Like a Venus I'll shine,  
 Be fond and be fine,  
 And Sir Trusty shall be my Adonis.

Meantime, in spite of occasional clouds, Addison's fortunes were steadily advancing. The Earl of Wharton was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Addison accepted the lucrative post of Secretary. Irish residence not only brought Addison prosperous fortunes and important friendships, but also led to the beginning of the work on which his fame securely rests. In Ireland the acquaintance he had already made in London with Swift ripened into a generous friendship, which for a time resisted political differences when such differences were the constant occasion of personal animosity and bitterness. The two men represented the age in an uncommonly complete way. Swift had the greater genius: he was, indeed, in respect of natural endowment, the foremost man of his time; but his nature was undisciplined, his temper uncertain, and his great powers quite as much at the service of his passions as of his principles. He made himself respected, feared, and finally hated; his lack of restraint and balance, his ferocity of spirit when opposed, and the violence with which he assailed his enemies, neutralized his splendid gifts, marred his fortune, and sent him into lonely exile at Dublin, where he longed for the ampler world of London. At the time of Addison's stay in Ireland, the days of Swift's eclipse were, however, far distant; both men were in their prime. That Swift loved Addison is clear enough; and it is easy to understand the qualities which made Addison one of the most deeply loved men of his time. He was of a strongly social temper, although averse to large companies and shy and silent in their presence. "There is no such thing," he once said, "as real conversation but between two persons." He was free from malice, meanness, or jealousy, in spite of what Pope wrote of him. He was absolutely loyal to his principles and to his friends, in a time when many men changed both with as little compunction as they changed wigs and swords. His personality was singularly winning; his features regular, and full of refinement and intelligence; his bearing dignified and graceful; his temper kindly and in perfect control; his character without a stain; his conversation enchanting, its charm confessed by persons so diverse in taste as Pope, Swift, Steele, and Young. Lady Mary Montagu declared that he was the best company she had ever known. He had two faults of which the world has heard much: he loved the company of men who flattered him, and at times he used wine too freely. The first of these defects was venial, and did not blind his judgment either of himself or his friends; the second defect was so common among the men of his time that Addison's

occasional over-indulgence, in contrast with the excesses of others, seems like temperance itself.

It was during Addison's stay in Ireland that Richard Steele projected the *Tatler*, and brought out the first number in 1709. His friendship for Addison amounted almost to a passion; their intimacy was cemented by harmony of tastes and diversity of character. Steele was ardent, impulsive, warm-hearted, mercurial; full of aspiration and beset by lamentable weaknesses — preaching the highest morality and constantly falling into the prevalent vices of his time; a man so lovable of temper, so generous a spirit, and so frank a nature, that his faults seem to humanize his character rather than to weaken and stain it. Steele's gifts were many, and they were always at the service of his feelings; he had an Irish warmth of sympathy and an Irish readiness of humor, with great facility of inventiveness, and an inexhaustible interest in all aspects of human experience. There had been political journals in England since the time of the Revolution, but Steele conceived the idea of a journal which should comment on the events and characteristics of the time in a bright and humorous way; using freedom with judgment and taste, and attacking the vices and follies of the time with the light equipment of wit rather than with the heavy armament of the formal moralist. The time was ripe for such an enterprise. London was full of men and women of brilliant parts, whose manners, tastes, and talk presented rich material for humorous report and delineation or for satiric comment. Society, in the modern sense, was fast taking form, and its resources were being rapidly developed. Men in public life were intimately allied with society and sensitive to its opinion; and men of all interests — public, fashionable, literary — gathered in groups at the different chocolate- or coffee-houses, and formed a kind of organized community. It was distinctly an aristocratic society; elegant in dress, punctilious in manner, exacting in taste, ready to be amused, and not indifferent to criticism when it took the form of sprightly badinage or of keen and trenchant satire. The informal organization of society, which made it possible to reach and affect the Town as a whole, is suggested by the division of the *Tatler*: —

"All accounts of Gallantry, Pleasure, and Entertainment, shall be under the article of White's Chocolate-House: Poetry under that of Will's Coffee-House; Learning under the title of Grecian; Foreign and Domestic News you will have from St. James's Coffee-House: and what else I shall on any other subject offer shall be dated from my own apartment."

So wrote Steele in his introduction to the readers of the new journal, which was to appear three times a week, at the cost of a penny. Of the coffee-houses enumerated, St. James's and White's were the headquarters of men of fashion and of politics; the Grecian of men of legal learning; Will's of men of letters. The *Tatler* was successful from the start. It was novel in form and in spirit; it was sprightly without being frivolous, witty without being indecent, keen without being libelous or malicious. In the general license and coarseness of the

time, so close to the Restoration and the powerful reaction against Puritanism, the cleanness, courtesy, and good taste which characterized the journal had all the charm of a new diversion. In paper No. 18, Addison made his appearance as a contributor, and gave the world the first of those inimitable essays which influenced their own time so widely, and which have become the solace and delight of all times. To Addison's influence may perhaps be traced the change which came over the Tatler, and which is seen in the gradual disappearance of the news element, and the steady drift of the paper away from journalism and toward literature. Society soon felt the full force of the extraordinary talent at the command of the new censor of contemporary manners and morals. There was a well-directed and incessant fire of wit against the prevailing taste of dramatic art; against the vices of gambling and dueling; against extravagance and affectation of dress and manner: and there was also criticism of a new order.

The Tatler was discontinued in January 1711, and the first number of the Spectator appeared in March. The new journal was issued daily, but it made no pretensions to newspaper timeliness or interest; it aimed to set a new standard in manners, morals, and taste, without assuming the airs of a teacher. "It was said of Socrates," wrote Addison, in a memorable chapter in the new journal, "that he brought Philosophy down from heaven to inhabit among men; and I shall be happy to have it said of me that I have brought Philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses." For more than two years the Spectator discharged with inimitable skill and success the difficult function of chiding, reproving, and correcting, without irritating or causing strife. Swift found the paper too gentle, but its influence was due in no small measure to its persuasiveness. Addison studied his method of attack as carefully as Matthew Arnold, who undertook a similar educational work in the last century, studied his means of approach to a public indifferent or hostile to his ideas. The two hundred and seventy-four papers furnished by Addison to the columns of the Spectator may be said to mark the full development of English prose as a free, flexible, clear, and elegant medium of expressing the most varied and delicate shades of thought. They mark also the perfection of the essay form in our literature: revealing clear perception of its limitations and of its resources; easy mastery of its possibilities of serious exposition and of pervading charm; ability to employ its full capacity of conveying serious thought in a manner at once easy and authoritative. They mark also the beginning of a deeper and more intelligent criticism; for their exposition of Milton may be said to point the way to a new quality of literary judgment and a new order of literary comment. These papers mark, finally, the beginnings of the English novel; for they contain a series of character-studies full of insight, delicacy of drawing, true feeling, and sureness of touch. Addison was not content to satirize the follies, attack the vices, and picture the manners

of his times: he created a group of figures which stand out as distinctly as those which were drawn more than a century later by the hand of Thackeray, our greatest painter of manners. Defoe had not yet published the first of the great modern novels of incident and adventure in 'Robinson Crusoe,' and Richardson, Fielding and Smollett were unborn or unknown, when Addison was sketching Sir Roger de Coverley and Will Honeycomb, and filling in the background with charming studies of life in London and in the country.

Finished in style, but genuinely human in feeling, betraying the nicest choice of words and the most studied care for elegant and effective arrangement, and yet penetrated by geniality, enlightened by humor, elevated by high moral aims, often using the dangerous weapons of irony and satire, and yet always well-mannered and kindly — these papers reveal the sensitive nature of Addison and the delicate but thoroughly tempered art which he had at his command.

Rarely has literature of so high an order had such instant success; for the popularity of the *Spectator* has been rivaled in English literature only by that of the *Waverley* novels or of the novels of Dickens. Its influence was felt not only in the sentiment of the day, and in the crowd of imitators which followed in its wake, but also across the Channel. In Germany, especially, the genius and methods of Addison made a deep and lasting impression.

No man could reach such eminence in the first quarter of the eighteenth century without being tempted to try his hand at play-writing; and the friendly fortune which seemed to serve Addison at every turn reached its climax in the applause which greeted the production of 'Cato.' The motive of this tragedy, constructed on what were then held to be classic lines, is found in the two lines of the Prologue: it was an endeavor to portray

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,  
And greatly falling with a falling State.

The play was full of striking lines which were instantly caught up and applied to the existing political situation; the theater was crowded night after night, and the resources of Europe in the way of translations, plaudits, and favorable criticisms were exhausted in the endeavor to express the general approval. The judgment of a later period has, however, assigned 'Cato' a secondary place, and it is remembered mainly on account of its many felicitous passages. It lacks real dramatic unity and vitality, and the character of Cato is essentially an abstraction.

Addison's popularity touched its highest point in the production of 'Cato.' Even his conciliatory nature could not disarm the envy which such brilliant success naturally aroused, nor wholly escape the bitterness which the intense political feeling of the time constantly bred between ambitious and able men.

Political differences separated him from Swift, and Steele's uncertain character and inconsistent course blighted what was probably the most delightful intimacy of his life. Pope doubtless believed that he had good ground for charging Addison with jealousy and insincerity, and in 1715 an open rupture took place between them. The story of the famous quarrel was first told by Pope, and his version was long accepted in many quarters as final; but later opinion inclines to hold Addison guiltless of the grave accusations brought against him. Pope was morbidly sensitive to slights, morbidly eager for praise, and extremely irritable. To a man of such temper, trifles light as air became significant of malice and hatred. Such trifles unhappily confirmed Pope's suspicions; his self-love was wounded, sensitiveness became animosity, and animosity became hate, which in the end inspired the most stinging bit of satire in the language: —

Should such a one, resolved to reign alone,  
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,  
View him with jealous yet with scornful eyes,  
Hate him for arts that caused himself to rise,  
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;  
Alike unused to blame or to commend,  
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend,  
Fearing e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,  
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;  
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike.

There was just enough semblance of truth in these inimitable lines to give them lasting stinging power; but that they were grossly unjust is now generally conceded. Addison was human, and therefore not free from the frailties of men of his profession; but there was no meanness in him.

Addison's loyalty to the Whig party and his ability to serve it kept him in intimate relations with its leaders and bound him to its fortunes. He served the Whig cause in Parliament, and filled many positions which required tact and judgment, attaining at last the very dignified post of Secretary of State. A long attachment for the Countess of Warwick culminated in marriage in 1716, and Addison took up his residence in Holland House, a house famous for its association with men of distinction in politics and letters. The marriage was not happy, if report is to be trusted. The union of the ill-adapted pair was, in any event, short-lived; for three years later, in 1719, Addison died in his early prime, not yet having completed his forty-eighth year. On his death-bed, Young tells us, he called his stepson to his side and said, "See in what peace a Christian can die." His body was laid in Westminster Abbey; his work is one of the permanent possessions of the English-speaking race; his character is one

of its finest traditions. He was, as truly as Sir Philip Sidney, a gentleman in the sweetness of his spirit, the courage of his convictions, the refinement of his bearing, and the purity of his life.

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

## A VISIT TO SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY

From the Spectator, No. 106

HAVING often received an Invitation from my Friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a Month with him in the Country, I last Week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his Country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing Speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my Humour, lets me rise and go to Bed when I please, dine at his own Table or in my Chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the Gentlemen of the Country come to see him, he only shews me at a distance: As I have been walking in his Fields I have observed them stealing a Sight of me over an Hedge, and have heard the Knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at Ease in Sir Roger's Family, because it consists of sober and staid Persons: for as the Knight is the best Master in the World, he seldom changes his Servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his Servants never care for leaving him: by this means his Domesticks are all in years, and grown old with their Master. You would take his Valet de Chambre for his Brother, his Butler is grey-headed, his Groom is one of the Gravest men that I have ever seen, and his Coachman has the Looks of a Privy-Counsellor. You see the Goodness of the Master even in the old House-dog, and in a grey Pad that is kept in the Stable with great Care and Tenderness out of Regard to his past Services, tho' he has been useless for several Years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the Joy that appeared in the Countenances of these ancient Domesticks upon my Friend's Arrival at his Country-Seat. Some of them could not refrain from Tears at the Sight of their old Master; every one of them press'd forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old Knight, with a Mixture of the Father and the Master of the Family, tempered the Enquiries after his own Affairs with several kind Questions relating to themselves. This Humanity and Good-nature engages every Body to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his Family are in good Humour, and none so much as the Person whom he diverts himself with: On the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any Infirmary of old Age, it is easy for a Stander-by to observe a secret Concern in the Looks of all his Servants.

My worthy Friend has put me under the particular Care of his Butler, who is a very prudent Man, and, as well as the rest of his Fellow-Servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their Master talk of me as of his particular Friend.

My chief Companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the Woods or the Fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his House in the Nature of a Chaplain above thirty Years. This Gentleman is a Person of good Sense and some Learning, of a very regular Life and obliging Conversation: He heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's Esteem, so that he lives in the Family rather as a Relation than a Dependant.

I have observed in several of my Papers, that my Friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good Qualities, is something of an Humourist; and that his Virtues, as well as Imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain Extravagance, which makes them particularly *his*, and distinguishes them from those of other Men. This Cast of Mind, as it is generally very innocent in it self, so it renders his Conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same Degree of Sense and Virtue would appear in their common and ordinary Colours. As I was walking with him last Night, he asked me how I liked the good Man whom I have just now mentioned? and without staying for my Answer told me, That he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own Table; for which Reason he desired a particular Friend of his at the University to find him out a Clergyman rather of plain Sense than much Learning, of a good Aspect, a clear Voice, a sociable Temper, and, if possible, a Man that understood a little of Back-Gammon. My Friend, says Sir Roger, found me out this Gentleman, who, besides the Endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good Scholar, tho' he does not shew it. I have given him the Parsonage of the Parish; and because I know his Value have settled upon him a good Annuity for Life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my Esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty Years; and tho' he does not know I have taken Notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, tho' he is every Day solliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my Tenants his Parishioners. There has not been a Law-Suit in the Parish since he has liv'd among them: If any Dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the Decision; if they do not acquiesce in his Judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a Present of all the good Sermons which have been printed in *English*, and only begg'd of him that every *Sunday* he would pronounce one of them in the Pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a Series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued System of practical Divinity.

As Sir Roger was going on in his Story, the Gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the Knight's asking him who preached tomorrow

(for it was *Saturday Night*) told us, the Bishop of *St. Asaph* in the Morning, and Doctor *South* in the Afternoon. He then shewed us his list of Preachers for the whole Year, where I saw with a great deal of Pleasure Archbishop *Tillotson*, Bishop *Saunderson*, Doctor *Barrow*, Doctor *Calamy*, with several living Authors who have published Discourses of Practical Divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable Man in the Pulpit, but I very much approved of my Friend's insisting upon the Qualifications of a good Aspect and a clear Voice; for I was so charmed with the Gracefulness of his Figure and Delivery, as well as with the Discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any Time more to my Satisfaction. A Sermon repeated after this Manner, is like the Composition of a Poet in the Mouth of a graceful Actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our Country Clergy would follow this Example; and in stead of wasting their Spirits in laborious Compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome Elocution, and all those other Talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater Masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the People.

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## SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AT THE PLAY

From the Spectator, No. 335

MY friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the Club, told me, that he had a great mind to see the new Tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time that he had not been at a Play these twenty Years. The last I saw, said Sir Roger, was the *Committee*, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of *England* Comedy. He then proceeded to enquire of me who this Distress'd Mother was, and upon hearing that she was *Hector's* Widow, he told me that her Husband was a brave Man, and that when he was a Schoolboy, he had read his Life at the end of the Dictionary. My friend asked me in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the *Mohocks*<sup>1</sup> should be Abroad. I assure you, says he, I thought I had fallen into their Hands last Night; for I observ'd two or three lusty black Men that follow'd me half way up *Fleetstreet*, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know, continu'd the Knight with a Smile, I fancied they had a mind to *hunt* me; for I remember an honest Gentleman in my Neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in King *Charles* the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in Town ever since. I might have shown them very good Sport, had this been their Design; for as I am an old Fox-hunter, I should have turned and

<sup>1</sup> London "bucks" who disguised themselves as savages and roamed the streets at night, committing outrages on persons and property.

dodged, and have play'd them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their Lives before. Sir Roger added, that if these gentlemen had any such Intention, they did not succeed very well in it: for I threw them out, says he, at the End of *Norfolk-street*, where I doubled the Corner, and got shelter in my Lodging before they could imagine what was become of me. However, says the Knight, if Captain *Sentry* will make one with us to Morrow Night, and if you will both of you call upon me about Four a-clock, that we may be at the House before it is full, I will have my own Coach in readiness to attend you, for *John* tells me he has got the Fore-Wheels mended.

The Captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed Hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same Sword which he made use of at the Battel of *Steenkirk*. Sir Roger's Servants, and among the rest my old Friend the Butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good Oaken Plants, to attend their Master upon this Occasion. When he had plac'd him in his Coach, with my self at his Left Hand, the Captain before him, and his Butler at the Head of his Footmen in the Rear, we convoy'd him in safety to the Play-house, where, after having march'd up the Entry in good Order, the Captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the Pit. As soon as the House was full, and the Candles lighted, my old Friend stood up and looked about him with that Pleasure, which a Mind seasoned with Humanity naturally feels in it self, at the sight of a Multitude of People who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common Entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old Man stood up in the middle of the Pit, that he made a very proper Center to a Tragick Audience. Upon the entring of *Pyrrhus*, the Knight told me that he did not believe the King of *France* himself had a better Strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old Friend's Remarks, because I looked upon them as a Piece of natural Criticism, and was well pleased to hear him at the Conclusion of almost every Scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the Play would end. One while he appear'd much concerned for *Andromache*; and a little while after as much for *Hermione*: and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of *Pyrrhus*.

When Sir Roger saw *Andromache's* obstinate Refusal to her Lover's importunities, he whisper'd me in the Ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary Vehemence, You can't imagine, Sir, what 'tis to have to do with a Widow. Upon *Pyrrhus* his threatening afterwards to leave her, the Knight shook his Head, and muttered to himself, Ay, do if you can. This Part dwelt so much upon my Friend's Imagination, that at the close of the Third Act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my Ear, These Widows, Sir, are the most perverse Creatures in the World. But pray, says he, you that are a Critick, is this Play according to your Dramatick Rules, as you call them? Should your People in Tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single Sentence in this Play that I do not know the Meaning of.

The Fourth Act very luckily begun before I had time to give the old Gentleman an Answer: Well, says the Knight, sitting down with great Satisfaction, I suppose we are now to see *Hector's* Ghost. He then renewed his Attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the Widow. He made, indeed, a little Mistake as to one of her Pages, whom at his first entering, he took for *Astyanax*; but he quickly set himself right in that Particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little Boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine Child by the Account that is given of him. Upon *Hermione's* going off with a Menace to *Pyrrhus*, the Audience gave a loud Clap; to which Sir Roger added, On my Word, a notable young Baggage!

As there was a very remarkable Silence and Stillness in the Audience during the whole Action, it was natural for them to take the Opportunity of these Intervals between the Acts, to express their Opinion of the Players, and of their respective Parts. Sir Roger hearing a Cluster of them praise *Orestes*, struck in with them, and told them, that he thought his Friend *Pylades* was a very sensible Man; as they were afterwards applauding *Pyrrhus*, Sir Roger put in a second time; And let me tell you, says he, though he speaks but little, I like the old Fellow in Whiskers as well as any of them. Captain Sentry seeing two or three Waggs who sat near us, lean with an attentive Ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smook the Knight, pluck'd him by the Elbow, and whisper'd something in his Ear, that lasted till the Opening of the Fifth Act. The Knight was wonderfully attentive to the Account which *Orestes* gives of *Pyrrhus* his Death, and at the Conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody Piece of Work, that he was glad it was not done upon the Stage. Seeing afterwards *Orestes* in his raving Fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his Way) upon an Evil Conscience, adding, that *Orestes*, in his Madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the House, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear Passage for our old Friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the Crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfy'd with his Entertainment, and we guarded him to his Lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the Playhouse; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the Performance of the excellent Piece which had been Presented, but with the Satisfaction which it had given to the good old Man.

## AN ESSAY ON FANS

From the Spectator, No. 102

I DO not know whether to call the following Letter a Satyr upon Coquets, or a Representation of their several fantastical Accomplishments, or what other Title to give it; but as it is I shall communicate it to the Publick. It will sufficiently explain its own Intentions, so that I shall give it my Reader at Length, without either Preface or Postscript.

*Mr. Spectator:*

Women are armed with Fans as Men with Swords, and sometimes do more Execution with them: To the end therefore that Ladies may be entire Mistresses of the Weapon which they bear, I have erected an Academy for the training up of young Women in the *Exercise of the Fan*, according to the most fashionable Airs and Motions that are now practised at Court. The Ladies who *carry* Fans under me are drawn up twice a day in my great Hall, where they are instructed in the Use of their Arms, and *exercised* by the following Words of Command,

*Handle your Fans,  
Unfurl your Fans,  
Discharge your Fans,  
Ground your Fans,  
Recover your Fans,  
Flutter your Fans.*

By the right Observation of these few plain Words of Command, a Woman of a tolerable Genius who will apply herself diligently to her Exercise for the Space of but one half Year, shall be able to give her Fan all the Graces that can possibly enter into that little modish Machine.

But to the end that my Readers may form to themselves a right Notion of this *Exercise*, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its Parts. When my Female Regiment is drawn up in Array, with every one her Weapon in her Hand, upon my giving the Word to *handle their Fans*, each of them shakes her Fan at me with a Smile, then gives her Right-hand Woman a Tap upon the Shoulder, then presses her Lips with the Extremity of her Fan, then lets her Arms fall in an easy Motion, and stands in a Readiness to receive the next Word of Command. All this is done with a close Fan, and is generally learned in the first Week.

The next Motion is that of *unfurling the Fan*, in which are comprehended several little Flirts and Vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate Openings, with many voluntary Fallings asunder in the Fan it self, that are seldom

learned under a Month's Practice. This part of the *Exercise* pleases the Spectators more than any other, as it discovers on a sudden an infinite Number of Cupids, Garlands, Altars, Birds, Beasts, Rainbows, and the like agreeable Figures, that display themselves to View, whilst every one in the Regiment holds a Picture in her Hand.

Upon my giving the Word to *discharge their Fans*, they give one general Crack that may be heard at a considerable distance when the Wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the *Exercise*; but I have several ladies with me, who at their first Entrance could not give a Pop loud enough to be heard at the further end of a Room, who can now *discharge a Fan* in such a manner that it shall make a Report like a Pocket-Pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young Women from letting off their Fans in wrong Places or unsuitable Occasions) to shew upon what Subject the Crack of a Fan may come in properly: I have likewise invented a Fan, with which a Girl of Sixteen, by the help of a little Wind which is inclosed about one of the largest Sticks, can make as loud a Crack as a Woman of Fifty with an ordinary Fan.

When the Fans are thus *discharged*, the Word of Command in course is to *ground their Fans*. This teaches a Lady to quit her Fan gracefully, when she throws it aside in order to take up a Pack of Cards, adjust a Curl of Hair, replace a falling Pin, or apply herself to any other Matter of Importance. This Part of the *Exercise*, as it only consists in tossing a Fan with an Air upon a long Table (which stands by for that Purpose) may be learned in two Days Time as well as in a Twelvemonth.

When my Female Regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the Room for some Time; when on a sudden (like Ladies that look upon their Watches after a long Visit) they all of them hasten to their Arms, catch them up in a Hurry, and place themselves in their proper Stations upon my calling out *Recover your Fans*. This Part of the *Exercise* is not difficult, provided a Woman applies her Thoughts to it.

The *Fluttering of the Fan* is the last, and indeed the Masterpiece of the whole *Exercise*; but if a Lady does not mispend her Time, she may make herself Mistress of it in three Months. I generally lay aside the Dog-days and the hot Time of the Summer for the teaching this Part of the *Exercise*; for as soon as ever I pronounce *Flutter your Fans*, the Place is filled with so many Zephyrs and gentle Breezes as are very refreshing in that Season of the Year, tho' they might be dangerous to Ladies of a tender Constitution in any other.

There is an infinite variety of Motions to be made use of in the *Flutter of a Fan*: There is an Angry Flutter, the modest Flutter, the timorous Flutter, the confused Flutter, the merry Flutter, and the amorous Flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any Emotion in the Mind which does not produce a suitable Agitation in the Fan; insomuch, that if I only see the Fan of a disciplin'd Lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have

seen a Fan so very Angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent Lover who provoked it to have come within the Wind of it; and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad for the Lady's sake the Lover was at a sufficient Distance from it. I need not add, that a Fan is either a Prude or Coquet according to the Nature of the Person who bears it. To conclude my Letter, I must acquaint you that I have from my own Observations compiled a little Treatise for the use of my Scholars, entituled *The Passions of the Fan*; which I will communicate to you, if you think it may be of use to the Publick. I shall have a general Review on *Thursday* next; to which you shall be very welcome if you will honour it with your Presence. *I am, &c.*

*P.S.* I teach young Gentlemen the whole Art of Gallanting a Fan.

*N.B.* I have several little plain Fans made for this Use, to avoid Expence.

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## HYMN

From the Spectator, No. 465

THE Spacious Firmament'on high  
 With all the blue Etherial Sky,  
 And Spangled Heav'ns, a Shining Frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim:  
 Th' unwearied Sun, from Day to Day,  
 Does his Creator's Power display,  
 And publishes to every Land  
 The Work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the Evening Shades prevail,  
 The Moon takes up the wondrous Tale,  
 And nightly to the listning Earth.  
 Repeats the Story of her Birth:  
 While all the Stars that round her burn,  
 And all the Planets in their Turn,  
 Confirm the Tidings as they rowl,  
 And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

What though, in solemn Silence, all  
 Move round the dark terrestrial Ball?  
 What tho' nor real Voice nor Sound  
 Amid their radiant Orbs be found?  
 In Reason's Ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious Voice,  
 For ever singing, as they shine,  
 "The Hand that made us is Divine."

## HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE

**H**ENRY ST. JOHN came of a distinguished family and in 1701 took his seat in the House of Commons as a member for a family borough at the age of twenty-three. He quickly made his mark in the House and was esteemed the greatest parliamentary orator of his time, but none of his speeches have come down to us. He was an active journalist and pamphleteer, and his writings have some of the rhetorical and persuasive characteristics of the practised speaker. Within three years of his entry into Parliament he gained office and was War Minister when Gibraltar was taken by the British and Marlborough was winning the famous victories of Blenheim and Ramillies. Resigning office in 1708 he was recalled by Anne to power in 1710 and was the chief instrument in making peace with France by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. Although the nation was weary of war, the terms of the treaty were unpopular, and the domestic situation was difficult. Probably with the view of securing the position of his own party and the Tory government, Bolingbroke made overtures to the Pretender, but before the plans could be matured, Anne died, and under George I the Whigs began a lease of power which lasted, with a single short break, for over half a century. Bolingbroke, threatened by his political opponents with impeachment for high treason, fled to France, and on his arrival there committed the further blunder of taking service with the Pretender. The Jacobite attempt to secure the throne by an armed rising in 1715 failed, and Bolingbroke was dismissed from the Pretender's service. In 1723 he received a partial pardon from the government, and though he was not allowed to take his seat in the House of Lords, he was able to return to England. The year before he had married a French lady of rank and property, and the rest of his life was passed, partly on her estate in France, partly on his own in England. He was an intimate friend of Voltaire, Swift, and Pope, and supplied a good many of the ideas which Pope versified in the 'Essay on Man.' He was a restless political intriguer, but his hopes of uniting the various malcontent factions against Walpole and his Whig successors were disappointed. In 1738 these hopes centered round Frederick Prince of Wales, and Bolingbroke wrote the first draft of 'The Idea of a Patriot King,' which, being left in the hands of Pope, was by him printed and circulated without Bolingbroke's consent or knowledge; an authorized version was not published till 1749. Bolingbroke and Frederick both died in 1751, and Bolingbroke's ideas found fruition in the mind of George III, who perhaps did not

entirely understand them. George's attempt to carry out the Bolingbroke exhortation to govern as well as rule led to disagreements with his unappreciative subjects, resulting ultimately in the loss of the American Colonies, but the pamphlet remained one of the most treasured documents of the Tory party, and its principles were interpreted, no doubt with much greater skill and insight, in the nineteenth century by Disraeli, who described Bolingbroke as "one of the ablest men who ever lived."

Bolingbroke was a versatile and unscrupulous politician, perhaps too clever to command the confidence of the British public; in his own, as well as in subsequent ages, the most confident admirers of his ability have had doubts of his sincerity. Sir Adolphus Ward in the *Cambridge History of English Literature* says "the idea of 'The Patriot King' was a fabric of sand and became a heritage of the winds," but gives high praise to the author's power of exposition." Bolingbroke's prose is not only clear; it has the strong flow of a river fed from many contributory sources—and yet a flow diversified by currents and eddies of all sorts: movements of anger, scorn and dignified withdrawal into self, of irony and sarcasm, of witty turn or opportune anecdote.

## THE IDEA OF A PATRIOT KING

**A**MONG many reasons which determine me to prefer monarchy to every other form of government, this is the principal one. When monarchy is the essential form, it may be more easily and more usefully tempered with aristocracy or democracy, or both, than either of them, when they are the essential forms, can be tempered with monarchy. It seems to me, that the introduction of a real permanent monarchical power, or anything more than the pageantry of it, into either of these, must destroy them and extinguish them, as a greater light extinguishes a less. Whereas it may easily be shown, and the true form of our government will demonstrate without seeking any other example, that very considerable aristocratical and democratical powers may be grafted on a monarchical stock, without diminishing the luster, or restraining the power and authority of the prince, enough to alter in any degree the essential form.

A great difference is made in nature, and therefore the distinction should be always preserved in our notions, between two things that we are apt to confound in speculation, as they have been confounded in practice: legislative and monarchical power. There must be an absolute, unlimited, and uncontrollable power lodged somewhere in every government; but to constitute monarchy, or the government of a single person, it is not necessary that this power should be lodged in the monarch alone. It is no more necessary that he should exclusively and independently establish the rule of his government, than it is,

that he should govern without any rule at all: and this surely will be thought reasonable by no man.

I would not say God governs by a rule that we know, or may know, as well as he, and upon our knowledge of which he appeals to men for the justice of his proceedings towards them; which a famous divine has impiously advanced, in a pretended demonstration of his being and attributes. God forbid! But this I may say, that God does always that which is fittest to be done, and that this fitness, whereof neither that presumptuous dogmatist was, nor any created being is, a competent judge, results from the various natures, and more various relations of things; so that, as creator of all systems by which these natures and relations are constituted, he prescribed to himself the rule, which he follows as governor of every system of being. In short, with reverence be it spoken, God is a monarch, yet not an arbitrary but a limited monarch, limited by the rule which infinite wisdom prescribes to infinite power. I know well enough the impropriety of these expressions; but when our ideas are inadequate, our expressions must needs be improper. Such conceptions, however, as we are able to form of these attributes, and of the exercise of them in the government of the universe, may serve to show what I have produced them to show. If governing without any rule, and by arbitrary will, be not essential to our idea of the monarchy of the Supreme Being, it is plainly ridiculous to suppose them necessarily included in the idea of a human monarchy: and, though God, in his eternal ideas, for we are able to conceive no other manner of knowing, has prescribed to himself that rule by which he governs the universe he created, it will be just as ridiculous to affirm, that the idea of human monarchy cannot be preserved, if kings are obliged to govern according to a rule established by the wisdom of a state, that was a state before they were kings, and by the consent of a people that they did not most certainly create; especially when the whole executive power is exclusively in their hands, and the legislative power cannot be exercised without their concurrence.

There are limitations indeed that would destroy the essential form of monarchy: or, in other words, a monarchical constitution may be changed, under pretense of limiting the monarch. This happened among us in the last century, when the vilest usurpation, and the most infamous tyranny, were established over our nation, by some of the worst and some of the meanest men in it. I will not say, that the essential form of monarchy should be preserved, though the preservation of it were to cause the loss of liberty. *Salus reip. suprema lex esto* [Let the safety of the republic be the supreme law] is a fundamental law: and sure I am, the safety of a commonwealth is ill provided for, if the liberty be given up. But this I presume to say, and can demonstrate, that all the limitations necessary to preserve liberty, as long as the spirit of it subsists, and longer than that no limitations of monarchy, nor any other form of government, can preserve it, are compatible with monarchy. I think on these subjects, neither as the Tories nor as the Whigs have thought: at least I endeavor to

avoid the excesses of both. I neither dress up kings like so many burlesque Jupiters, weighing the fortunes of mankind in the scales of fate, and darting thunderbolts at the heads of rebellious giants: nor do I strip them naked, as it were, and leave them at most a few tattered rags to clothe their majesty, but such as can serve really as little for use as for ornament. My aim is to fix this principle, that limitations on a crown ought to be carried as far as it is necessary to secure the liberties of a people; and that all such limitations may subsist, without weakening or endangering monarchy.

I shall be told perhaps, for I have heard it said by many, that this point is imaginary, and that limitations sufficient to procure good government, and to secure liberty under a bad prince, cannot be made, unless they are such as will deprive the subjects of many benefits in the reign of a good prince, clog his administration, maintain an unjust jealousy between him and his people, and occasion a defect of power, necessary to preserve the public tranquillity, and to promote the national prosperity. If this was true, here would be a much more melancholy instance of the imperfection of our nature, and of the inefficacy of our reason to supply this imperfection, than the former. In the former, reason prompted by experience avoids a certain evil effectually, and is able to provide, in some measure, against the contingent evils that may arise from the expedient itself. But in the latter, if what is there advanced was true, these provisions against contingent evils would, in some cases, be the occasions of much certain evil, and of positive good in none: under a good prince they would render the administration defective, and under a bad one there would be no government at all. But the truth is widely different from this representation. The limitations necessary to preserve liberty under monarchy will restrain effectually a bad prince without being ever felt as shackles by a good one. Our constitution is brought, or almost brought, to such a point, a point of perfection I think it, that no king who is not, in the true meaning of the word, a patriot, can govern Britain with ease, security, honor, dignity, or indeed with sufficient power and strength. But yet a king, who is a patriot, may govern with all the former; and, beside them, with power as extended as the most absolute monarch can boast, and a power, too, far more agreeable in the enjoyment, as well as more effectual in the operation.

To attain these great and noble ends, the patriotism must be real, and not in show alone. It is something to desire to appear a patriot: and the desire of having fame is a step towards deserving it, because it is a motive the more to deserve it. If it be true, as Tacitus says, *contemptu famae contemni virtutem*, that a contempt of a good name, or an indifference about it, begets or accompanies always a contempt of virtue, the contrary will be true: and they are certainly both true. But this motive alone is not sufficient. To constitute a patriot, whether king or subject, there must be something more substantial than a desire of fame, in the composition: and if there be not, this desire of fame will never rise above that sentiment which may be compared to the

coquetry of women; a fondness of transient applause, which is courted by vanity, given by flattery, and spends itself in show, like the qualities which acquire it. Patriotism must be founded in great principles, and supported by great virtues. The chief of these principles I have endeavored to trace; and I will not scruple to assert, that a man can be a good king upon no other. He may, without them and by complexion, be unambitious, generous, good-natured; but without them, the exercise even of these virtues will be often ill directed; and with principles of another sort, he will be drawn easily, notwithstanding these virtues, from all the purposes of his institution. . . .

It is true that a prince, who gives just reasons to expect that his reign will be that of a Patriot King, may not always meet, and from all persons, such returns as such expectations deserve: but they must not hinder either the prince from continuing to give them, or the people from continuing to acknowledge them. United, none can hurt them: and if no artifice interrupts, no power can defeat, the effects of their perseverance. It will blast many a wicked project, keep virtue in countenance, and vice, to some degree at least, in awe. Nay, if it should fail to have these effects, if we should even suppose a good prince to suffer with the people, and in some measure for them, yet many advantages would accrue to him: for instance, the cause of the people he is to govern, and his own cause, would be made the same by their common enemies. He would feel grievances himself as a subject, before he had the power of imposing them as a king. He would be formed in that school out of which the greatest and the best of monarchs have come, the school of affliction: and all the vices, which had prevailed before his reign, would serve as so many foils to the glories of it. But I hasten to speak of the greatest of all these advantages, and of that which a Patriot King will esteem to be such; whose ways of thinking and acting to so glorious a purpose as the re-establishment of a free constitution, when it has been shaken by the iniquity of former administrations, I shall endeavor to explain.

What I have here said will pass among some for the reveries of a dis-tempered brain, at best for the vain speculations of an idle man who has lost sight of the world, or who had never sagacity enough to discern in government the practicable from the impracticable. Will it not be said, that this is advising a king to rouse a spirit which may turn against himself; to reject the sole expedient of governing a limited monarchy with success; to labor to confine, instead of laboring to extend, his power; to patch up an old constitution, which his people are disposed to lay aside, instead of forming a new one more agreeable to them, and more advantageous to him; to refuse, in short, to be an absolute monarch, when every circumstance invites him to it? All these particulars, in every one of which the question is begged, will be thus represented, and will be then ridiculed as paradoxes fit to be ranked among the *mirabilia* and *inopinata* of the stoics, and such as no man in his senses can maintain in earnest. These judgments and these reasonings may be expected in an age as

futile and as corrupt as ours: in an age wherein so many betray the cause of liberty, and act not only without regard, but in direct opposition, to the most important interests of their country; not only occasionally, by surprise, by weakness, by strong temptation, or sly seduction, but constantly, steadily, by deliberate choice, and in pursuance of principles they avow and propagate: in an age when so many others shrink from the service of their country, or promote it coolly and uncertainly, in subordination to their own interest and humor, or to those of a party: in an age, when to assert the truth is called spreading of delusion, and to assert the cause of liberty and good government, is termed sowing of sedition. But I have declared already my unconcernedness at the censure or ridicule of such men as these; for whose supposed abilities I have much well-grounded contempt, and against whose real immorality I have as just indignation. . . .

The good of the people is the ultimate and true end of government. Governors are, therefore, appointed for this end, and the civil constitution which appoints them, and invests them with their power, is determined to do so by that law of nature and reason, which has determined the end of government, and which admits this form of government as the proper means of arriving at it. Now, the greatest good of a people is their liberty: and, in the case here referred to, the people has judged it so, and provided for it accordingly. Liberty is to the collective body what health is to every individual body. Without health no pleasure can be tasted by man: without liberty no happiness can be enjoyed by society. The obligation, therefore, to defend and maintain the freedom of such constitutions, will appear most sacred to a Patriot King.

Kings who have weak understandings, bad hearts, and strong prejudices, and all these, as it often happens, inflamed by their passions, and rendered incurable by their self-conceit and presumption; such kings are apt to imagine, and they conduct themselves so as to make many of their subjects imagine, that the king and the people in free governments are rival powers, who stand in competition with one another, who have different interests, and must of course have different views: that the rights and privileges of the people are so many spoils taken from the right and prerogative of the crown; and that the rules and laws, made for the exercise and security of the former, are so many diminutions of their dignity, and restraints on their power.

A Patriot King will see all this in a far different and much truer light. The constitution will be considered by him as one law, consisting of two tables, containing the rule of his government, and the measure of his subjects' obedience; or as one system, composed of different parts and powers, but all duly proportioned to one another, and conspiring by their harmony to the perfection of the whole. He will make one, and but one distinction between his rights and those of his people: he will look on his to be a trust, and theirs a property. He will discern, that he can have a right to no more than is trusted to him by the constitution: and that his people, who had an original right to the whole by the

law of nature, can have the sole indefeasible right to any part; and really have such a right to that part which they have reserved to themselves. In fine, the constitution will be revered by him as the law of God and of man; the force of which binds the king as much as the meanest subject, and the reason of which binds him much more. . . .

Absolute stability is not to be expected in anything human; for that which exists immutably exists alone necessarily, and this attribute of the Supreme Being can neither belong to man nor to the works of man. The best instituted governments, like the best constituted animal bodies, carry in them the seeds of their destruction: and, though they grow and improve for a time, they will soon tend visibly to their dissolution. Every hour they live is an hour the less that they have to live. All that can be done, therefore, to prolong the duration of a good government, is to draw it back, on every favorable occasion, to the first good principles on which it was founded. When these occasions happen often, and are well improved, such governments are prosperous and durable. When they happen seldom, or are ill improved, these political bodies live in pain, or in languor, and die soon.

A Patriot King affords one of the occasions I mention in a free monarchical state, and the very best that can happen. It should be improved, like snatches of fair weather at sea, to repair the damages sustained in the last storm, and to prepare to resist the next. For such a king cannot secure to his people a succession of princes like himself. He will do all he can towards it, by his example and by his instruction. But after all, the royal mantle will not convey the spirit of patriotism into another king, as the mantle of Elijah did the gift of prophecy into another prophet. The utmost he can do, and that which deserves the utmost gratitude from his subjects, is to restore good government, to revive the spirit of it, and to maintain and confirm both, during the whole course of his reign. The rest his people must do for themselves. If they do not, they will have none but themselves to blame: if they do, they will have the principal obligation to him. In all events, they will have been free men one reign longer by his means, and perhaps more; since he will leave them much better prepared and disposed to defend their liberties, than he found them.

This general observation being made, let us now descend, in some detail, to the particular steps and measures that such a king must pursue, to merit a much nobler title than all those which many princes of the west, as well as the east, are so proud to accumulate.

First then he must begin to govern as soon as he begins to reign. For the very first steps he makes in government will give the first impression, and as it were the presage of his reign; and may be of great importance in many other respects besides that of opinion and reputation. His first care will be, no doubt, to purge his court, and to call into the administration such men as he can assure himself will serve on the same principles on which he intends to govern.

As to the first point; if the precedent reign has been bad, we know how he

will find the court composed. The men in power will be some of those adventurers, busy and bold, who thrust and crowd themselves early into the intrigue of party and the management of affairs of state, often without true ability, always without true ambition, or even the appearances of virtue: who mean nothing more than what is called making a fortune, the acquisition of wealth to satisfy avarice, and of titles and ribands to satisfy vanity. Such as these are sure to be employed by a weak, or a wicked king: they impose on the first, and are chosen by the last. Nor is it marvelous that they are so, since every other want is supplied in them by the want of good principles and a good conscience; and since these defects become ministerial perfections, in a reign when measures are pursued and designs carried on that every honest man will disapprove. All the prostitutes who set themselves to sale, all the locusts who devour the land, with crowds of spies, parasites, and sycophants, will surround the throne under the patronage of such ministers; and whole swarms of little, noisome, nameless insects will hum and buzz in every corner of the court. Such ministers will be cast off, and such abettors of a ministry will be chased away together, and at once, by a Patriot King. . . .

As to the second, that of calling to his administration such men as he can assure himself will serve on the same principles on which he intends to govern, there is no need to enlarge much upon it. A good prince will no more choose ill men, than a wise prince will choose fools. Deception in one case is indeed more easy than in the other; because a knave may be an artful hypocrite, whereas a silly fellow can never impose himself for a man of sense. And least of all, in a country like ours, can either of these deceptions happen, if any degree of discernment of spirits be employed to choose. The reason is, because every man here, who stands forward enough in rank and reputation to be called to the councils of his king, must have given proofs beforehand of his patriotism as well as of his capacity, if he has either, sufficient to determine his general character. . . .

To espouse no party, but to govern like the common father of his people is so essential to the character of a Patriot King that he who does otherwise forfeits the title. It is the peculiar privilege and glory of this character, that princes who maintain it, and they alone, are so far from the necessity that they are not exposed to the temptation of governing by a party: which must always end in the government of a faction; the faction of the prince if he has ability, the faction of his ministers if he has not, and either one way or other in the oppression of the people. For faction is to party what the superlative is to the positive: party is a political evil, and faction is the worst of all parties. The true image of a free people, governed by a Patriot King, is that of a patriarchal family, where the head and all the members are united by one common interest, and animated by one common spirit: and where, if any are perverse enough to have another, they will be soon borne down by the superiority of those who have the same; and, far from making

a division, they will but confirm the union of the little state. That to approach as near as possible to these ideas of perfect government, and social happiness under it, is desirable in every state, no man will be absurd enough to deny. The sole question is, therefore, how near to them it is possible to attain? For, if this attempt be not absolutely impracticable all the views of a Patriot King will be directed to make it succeed. Instead of abetting the divisions of his people, he will endeavor to unite them, and to be himself the center of their union: instead of putting himself at the head of one party in order to govern his people, he will put himself at the head of his people in order to govern, or more properly to subdue, all parties. Now, to arrive at this desirable union, and to maintain it, will be found more difficult in some cases than in others, but absolutely impossible in none, to a wise and good prince. . . .

And now, if the principles and measures of conduct laid down in this discourse, as necessary to constitute that greatest and most glorious of human beings, a Patriot King, be sufficient to this purpose, let us consider, too, how easy it is, or ought to be, to establish them in the minds of princes. They are founded on true propositions, all of which are obvious, nay, many of them self-evident. They are confirmed by universal experience. In a word, no understanding can resist them, and none but the weakest can fail, or be misled, in the application of them. To a prince, whose heart is corrupt, it is in vain to speak: and, for such a prince, I would not be thought to write. But if the heart of a prince be not corrupt, these truths will find an easy ingression, through the understanding, to it. . . . What spectacle can be presented to the view of the mind so rare, so nearly divine, as a king possessed of absolute power, neither usurped by fraud, nor maintained by force, but the genuine effect of esteem, of confidence, and affection; the free gift of liberty, who finds her greatest security in this power, and would desire no other if the prince on the throne could be, what his people wish him to be, immortal? . . . Concord will appear, brooding peace and prosperity on the happy land; joy sitting in every face, content in every heart; a people unoppressed, undisturbed, unalarmed; busy to improve their private property and the public stock; fleets covering the ocean; bringing home wealth by the returns of industry; carrying assistance or terror abroad by the direction of wisdom; and asserting triumphantly the right and the honor of Great Britain, as far as waters roll and as winds can waft them.

Those who live to see such happy days, and to act in so glorious a scene, will perhaps call to mind with some tenderness of sentiment, when he is no more, a man who contributed his mite to carry on so good a work, and who desired life for nothing so much as to see a king of Great Britain the most popular man in his country, and a Patriot King at the head of an united people.

## JOHN GAY

**I**N the great society of the wits," said Thackeray, "John Gay deserves to be a favorite, and to have a good place." The wits loved him. Prior was his faithful ally; Pope wrote him frequent letters of affectionate good advice; Swift grew genial in his merry company; and when the jester lapsed into gloom, as jesters will, all his friends hurried to coddle and comfort him. His verse is not of the first order, but the list of "English classics" contains far poorer; and the man who invented comic opera, one of the most enduring molds in which English humor has been cast, deserves the credit of all important literary pioneers.

John Gay came of a good, impoverished Devonshire family, which seems to have done its best for the bright lad of twelve when it apprenticed him to a London silk mercer in 1697. The boy hated this employment, grew ill under its fret and confinement, went back to the country, studied, possibly wrote poor verses, and presently drifted back to London. The cleverest men of the time frequented the crowded taverns and coffee-houses, and the talk that he heard at Will's and Button's may have determined his profession. Thither came Pope and Addison, Swift and Steele, Congreve, St. John, Prior, Arbuthnot, Cibber, Hogarth, Walpole, and many a powerful patron who loved good company.

Perhaps through some kind acquaintance made in this informal circle, Gay obtained a private secretaryship, and began the flirtation with the Muse which became serious only after some years of coldness on that humorous lady's part. His first poem, 'Wine,' published when he was twenty-three, is not included in his collected works: perhaps because it is written in blank verse; perhaps because his maturer taste condemned it. Three years later, in 1711, Gay sent forth his second venture: a curious, unimportant pamphlet, 'The Present State of Wit.' Late in 1713 he is contributing to Steele's *Guardian*, and sending elegies to his 'Poetical Miscellanies'; and a little later, having become a favorite with the powerful Mr. Pope, he is made to bring up new reinforcements to the battle of that irascible gentleman with his ancient enemy Ambrose Phillips. This he does in 'The Shepherd's Week,' a sham pastoral, which is full of wit and easy versification, and displays his considerable talents as a parodist. This skit the luckless satirist dedicated to Bolingbroke, whose brilliant star was just passing into eclipse. Swift thought this harmless courtesy the real cause of the indifference of the Brunswick princes to the merits of the poet; and in an age when every spark of literary genius was so carefully nursed and utilized to sustain the weak dynasty, most likely he was right.

For this reason or another, indifferent they were; and in a time when court favor counted enormously, poor, indolent, luxury-loving Gay had to earn his loaf by hard work, or go without it. He produced a tragi-comi-pastoral called 'What D'ye Call It?' which was the lineal ancestor of 'Pinafore' and 'The Pirates of Penzance' in its method of treating farcical incidents in a grave manner. But the town did not see the fun of this expedient, and the play failed, though it contained, among other famous songs, 'Twas When the Seas Were Roaring.' In 1716 'Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London,' put some money into the poet's empty pocket, thanks to Pope's good offices. A year later a second comedy of his, 'Three Hours after Marriage,' met with well-deserved failure. And now, as always, when his spirits sank, his good friends showered kindnesses upon him. Mr. Secretary Pulteney carried him off to Aix. Lord Bathurst and Lord Burlington were his to command. Many fine gentlemen, and particularly many fine ladies, pressed him to make indefinite country visits. In 1720 his friends managed the publication of his poems in two quarto volumes, subscribing for ten, twenty, and even fifty copies apiece, some of them, and securing to the poet, it is said, £1,000. The younger Craggs, the bookseller, gave him some South-Sea stock which rose rapidly, and at one time the improvident little gentleman found himself in possession of £20,000. All his friends besought him to sell, but Gay had visions of a splendid ease and opulence. The bubble burst, and poor Gay had not wherewithal to pay his broker.

The Duchess of Queensborough (Prior's "Kitty, beautiful and young") had already annexed the charmer, and now carried him off to Petersham, Bath, and Oxford. "I wish you had a little villakin in Mr. Pope's neighborhood," scolds Swift to him; "but you are yet too volatile, and any lady with a coach and six horses might carry you to Japan"; and again to Pope: "I suppose Mr. Gay will return from Bath with twenty pounds more flesh, and two hundred pounds less money. Providence never designed him to be above two-and-twenty, by his thoughtlessness and gullibility. He has as little foresight of age, sickness, poverty, or loss of admirers as a girl of fifteen." And his dear Mrs. Howard, afterwards Lady Suffolk, took him affectionately to task: — "Your head is your best friend: it would clothe, lodge, and feed you; but you neglect it, and follow that false friend your heart, which is such a foolish, tender thing that it makes others despise your head, that have not half so good a one on their own shoulders. In short, John, you may be a snail, or a silkworm; but by my consent you shall never be a hare again."

He lived under other great roofs, if not contentedly, at least gracefully and agreeably. If his dependent state irked him, his hosts did not perceive it. To Swift he wrote, indeed, "They wonder at each other for not providing for me, and I wonder at them all." Yet, for the nine years from 1722 to 1731 he had a small official salary, on which a thriftier or more industrious

mortal would have managed to live respectably even in that expensive age; and for at least a part of the time he had official lodgings at Whitehall.

In 1727 was published the first edition of his famous 'Fables,' which had been written for the moral behoof of Prince William, afterward Duke of Cumberland. The book did not make his fortune with the court, as he had hoped, and in 1728 he produced his best known work, 'The Beggar's Opera.' Nobody had much faith in this "Newgate Pastoral," least of all Swift, who had first suggested it. But it took the town by storm, running for sixty-three consecutive nights. As the heroine, Polly Peachum, the lovely Lavinia Fenton captured a duchess's coronet. The songs were heard alike in West End drawing-rooms and East End slums. Swift praised it for its morality, and the Archbishop of Canterbury scored it for its condonation of vice. It was given all over the kingdom wherever a theater could be found, and finally even in Minorca. So well did the opera pay him that Gay wrote a sequel called 'Polly,' which, being prohibited through some notion of Walpole's, sold enormously by subscription and earned Gay £1,200. Nearly two hundred years later the operas were successfully revived in London, New York, and Chicago; and in London 'The Beggar's Opera' had a run out of all proportion to its original production. Between 1920 and 1928 the company undertook three tours in England and America, with uniform success.

Gay next produced a musical drama, 'Acis and Galatea,' written long before and set to Handel's music; a few more 'Fables'; a thin opera called 'Achilles'; and then his work was done. He died in London of a swift fever, in December 1732, before his kind Kitty and her husband, the Duke of Queensborough, could reach him, or his other great friend, the Countess of Suffolk. Arbuthnot watched over him; Pope was with him to the last; Swift endorsed on the letter that brought him the tidings, "On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death; received on December 15, but not read till the 20, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune." So faithfully did the "giants," as Thackeray calls them, cherish this gentle, friendly, affectionate, humorous comrade. He seems indeed to have been almost the only companion with whom Swift did not at some time fall out.

The 'Trivia' and the 'Shepherd's Week,' the 'Acis and Galatea' and even 'The Beggar's Opera' gradually faded into the realm of "old, forgotten, far-off things"; while the 'Fables' passed through many editions, found their place in school reading-books, were committed to memory by three generations of admiring pupils, and included in the most orthodox libraries. Yet criticism now reverts to the earlier standard; approves the songs, and the minute observation, the nice phrasing, and the humorous swing of the pastorals and operas, and finds the fables dull, commonplace, and monotonous.

## THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS

From the 'Fables'

**F**RIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,  
Unless to one you stint the flame.  
The child whom many fathers share  
Hath seldom known a father's care.  
'Tis thus in friendships: who depend  
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who in a civil way  
Complied with everything, like Gay,  
Was known by all the bestial train  
Who haunt the wood or graze the plain.  
Her care was, never to offend,  
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn  
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,  
Behind she hears the hunters' cries,  
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies.  
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;  
She hears the near advance of death;  
She doubles to mislead the hound,  
And measures back her mazy round;  
Till fainting in the public way,  
Half dead with fear, she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,  
When first the horse appeared in view!  
"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,  
And owe my safety to a friend.  
You know my feet betray my flight;  
To friendship every burden's light."

The Horse replied: — "Poor honest Puss,  
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:  
Be comforted, relief is near;  
For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately Bull implored;  
 And thus replied the mighty lord: —  
 "Since every beast alive can tell  
 That I sincerely wish you well,  
 I may, without offense, pretend  
 To take the freedom of a friend.

Love calls me hence; a favorite cow  
 Expects me near yon barley-mow:  
 And when a lady's in the case,  
 You know all other things give place.  
 To leave you thus might seem unkind;  
 But see, the Goat is just behind."

The Goat remarked her pulse was high,  
 Her languid head, her heavy eye;  
 "My back," says he, "may do you harm:  
 The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The Sheep was feeble, and complained  
 His sides a load of wool sustained:  
 Said he was slow, confessed his fears;  
 For hounds eat Sheep, as well as Hares!

She now the trotting Calf addressed,  
 To save from death a friend distressed.  
 "Shall I," says he, "of tender age,  
 In this important care engage?  
 Older and abler passed you by;  
 How strong are those! how weak am I!  
 Should I presume to bear you hence,  
 Those friends of mine may take offense.  
 Excuse me then. You know my heart:  
 But dearest friends, alas! must part.  
 How shall we all lament! Adieu!  
 For see, the hounds are just in view."

## THE SICK MAN AND THE ANGEL

From the 'Fables'

**I**S there no hope? the Sick Man said.  
The silent doctor shook his head,  
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,  
Despairing of his fee tomorrow.

When thus the Man with gasping breath: —  
I feel the chilling wound of death;  
Since I must bid the world adieu,  
Let me my former life review.  
I grant, my bargains well were made,  
But all men overreach in trade;  
'Tis self-defense in each profession;  
Sure, self-defense is no transgression.  
The little portion in my hands,  
By good security on lands,  
Is well increased. If unawares,  
My justice to myself and heirs  
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,  
For want of good sufficient bail;  
If I by writ, or bond, or deed,  
Reduced a family to need —  
My will hath made the world amends;  
My hope on charity depends.  
When I am numbered with the dead,  
And all my pious gifts are read,  
By heaven and earth 'twill then be known,  
My charities were amply shown.

An Angel came. Ah, friend! he cried,  
No more in flattering hope confide.  
Can thy good deeds in former times  
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?  
What widow or what orphan prays  
To crown thy life with length of days?  
A pious action's in thy power;  
Embrace with joy the happy hour.  
Now, while you draw the vital air,  
Prove your intention is sincere:  
This instant give a hundred pound;  
Your neighbors want, and you abound.

But why such haste? the Sick Man whines:  
 Who knows as yet what Heaven designs?  
 Perhaps I may recover still;  
 That sum and more are in my will.

Fool, says the Vision, now 'tis plain,  
 Your life, your soul, your heaven was gain;  
 From every side, with all your might,  
 You scraped, and scraped beyond your right;  
 And after death would fain atone,  
 By giving what is not your own.

Where there is life there's hope, he cried;  
 Then why such haste? — so groaned and died.

## SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN

### A BALLAD

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moored,  
 The streamers waving in the wind,  
 When black-eyed Susan came aboard;  
 Oh, where shall I my true love find!  
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,  
 If my sweet William sails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard  
 Rocked with the billow to and fro,  
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
 He sighed and cast his eyes below;  
 The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,  
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,  
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast  
 (If, chance, his mate's shrill call he hear),  
 And drops at once into her nest.  
 The noblest captain in the British fleet  
 Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,  
 My vows shall ever true remain;  
 Let me kiss off that falling tear;  
 We only part to meet again.  
 Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be  
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,  
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:  
 They'll tell thee, sailors when away  
 In every port a mistress find.  
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to far India's coast we sail,  
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;  
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,  
 Thy skin is ivory so white.  
 Thus every beauteous object that I view,  
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,  
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;  
 Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,  
 William shall to his dear return.  
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word;  
 The sails their swelling bosom spread;  
 No longer must she stay aboard:  
 They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head:  
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:  
 Adieu! she cries; and waved her lily hand.

## FROM 'WHAT D'YE CALL IT?'

## A BALLAD

'T WAS when the seas were roaring  
 With hollow blasts of wind,  
 A damsel lay deploring,  
 All on a rock reclined.  
 Wide o'er the foaming billows  
 She cast a wistful look;  
 Her head was crowned with willows,  
 That tremble o'er the brook.

"Twelve months are gone and over,  
 And nine long tedious days;  
 Why didst thou, venturous lover,  
 Why didst thou trust the seas?  
 Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,  
 And let my lover rest:  
 Ah! what's thy troubled motion  
 To that within my breast?

"The merchant robbed of pleasure  
 Sees tempests in despair;  
 But what's the loss of treasure,  
 To losing of my dear?  
 Should you some coast be laid on,  
 Where gold and diamonds grow,  
 You'll find a richer maiden,  
 But none that loves you so.

"How can they say that nature  
 Has nothing made in vain;  
 Why then, beneath the water,  
 Should hideous rocks remain?  
 No eyes the rocks discover  
 That lurk beneath the deep,  
 To wreck the wandering lover,  
 And leave the maid to weep."

All melancholy lying,  
 Thus wailed she for her dear!  
 Repaid each blast with sighing,  
 Each billow with a tear.  
 When o'er the white waves stooping,  
 His floating corpse she spied —  
 Then, like a lily drooping,  
 She bowed her head and died.

## THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

## INTRODUCTION

**B**EGGAR. If poverty be a title to poetry, I am sure nobody can dispute mine. I own myself of the Company of Beggars; and I make one at their weekly festivals at St. Giles'. I have a small yearly salary for my catches, and am welcome to a dinner there whenever I please, which is more than most poets can say.

*Player.* As we live by the Muses, it is but gratitude in us to encourage poetical merit wherever we find it. The Muses, contrary to all other ladies, pay no distinction to dress, and never partially mistake the pertness of embroidery for wit, nor the modesty of want for dullness. Be the author who he will, we push his play as far as it will go. So (though you are in want) I wish you success heartily.

*Beggar.* This piece I own was originally writ for the celebrating the marriage of James Chanter and Moll Lay, two most excellent ballad-singers. I have introduced the similes that are in all your celebrated operas: the swallow, the moth, the bee, the ship, the flower, etc. Besides I have a prison scene, which the ladies always reckon charmingly pathetic. As to the parts, I have observed such a nice impartiality to our two ladies that it is impossible for either of them to take offense. I hope I may be forgiven that I have not made my opera throughout unnatural, like those in vogue; for I have no recitative: excepting this, as I have consented to have neither prologue nor epilogue, it must be allowed an opera in all its forms. The piece indeed hath been heretofore frequently represented by ourselves in our great room at St. Giles', so that I cannot too often acknowledge your charity in bringing it now on the stage.

*Player.* But I see 'tis time for us to withdraw; the actors are preparing to begin. Play away the overture.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## Act I, Scene 1

[*Peachum's House; enter Polly to Mr. and Mrs. Peachum*]

Air VIII — *Grim King of the Ghosts, etc.*

*Polly.* Can love be controlled by advice?  
Will Cupid our mothers obey?  
Though my heart were as frozen as ice,  
At his flame 'twould have melted away.  
When he kissed me so closely he pressed,

'Twas so sweet that I must have complied:  
 So I thought it both safest and best  
 To marry, for fear you should chide.

*Mrs. Peachum.* Then all the hopes of our family are gone forever and ever!

*Peachum.* And Macheath may hang his father- and mother-in-law in hope to get into their daughter's fortune.

*Polly.* I did not marry him (as 'tis the fashion) coolly and deliberately for honor or money. But I love him.

*Mrs. Peachum.* Love him! worse and worse! I thought the girl had been better bred. Oh husband, husband! her folly makes me mad! my head swims! I'm distracted! I can't support myself — Oh!

[*Faints.*]

*Peachum.* See, wench, to what a condition you have reduced your poor mother! A glass of cordial, this instant. How the poor woman takes it to heart! [*Polly goes out and returns with it.*] Ah, hussy, now this is the only comfort your mother has left!

*Polly.* Give her another glass, sir; my mamma drinks double the quantity whenever she is out of order. This, you see, fetches her.

*Mrs. Peachum.* The girl shows such a readiness, and so much concern, that I could almost find in my heart to forgive her.

Air IX — O Jenny, O Jenny, where hast thou been.

*Mrs. Peachum.* O Polly, you might have toyed and kissed.

By keeping men off, you keep them on.

*Polly.* But he so teased me,

And he so pleased me,

What I did, you must have done.

*Mrs. Peachum.* Not with a highwayman, you sorry slut!

*Peachum.* A word with you, wife. 'Tis no new thing for a wench to take man without consent of parents. You know 'tis the frailty of woman, my dear.

*Mrs. Peachum.* Yes, indeed, the sex is frail. But the first time a woman is frail, she should be somewhat nice methinks, for then or never is the time to make her fortune. After that, she hath nothing to do but to guard herself from being found out, and she may do what she pleases.

*Peachum.* Make yourself a little easy; I have a thought shall soon set all matters again to rights. Why so melancholy, Polly? Since what is done cannot be undone, we must all endeavor to make the best of it.

*Mrs. Peachum.* Well, Polly; as far as one woman can forgive another, I forgive thee. Your father is too fond of you, hussy.

*Polly.* Then all my sorrows are at an end.

*Mrs. Peachum.* A mighty likely speech in troth, for a wench who is just married!

Aix X — *Thomas, I cannot, etc.*

*Polly.* I, like a ship in storms, was tossed;  
 Yet afraid to put in to land;  
 For seized in the port the vessel's lost,  
 Whose treasure is contraband.  
 The waves are laid,  
 My duty's paid.  
 O joy beyond expression!  
 Thus, safe ashore,  
 I ask no more,  
 My all is in my possession.

Act II, Scene 2

[*Lucy Lockit, the Jailer's Daughter, to Macheath in Prison*]

*Lucy.* Though the ordinary was out of the way today, I hope, my dear, you will, upon the first opportunity, quiet my scruples. Oh sir! my father's hard heart is not to be softened, and I am in the utmost despair.

*Macheath.* But if I could raise a small sum — would not twenty guineas, think you, move him? Of all the arguments in the way of business, the perquisite is the most prevailing. Your father's perquisites for the escape of prisoners must amount to a considerable sum in the year. Money well timed, and properly applied, will do anything.

Air XXXII — *London Ladies.*

If you at an office solicit your due,  
 And would not have matters neglected;  
 You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,  
 To do what his duty directed.  
 Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,  
 She too has this palpable failing,  
 The perquisite softens her into consent;  
 That reason with all is prevailing.

*Lucy.* What love or money can do shall be done: for all my comfort depends upon your safety.

[*Enter Polly*]

*Polly.* Where is my dear husband? Was a rope ever intended for this neck! O let me throw my arms about it, and throttle thee with love! Why dost thou turn away from me? 'Tis thy Polly — 'tis thy wife.

*Macheath.* Was ever such an unfortunate rascal as I am!

*Lucy.* Was there ever such another villain!

*Polly.* O Macheath! was it for this we parted? Taken! Imprisoned! Tried! Hanged — cruel reflection! I'll stay with thee till death — no force shall tear thy dear wife from thee now. What means my love? Not one kind word! Not one kind look! Think what thy Polly suffers to see thee in this condition.

*Air XXXIII — All in the Downs, etc.*

Thus when the swallow, seeking prey,  
Within the sash is closely pent,  
His consort, with bemoaning lay,  
Without sits pining for th' event.  
Her chattering lovers all around her skim;  
She heeds them not (poor bird!) her soul's with him.

*Macheath* [*aside*]. I must disown her. [*Aloud*] The wench is distracted.

*Lucy.* Am I then bilked of my virtue? Can I have no reparation? Sure men were born to lie, and women to believe them! O villain! Villain!

*Polly.* Am I not thy wife? Thy neglect of me, thy aversion to me too severely proves it. Look on me — tell me, am I not thy wife?

*Lucy.* Perfidious wretch!

*Polly.* Barbarous husband!

*Lucy.* Had thou been hanged five months ago, I had been happy.

*Polly.* And I too — if you had been kind to me till death, it would not have vexed me — and that's no very unreasonable request (though from a wife) to a man who hath not above seven or eight days to live.

*Lucy.* Art thou then married to another? Hast thou two wives, monster?

*Macheath.* If women's tongues can cease for an answer — hear me.

*Lucy.* I won't — flesh and blood can't bear my usage.

*Polly.* Shall I not claim my own? Justice bids me speak.

*Air XXXIV — Have you heard of a frolicsome ditty, etc.*

*Macheath.* How happy could I be with either,  
Were t'other dear charmer away!  
But while you thus tease me together,  
To neither a word will I say;  
But tol de rol, etc.

*Polly.* Sure, my dear, there ought to be some preference shown to a wife! At least she may claim the appearance of it. He must be distracted with his misfortunes, or he could not use me thus!

*Lucy.* O villain, villain! thou hast deceived me — I could even inform against thee with pleasure. Not a prude wishes more heartily to have facts against her intimate acquaintance than I now wish to have facts against thee. I would have her satisfaction, and they should all out.

Air XXXV — *Irish Trot.*

*Polly.* I'm bubbled.

*Lucy.* I'm bubbled.

*Polly.* Oh, how I am troubled!

*Lucy.* Bamboozled, and bit!

*Polly.* My distresses are doubled.

*Lucy.* When you come to the tree, should the hangman refuse,  
These fingers, with pleasure, could fasten the noose.

*Polly.* I'm bubbled, *etc.*

*Macheath.* Be pacified, my dear Lucy — this is all a fetch of Polly's, to make me desperate with you in case I get off. If I am hanged, she would fain have the credit of being thought my widow — really, Polly, this is no time for a dispute of this sort; for whenever you are talking of marriage, I am thinking of hanging.

*Polly.* And hast thou the heart to persist in disowning me?

*Macheath.* And hast thou the heart to persist in persuading me that I am married? Why, Polly, dost thou seek to aggravate my misfortunes?

*Lucy.* Really, Miss Peachum, you but expose yourself. Besides, 'tis barbarous in you to worry a gentleman in his circumstances.

Air XXXVI

*Polly.* Cease your funning;

Force or cunning

Never shall my heart trapan.

All these sallies

Are but malice

To seduce my constant Man.

'Tis most certain,

By their flirting

Women oft have envy shown:

Pleased to ruin

Others' wooing;

Never happy in their own!

*Polly.* Decency, madam, methinks might teach you to behave yourself with some reserve with the husband, while his wife is present.

*Macheath.* But seriously, Polly, this is carrying the joke a little too far.

*Lucy.* If you are determined, madam, to raise a disturbance in the prison,

I shall be obliged to send for the turnkey to show you the door. I am sorry, madam, you force me to be so ill-bred.

*Polly.* Give me leave to tell you, madam; these forward airs don't become you in the least, madam. And my duty, madam, obliges me to stay with my husband, madam.

*Air XXXVII — Good-morrow, Gossip Joan.*

*Lucy.* Why how now, Madam Flirt?  
 If you thus must chatter;  
 And are for flinging dirt,  
 Let's try who best can spatter;  
Madam Flirt!

*Polly.* Why how now, saucy jade;  
 Sure the wench is tipsy;  
 How can you see me made [*to him*]  
 The scoff of such a gipsy?  
Saucy jade! [*to her*]  
[*Enter Peachum.*]

*Peachum.* Where's my wench? Ah hussy! hussy! Come you home, you slut; and when your fellow is hanged, hang yourself, to make your family some amends.

*Polly.* Dear, dear father, do not tear me from him. I must speak: I have more to say to him — Oh! twist thy fetters about me, that he may not haul me from thee!

*Peachum.* Sure all women are alike! If ever they commit the folly, they are sure to commit another by exposing themselves. Away — not a word more — you are my prisoner now, hussy.

*Air XXXVIII — Irish Howl.*

*Polly.* No power on earth can e'er divide  
 The knot that sacred love hath tied.  
 When parents draw against our mind,  
 The true-love's knot they faster bind.  
 Oh, ray, oh amborah — oh, oh, *etc.*

[*Holding Macheath, Peachum pulling her. Exeunt Peachum and Polly.*]

Scene 3

*Macheath.* I am naturally compassionate, wife; so that I could not use the wench as she deserved; which made you at first suspect there was something in what she said.

*Lucy.* Indeed, my dear, I was strangely puzzled.

*Macheath.* If that had been the case, her father would never have brought me into this circumstance. No, Lucy, I had rather die than be false to thee.

*Lucy.* How happy am I, if you say this from your heart! For I love thee so, that I could sooner bear to see thee hanged than in the arms of another.

*Macheath.* But couldst thou bear to see me hanged?

*Lucy.* O Macheath, I can never live to see that day.

*Macheath.* You see, Lucy, in the account of love you are in my debt, and you must now be convinced that I rather choose to die than be another's. Make me, if possible, love thee more, and let me owe my life to thee; if you refuse to assist me, Peachum and your father will immediately put me beyond all means of escape.

*Lucy.* My father, I know, hath been drinking hard with the prisoners; and I fancy he is now taking his nap in his own room. If I can procure the keys, shall I go off with thee, my dear?

*Macheath.* If we are together, 'twill be impossible to lie concealed. As soon as the search begins to be a little cool, I will send to thee — 'til then my heart is thy prisoner.

*Lucy.* Come then, my dear husband, owe thy life to me; and though you love me not, be grateful. — But that Polly runs in my head strangely.

*Macheath.* A moment of time may make us unhappy forever.

[*Exit.*]

*Air XXXIX — The Lass of Patie's Mill, etc.*

*Lucy.* I like the fox shall grieve,  
Whose mate hath left her side,  
Whom hounds, from morn to eve,  
Chase o'er the country wide.  
Where can my lover hide?  
Where cheat the weary pack?  
If love be not his guide,  
He never will come back!

[*Exeunt.*]

Act III, Scene 5

*Scene: The Condemned Hold*

[*Macheath in a melancholy posture.*]

[*Enter Ben Budge, Matt of the Mint.*]

*Macheath.* For my having broke prison, you see, gentlemen, I am ordered immediate execution. The Sheriff's officers, I believe, are now at the door. That Jemmy Twitcher should peach me, I own surprised me! 'Tis a plain

proof that the world is all alike, and that even our gang can no more trust one another than other people. Therefore, I beg you, gentlemen, look well to yourselves, for in all probability you may live some months longer.

*Matt.* We are heartily sorry, Captain, for your misfortune. But 'tis what we must all come to.

*Macheath.* Peachum and Lockit, you know, are infamous scoundrels. Their lives are as much in your power, as yours are in theirs. Remember your dying friend! 'Tis my last request. Bring those villains to the gallows before you, and I am satisfied.

*Matt.* We'll do't.

*Jailer.* Miss Polly and Miss Lucy entreat a word with you.

*Macheath.* Gentlemen, adieu.

[*Enter Lucy and Polly.*]

*Macheath.* My dear Lucy — my dear Polly — whatsoever hath passed between us is now at an end. If you are fond of marrying again, the best advice I can give you, is to ship yourselves off for the West Indies, where you'll have a fair chance of getting a husband apiece; or by good luck, two or three, as you like best.

*Polly.* How can I support this sight!

*Lucy.* There is nothing moves one so much as a great man in distress

*Air LXVII — All you that must take a leap, etc.*

*Lucy.* Would I might be hanged!

*Polly.* And I would so too!

*Lucy.* To be hanged with you.

*Polly.* My dear, with you.

*Macheath.* O leave me to thought! I fear! I doubt!

I tremble! I droop! — See, my courage is out.

[*Turns up the empty bottle.*]

*Polly.* No token of love?

*Macheath.* See, my courage is out.

[*Turns up the empty pot.*]

*Lucy.* No token of love?

*Polly.* Adieu.

*Lucy.* Farewell.

*Macheath.* But hark! I hear the toll of the bell.

*Chorus.* Tol de rol lol, etc.

*Jailer.* Four women more, Captain, with a child apiece! See, here they come. [*Enter Women and Children.*]

*Macheath.* What — four wives more! This is too much; here — tell the Sheriff's officers I am ready. [*Exit Macheath guarded.*]

[*To them, enter Player and Beggar.*]

*Player.* But, honest friend, I hope you don't intend that Macheath shall be really executed.

*Beggar.* Most certainly, sir — to make the piece perfect, I was for doing strict poetical justice. Macheath is to be hanged; and for the other personages of the drama, the audience must have supposed they were all either hanged or transported.

*Player.* Why then, friend, this is a downright deep tragedy. The catastrophe is manifestly wrong, for an opera must end happily.

*Beggar.* Your objection, sir, is very just; and is easily removed. For you must allow, that in this kind of drama, 'tis no matter how absurdly things are brought about. So, you rabble there, run and cry a reprieve; let the prisoner be brought back to his wives in triumph.

*Player.* All this we must do, to comply with the taste of the town.

*Beggar.* Through the whole piece you may observe such a similitude of manners in high and low life that it is difficult to determine whether (in the fashionable vices) the fine gentlemen imitate the gentlemen of the road, or the gentlemen of the road the fine gentlemen. Had the play remained as I at first intended, it would have carried a most excellent moral. 'Twould have shown that the lower sort of people have their vices in a degree as well as the rich: and that they are punished for them.

[*To them, Macheath, with Rabble, etc.*]

*Macheath.* So, it seems, I am not left to my choice, but must have a wife at last. Look ye, my dears, we will have no controversy now. Let us give this day to mirth, and I am sure she who thinks herself my wife will testify her joy by a dance.

*All.* Come, a dance — a dance.

*Macheath.* Ladies, I hope you will give me leave to present a partner to each of you. And (if I may without offense) for this time, I take Polly for mine. [*To Polly.*] And for life, you slut — for we were really married. As for the rest — but at present keep your own secret.

A DANCE.

## ALEXANDER POPE

ALEXANDER POPE, the foremost English poet of the eighteenth century, was born in Lombard Street, London, on May 21, 1688, and died at Twickenham, May 30, 1744. In our literature he is the earliest man of letters pure and simple. With that pursuit previous writers had mingled other avocations, if indeed literature itself had not been with them an avocation amid the distraction of other pursuits. Chaucer was a soldier and a diplomatist. Spenser was a government official. Shakespeare was an actor, besides being connected with the management of the company of which he was a member. Milton was an eager and earnest participant in the fierce religious and political strife of his time. Even Dryden held a position in the civil service. But Pope was never anything else than a man of letters. That career he had chosen from the first; and to it he remained faithful to the last.

It was mainly due to choice; partly it was a result of necessity. He was the son of a linen-draper who was a Roman Catholic; and Pope, though almost a latitudinarian in matters of religion, stood stanchly to the end by the faith of his parents. His creed accordingly shut him out of all the posts of profit and sinecures with which it was then not uncommon to reward literary merit. Even had it been otherwise, it is not likely that he would have been turned aside from his choice by the attraction of any other pursuit. In his case the Muse cannot be said to have been ungrateful. To him in a most unusual sense poetry was its own exceeding great reward. It lifted him to a station such as no man of letters before his time had ever attained, and few have attained since — and this too in spite of obstacles that it might seem would have put an effectual bar in the way of success. A member of a proscribed religious body, with no advantages of birth and fortune, with every disadvantage of personal appearance, he raised himself by the sheer force of genius to a position of equality with the highest of the land. Unplaced, untitled, he became the companion and friend of nobles and ministers of State, without in a single instance sacrificing his personal self-respect, or appearing even to his bitterest foes in the light of a dependent upon the favor of the great.

In one way this extraordinary success was due to good fortune. Pope saw the beginning of the end of the system of patronage, and was to profit more than anyone else by the method of publication by subscription — which to some extent took its place in the transition that was going on to the system of publication now in force. Before his time authors generally relied for their support, not on the sale of their works, but upon the gifts received from the

wealthy and powerful. To them they dedicated their productions, usually in terms of fulsome eulogy; from them they received a reward varying with the feelings and character of the bestower. The extravagant praise given to ordinary men in these dedications by Pope's great predecessor has cast something of a stain upon the reputation of Dryden; though all that can be justly said against him was that in the general daubing which every patron at that time received, his was the hand that laid on the plaster with most skill and most effectiveness. But Pope was reduced to no such sad necessity. The publication by subscription of his translation of the *Iliad*, completed when he was but little over thirty years old, with the subsequent translation of the *Odyssey*, brought out in a similar way, made him pecuniarily independent. He was never forced in consequence to resort for his subsistence to any of those shifts and mean devices — as they appear at least from the modern point of view — to which many of his most eminent contemporaries betook themselves either from choice or from necessity. Not merely his example, but also his precepts, tended to bring the whole system of patronage into disrepute. All these feelings about the early adverse conditions which had surrounded him, and the success with which he had triumphed over them, came to his mind when late in life — it was in the year 1737 — he brought out his imitation of the second epistle of the second book of Horace. In these following lines, possessed of special biographical interest, he recalled the disabilities under which he and his parents had suffered, and expressed his joy in the right he had earned to boast that Homer had made him independent of the favor of the powerful: —

Bred up at home, full early I begun  
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.  
Besides, my father taught me from a lad  
The better art to know the good from bad  
(And little sure imported to remove,  
To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove):  
But knottier points we knew not half so well  
Deprived us soon of our paternal cell;  
And certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust,  
Denied all posts of profit or of trust:  
Hopes after hopes of pious Papists failed  
While mighty William's thundering arm prevailed.  
For right hereditary taxed and fined,  
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;  
And me the Muses helped to undergo it:  
Convict a Papist he, and I a poet.  
But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,  
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,

Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,  
 If I would scribble rather than repose.  
 Years following years steal something every day,  
 At last they steal us from ourselves away;  
 In one our frolics, one amusements end,  
 In one a mistress drops, in one a friend:  
 This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,  
 What will it leave me if it snatch my rhyme?  
 If every wheel of that unwearied mill,  
 That turned ten thousand verses, now stands still?

In many respects Pope's life was peculiarly uneventful even among the usually uneventful lives of authors. His father quitted his business while the son was still a child, and took up his residence at Binfield in Berkshire, on the northern border of Windsor Forest. From that place he went in 1716 to Chiswick. In October of the following year he died. Early in 1718 Pope left Chiswick, and removed with his mother to Twickenham, about twelve miles from the center of the city of London proper. There he leased a house surrounded with five acres on the banks of the Thames. On the adornment and improvement of these grounds he spent henceforth time, thought, and money. Through them ran the highway from Hampton Court to London, and the two portions of his property were connected by a tunnel under the road. This underground passage, styled a grotto, possessed a spring; and was adorned with shells, corals, crystals, and in general with an assortment of natural curiosities, to which Dr. Johnson in his life of the poet applies the name of "fossil bodies." The grotto became noted; and references to it are by no means unfrequent in the literature of the day. Twickenham, from now on, remained Pope's home, and his residence in it made it even during his lifetime classic ground. From that place he ruled with almost undisputed sway over English letters, making and unmaking reputations by the praise or blame he bestowed in a single line.

Pope had almost from his infancy been devoted to literature. He never really knew what it was to be a boy. His health, always delicate, would not have endured the close confinement and hard application of any rigid system of training. As he was a Catholic, he could not have attended a public school had he so wished. That deprivation was to him, however, no misfortune. Sickly and deformed, precocious and sensitive, he would have been little at home in that brutal boy-world, which spares the feelings of no comrade on the ground of personal or mental defects. Accordingly he was thrown from his earliest years upon the society of books and of his elders. Taught mainly by private tutors and schoolmasters more or less incapable, his education was mainly of a desultory character; and for the best part of it he was indebted to himself. For his purposes it was probably none the worse on that account.

Living a secluded life in the country, he early manifested all the tastes and aspirations of the born man of letters. While yet a mere boy he made translations into verse, he wrote an epic, he wrote a tragedy; and long before he reached his majority, he had displayed powers which attracted the attention of men prominent in the social and literary world.

His active career as a man of letters began with the publication of his 'Pastorals.' These appeared in 1709 in the sixth volume of Tonson's Miscellany. Never was there a kind of literature more unreal and conventional than that to which they belonged, though our ancestors persuaded themselves, or affected to believe, that it was a return to the simplicity of nature. The poetical pieces of the character then written are the most artificial products of an artificial age. At their best no inhabitant of either city or country ever talked or felt in real life as did those who are represented as bearing a part in their dialogue; at their worst they were so expressionless as to resemble much more the bleating of sheep than the song of shepherds. Yet they had been made a fashion. Those of Pope were received with great contemporary applause, which, so far as the melody of the numbers was concerned, was fully deserved. Following these on not altogether dissimilar lines was the descriptive poem 'Windsor Forest,' which came out in 1713. At a later period Pope apparently learned to despise the taste which had inspired these productions. "Who could take offense," he said, referring to them,

While pure description took the place of sense?

A far more worthy and substantial success was achieved by the 'Essay on Criticism,' which appeared in 1711. Pope was but twenty-three years old at the time of its publication. The production, however, is a remarkable one in many ways. The rules and maxims are indeed little more than common-places; but the skill with which they are expressed makes this poem, considering its character and the youth of its writer, one of the most signal illustrations of precocity which our literature furnishes. In it in particular occur a number of those pointed lines which have contributed to render Pope, with the single exception of Shakespeare, the most frequently quoted author in our speech. To "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art," and "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," are perhaps the most familiar of the numerous sayings, which, occurring originally in this poem, are now heard from the lips of everybody. But these, as has been indicated, are far from being the only ones; while the following comparison of the increasing difficulties that invariably wait upon effort to reach the highest place has always been justly admired: —

So pleased at first, the towering Alps we try,  
Mount o'er the vales and seem to tread the sky;

The eternal snows appear already past,  
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:  
 But, those attained, we tremble to survey  
 The growing labors of the lengthened way;  
 The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes;  
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.

The greatest success, however, of Pope's early career was his mock-heroic poem of the 'Rape of the Lock.' This appeared in its original form in 1712, but its present much enlarged form belongs to 1714. The poem stands by itself in our literature. There is none like it; and it may not be too much to say that in no literature is there anything of the kind equaling it. The productions already mentioned, with the 'Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady' and the epistle of 'Eloïsa to Abélard,' constitute the most important contributions that Pope made to English literature before he had completed his version of the *Iliad*. They stand largely distinct in spirit and in matter from the work of his later years. Some of them address the emotional side of our nature, as contrasted with the appeal to the purely intellectual side which is the distinguishing note of everything written after the publication of the translation of the *Odyssey*. To use his own words, he thenceforward

Stooped to truth, and moralized his song;

though this is a line which expresses his own belief rather than his actual performance. These early productions brought him general reputation, and the personal friendship of men eminent in the world of society and of letters. The good opinion of all was confirmed by the publication of his translation of the *Iliad*, the first instalment of which was published in 1715, and the last as late as 1720.

It was this work which established Pope's reputation and fortune on a secure basis. To some extent it was necessity that led him to undertake it, rather than strong desire or special qualification. His father's fortune, whatever it was, had been reduced by investments that turned out unfortunately. His own original work had been paid for on a scale which the pettiest author of the present age would deem beggarly. For the 'Rape of the Lock,' for instance, in its first form, he had received but seven pounds; for the additions to it, nearly tripling its length, fifteen pounds was the sum paid. But the publication of the translation of the *Iliad* netted him over five thousand pounds; and the subsequent translation of the *Odyssey*, after paying his fellow-workers, Brome and Fenton, added to this amount the further sum of three thousand pounds. Henceforth he was pecuniarily independent. Even far greater was the accession to his literary reputation. The translation of the *Iliad*, when completed, placed him at the undisputed headship of English men of letters then living. The subsequent fortunes of his version may be thought to justify the

enthusiasm with which it was received. There had been three other translations of Homer before his own; those that have followed, or are to follow, are as the sands of the sea for number. Yet during the whole period that has elapsed since its publication, Pope's version has never ceased to hold its place. Other translations may more accurately reflect the spirit of the original; other translations may be more faithful to the sense: the one executed by him has the supreme distinction of being readable.

The publication of his version of the two Homeric epics was followed by his edition of the works of Shakespeare. This came out in 1725. It was a task Pope had no business to undertake; for his time was too precious to be spent in text-correction and annotation, and he had neither the leisure nor the taste to engage in that minute and painstaking research which makes such correction or annotation of real and permanent value. The edition was a general disappointment. In the year after its appearance Theobald (or Tibbald, as the name is sometimes spelled) brought out a critical treatise with the not altogether conciliatory title of 'Shakspear restored; or a Specimen of The Many Errors committed as well as unamended by Mr. Pope in his late edition of this Poet.' Yet in spite of these suggestive words, the reviewer expressed a good deal of respect for the poet, though it was for him as a poet and not as a commentator. Even in the latter capacity, he cannot fairly be deemed to have exceeded the legitimate province of that criticism which is always held to justify an exultant yell over a real or fancied blunder made by another scholar. But the comparative moderation of Theobald did him no good. Of all the irritable race of authors, Pope was the one least disposed to forget or forgive. This particular treatise was the occasion of his bringing out, what he had long had in mind, an attack on the whole body of minor authors, with whose venomous but vigorous mediocrity his own sensitiveness had brought him into conflict. Accordingly in 1728 appeared the 'Dunciad,' in three books, with Theobald for hero as the supreme dunce.

The reputation of Theobald has never recovered from the effects of this blow. He was undoubtedly a very ordinary poet, and as a critic the best that can be said of him is that he was as poor as the average members of that fraternity. But his edition of Shakespeare, which came out in 1733, effectually put Pope's in the shade then, and has been ever since the storehouse upon which later commentators have drawn for their readings, even while engaged in depreciating the man to whom they owe the corrections they have adopted. For Theobald was on the whole one of the acutest as well as one of the most painstaking of textual critics. Yet in consequence of Pope's attack he was held up at the time as one of the dumbest of mortals, and is often termed so now by men who are duller than he ever conceived of anyone's being. One of the last acts of Pope's life was to dethrone him from the position to which he had been raised. The proceeding was eminently characteristic of the poet. His publication of the fourth book of the 'Dunciad' in 1742 led to a pamphlet, in the

shape of a letter addressed to him, by Colley Cibber. So stung was he by the laureate's attack that he recast the whole 'Dunciad' in 1743, with the fourth book added; and in place of Theobald put his later antagonist, whose qualities and attainments were almost exactly the reverse of those of his original hero.

The publication of the 'Dunciad' marks the turning-point in Pope's literary career. Henceforth his writings were of a philosophical cast, like the 'Essay on Man,' which came out in four parts from 1733 to 1734; or semi-philosophical and semi-satirical, as in the 'Moral Essays'; or mainly satirical, as in the 'Imitations of Horace.' These imitations were wonderful exhibitions of ingenuity and skill. Pope took particular satires and epistles of the Latin poet, and cleverly applied to contemporary characters and to modern times and conditions the sentiments expressed by his model. In the composition of them his peculiar powers shone out at their best. One or two of these pieces are in a measure autobiographical. An offshoot of the 'Imitations,' the 'Prologue to the Satires,' is especially marked by this characteristic, and on the whole is the most striking of all. It labors at present, as indeed all satirical work must eventually labor, under the general ignorance that has come to prevail about facts and persons once widely known; and the sting that once caused keen pain to the victim and keener delight to contemporaries, is now not appreciated by the mass of even educated readers. Still the point and venom are there; and so long as fuller knowledge is accessible, change of time or circumstance can never destroy the pungency and force of the lines, however much they may impair belief in the justice of the attack. The picture, for instance, of Addison under the name of Atticus, found in this prologue, may be as grossly unfair as his partisans maintain; but while letters live, that cruel characterization will never be dissociated from his memory, and will always suggest doubt even when it does not carry conviction.

The greatness of Addison has made this portrait familiar, and its references easily understood. There are in Pope's works plenty of similar passages, almost if not quite as powerful in their way; but the subtle irony of personalities, that once made them widely read and keenly enjoyed, now falls unheeded, save by the few who have taken the pains to become fully acquainted with the minor characters and events of the time. The satirist, in truth, must always sacrifice to some extent the future to the present. If Pope himself appreciated the fact, he must have felt that for the coming loss he was receiving some compensation in the actual terror he inspired. About the extent of that there can be no question. He was dreaded as no author before or since has been dreaded, and he exulted in the consciousness of the power he wielded. "Yes, I am proud," he said in the 'Epilogue to the Satires.'

I must be proud, to see  
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:  
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,  
Yet touched and shamed by ridicule alone.

It was an obvious answer to all this — and Pope did not fail to have his attention called to it — that a somewhat similar statement could be made about a mad dog. Nor at the time could the possession of this power conduce to a really enviable reputation, outside of the comparatively limited circle with which he was closely connected, and which naturally shared in his sentiments and prejudices. During his life it is plain that suspicions were entertained, even by many most disposed to admire him, that he was not as attractive in his character as he was in his writings. In spite of the respect paid to its sting, a hornet is not a creature to which any popular sympathy clings. This feeling about him has increased since the devious course he often pursued has been in these later times completely exposed.

The character of Pope is indeed the most peculiar and puzzling of that of any author of our literature. His impatience under attack was excessive; and when his hostility was once aroused, the virulence of his dislike or hatred seemed thenceforth never to experience abatement. Occasionally too he expressed himself with a ferocity that bore a close resemblance to malignity. The violence of his language, indeed, not infrequently impaired the effectiveness of his invective. It certainly sometimes exceeded the bounds of decency and sense. The terms in which he came to speak of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, to whom he had once professed something more than friendship, were simply unpardonable, no matter what the real or fancied injury he may have suffered. There is something to be said in palliation of his course; the age was a coarse one, and literary combatants used towards each other the coarsest language. Pope himself had early been subjected to contumely out of all proportion to the provocation he had given. By Dennis in his remarks upon the 'Essay on Criticism' he had been styled a "humpbacked toad." Comments upon his personal deformities — and such were not infrequent — he took deeply to heart; and these he not only never forgave, he took care to repay in kind the abuse of which he had been made the object. But on every side he was thin-skinned. It was his abnormal sensitiveness to criticism that led to the long war he carried on with the petty writers of the time, whom he classed together under the general name of dunces. The contest was only saved from being wholly ignoble by the marvelous ability he brought to the work of waging it. But outside of any pretexts furnished by the action of his opponents, he loved personalities for their own sake. "Touch me," he wrote, "and no minister so sore." He adds: —

Who'er offends, at some unlucky time  
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme;  
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,  
And the sad burthen of some merry song.

The most singular thing about his character was, that while in his controversies he was at times moved by some of the meanest passions that can stir

the heart, he sincerely regarded himself as actuated by the purest and loftiest motives. It was, to use his own words, the strong antipathy of good to bad, that led him to attack those who had incurred his dislike, either on social, or political, or literary grounds. It is needless to add that in his opinion those who had incurred his dislike were invariably contemptible and vile. In this matter he may or may not have imposed upon others; but there is little reason to doubt that he imposed upon himself. No one was ever more under the influence of that pleasing self-flattery which tempts a man to give to his ill-nature the name of virtuous indignation. According to his own account he was engaged in a holy war against vice, in whatever station of life it presented itself. Nor is this all. He himself was, if anything, more fond of the reputation of being a good than a great man; and in order to secure the name of it, stood constantly ready to sacrifice the thing. His life was largely made up of a series of strategic devices to persuade the public that he was by nature incapable of the very acts he was engaged in perpetrating. If these things contributed to the benefit of his reputation with his contemporaries, they have damaged him irretrievably with posterity, now that his devious tracks have been fully explored.

This characteristic was most fully exemplified in his correspondence — both in its matter and the means he took to secure its publication. His letters are not really letters; they are rather little essays, short and somewhat tedious moral discourses. In fact, Pope, when he wrote prose, wrote with his left hand. The difference between it and his verse is everywhere plainly marked, but nowhere more so than in the correspondence, which was brought out under his own supervision. Never were letters more artificial. They are particularly distinguished for the lofty moral sentiments they contain. The impression they give of him is of a man animated by the most exalted feelings that belong to humanity. Yet we know now that they were never written as they were published. The correspondence he carried on in his youth with Wycherley was so altered that the parts the two writers played were completely reversed; and for over a century all biographers and literary historians were deceived by the mutilations of the originals then made. It was even worse in the subsequent publication of his correspondence. He had recalled the letters he wrote; and when time had made it safe, he brought them out with dates changed, with contents dismembered, and addressed to eminent persons then dead who had never had the pleasure of receiving them while living. The elaborate scheme he planned and carried out so as to appear in the light of being forced for his own protection to publish this correspondence, reads like the plot of a cheap and particularly villainous melodrama. For us the effect of all these elaborate devices has been rendered absolutely nugatory by the accidental discovery, in the middle of the last century, of transcripts of the original letters made before they were returned.

It is the barest act of justice to Pope to state that there was much in his surroundings to explain these peculiarities in his proceedings, though it is

impossible to condone them. His family professed a persecuted religion; and in the anti-Catholic reaction that followed the expulsion of James II, their situation must often have been disagreeable. The boy was necessarily brought up in that atmosphere of evasion and intrigue by which the weak strive to protect themselves from the strong, seeking to secure by trickery what could not be wrested from law. It was not a school to encourage the development of openness and manliness. Indirection to those thus nurtured tends to become a second nature. Besides this, there were bodily defects which probably exerted an influence of their own upon the poet's nature. His life was, as he himself said, a long disease; and his personal appearance was such that his enemies delighted to call him a monster. Deformity of the body sometimes reacts upon the character; and Pope seems to have been one to whom this principle in a measure applies. On the other hand, there is a good deal to be said in his favor. In many respects he was an example to even good men. Never was there a more pious and devoted son. He constantly interested himself in behalf of the unfortunate who had gained his sympathy or had engaged his respect. Furthermore, he early secured the esteem of a number of persons whose friendship was always an honor and was sometimes fame; and there must have been much in his character to inspire respect and affection, or he could not have earned a regard which was never given lightly, and would have been withdrawn had there not existed qualities to retain it.

From Pope the man it is much more satisfactory to turn to Pope the writer. The first thing that here arrests the attention is the estimate in which he was held by his own generation. No poet of any previous period in English literature ever attained like success, perhaps no poet of any period. The critical attitude of the twentieth century is so different from the attitude of the eighteenth, that so far from the former being able to sympathize with the sentiments of the latter, it is hardly able to understand them. The view taken of Pope by his contemporaries and immediate successors is something ordinarily incomprehensible to the modern man. In their eyes he was not merely a great poet; there was no greater English poet. Some were disposed to reckon him the greatest. He was our English Homer, not merely because he translated him, but because he stood in the same lofty relation to English poetry that Homer did to Greek. While there were some who denied, and a few who scoffed at, this enrolment, theirs was not the prevailing opinion. That was expressed by Dr. Johnson in his comment on the delay which took place in the publication of the second volume of Joseph Warton's 'Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope.' The first had appeared in 1756. In it, Warton had maintained that Pope did not stand at the head of his profession; that he was indeed superior to all other men in the kind of poetry in which he excelled, but that that in which he excelled was not poetry of the highest kind. Heresy of this sort was not palatable; at any rate, for some reason the second volume was not published until 1782. When Boswell in 1763 asked Johnson why Warton did not

bring out the continuation, the latter gave as the probable reason that the delay was due to the writer's disappointment at his inability to persuade the world to be of his opinion in regard to Pope.

Certainly no English author, with the possible exception of Chaucer, so profoundly influenced the men of his own generation and of those immediately succeeding. No author so impressed his peculiarities of style and diction upon his followers. There is scarcely a poet of the eighteenth century, outside of one or two of the first class, in whose writings the imitation of Pope, conscious or unconscious, cannot be found upon every page. Most of these authors have now sunk into oblivion, or are known only to the special student; but their number was legion, and several of them had in their day a good deal of repute. It was comparatively easy to catch Pope's manner, or rather mannerisms — the careful balancing of the two divisions of the line, the antithesis of clause and of meaning, the almost monotonous melody of the measure: but what was not easy to any, and to most was impossible, was to impart to the verse the vigor which attracted to it attention, and the point which riveted it in the memory; the curious felicity of expression which gave to the obvious the aspect of the striking; and more than all, the occasional loftiness of sentiment and diction which lifted the numbers from the region of artifice, where so many of them belonged, into the atmosphere of creative art.

As there was no justification for Pope's title to supremacy among English poets, the reaction against the unreasonable claims set up in his behalf brought him in the course of time into undeserved depreciation. The revolt against his methods and style, which began in the latter half of the eighteenth century, led to an undervaluation of his achievement as undue as had been the exaggerated estimate previously taken. So far from his being deemed the greatest of English poets, it became a matter of dispute whether he was a poet at all. The literary tournament as to his merits and defects that went on in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, in which Bowles, Byron, and Campbell took part, is the most celebrated, though by no means the only one, of the controversies started by the discussion as to his position. The wits of Blackwood's Magazine felicitated themselves in consequence with the thought that there was one subject for critical disquisition that could never be exhausted. This inestimable treasure was the question as to whether Pope was a poet. It would assuredly be a very arbitrary and narrow definition of the word that would reject him from the class. Still there is no doubt that the reaction was, at one time at least, powerful enough to cause him to be widely depreciated. Derogatory opinion of his work is indeed still frequently expressed by men who have clearly not gone through that preliminary preparation for judging his writings which consists in reading them; and who often in condemning him resort to the very phrases he originated, to express their own scanty ideas.

But no writer continues to remain a classic to successive generations without having very substantial claims to the position he has achieved. Over a large

number of men Pope will always exercise a peculiar attraction. These are those to whom the poetry of the understanding is dear, as contrasted with the poetry of high spiritual intuitions. Within this limited and lower field Pope is uniformly excellent, and in many ways unsurpassed. Take him in respect of diction. Not even Milton himself was his superior in the extraordinary technical skill with which the manner is made to correspond to the matter. His ability in this line was exhibited in his very first work of importance — the 'Essay on Criticism,' written while he was a mere boy. The passage may serve for an illustration, where he exemplifies the faults he censures in his remarks upon poetical numbers. The monotony of constantly recurring open vowels, the insertion of expletives to fill out the verse, the use of feeble words, and the employment of the Alexandrine, are not only pointed out, but are exhibited, in the following lines: —

These equal syllables alone require,  
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;  
While expletives their feeble aid do join,  
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line. . . .  
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,  
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

But the correspondence of sound to sense is even more skilfully shown in the passage immediately following, in the same poem, in which the line moves slowly or rapidly, harshly or smoothly, in accordance with the idea sought to be conveyed: —

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offense —  
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:  
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,  
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;  
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar:  
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
The line too labors, and the words move slow;  
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
Flies o'er th'unbending corn, and skims along the main.

Again, in the effect wrought by the apt use of antithesis, Pope has no superior; it may not be amiss to say he never had a rival. The description of Addison as Atticus, already referred to, and that of Lord Hervey under the title of Sporus, both occurring in the 'Prologue to the Satires,' are conspicuous instances of his ability in the use of this rhetorical device. Still, the most brilliant illustrations of his skill in this particular are to be found in the 'Rape of the Lock.' Here the anticlimax often lends its

aid to the effect; but in many passages the latter is in no way dependent upon the former. Has, indeed, a finer tribute ever been paid to the universal attraction of a beautiful woman than in the following antithetical lines, which celebrate the heroine of the poem as she appeared upon the Thames?

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,  
Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore.  
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,  
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those:  
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;  
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.  
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,  
And like the sun, they shine on all alike.  
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,  
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:  
If to her share some female errors fall,  
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

It is easy now to decry Pope; but where in any poet have more exquisite compliments been put into so few words? To examples of a similar character though of different subject—and such are numerous—we must add the power of pointed expression, which has converted so large a number of his lines into the cheap currency of common quotation; furthermore, the constant recurrence of witty observation in its most condensed form—such, for illustration, as can be seen in the latter half of a couplet like the following, describing a gossiping conversation:—

A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;  
At every word a reputation dies.

Such passages will easily explain the attraction Pope has for men of keen intellectual aptitudes, and for periods in which men of this character abound. He is never likely to be a favorite of those individuals to whom poetry is mainly a source of spiritual comfort, or of spiritual exaltation. But there are all sorts of tastes in the world; and in the ever-changing revolution of literary fashions, Pope will always be sure of a high place, varying in importance with the feelings prevalent at the time, though it is hardly possible that he will ever regain the position he held in the eighteenth century.

THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

## FROM THE 'ESSAY ON CRITICISM'

**T**IS hard to say if greater want of skill  
 Appear in writing or in judging ill;  
 But of the two, less dangerous is th' offense  
 To tire our patience than mislead our sense.  
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this;  
 Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.  
 A fool might once himself alone expose:  
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.  
 'Tis with our judgments as our watches — none  
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.  
 In poets as true genius is but rare,  
 True taste as seldom is the critic's share:  
 Both must alike from heaven derive their light —  
 These born to judge as well as those to write.  
 Let such teach others who themselves excel,  
 And censure freely who have written well:  
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,  
 But are not critics to their judgment too?  
 Yet if we look more closely, we shall find  
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:  
 Nature affords at least a glimmering light;  
 The lines, though touched but faintly, are drawn right.  
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,  
 Is by ill coloring but the more disgraced,  
 So by false learning is good sense defaced:  
 Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,  
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools;  
 In search of wit these lose their common-sense,  
 And then turn critics in their own defense;  
 Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,  
 Or with a rival's or a eunuch's spite.  
 All fools have still an itching to deride,  
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.  
 If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,  
 There are who judge still worse than he can write. . . .

Of all the causes which conspire to blind  
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,  
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,  
 Is pride — the never-failing vice of fools.  
 Whatever nature has in worth denied

She gives in large recruits of needful pride.  
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find  
 What wants in blood and spirits swelled with wind;  
 Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defense,  
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense:  
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,  
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.  
 Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,  
 Make use of every friend — and every foe.  
 A little learning is a dangerous thing;  
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;  
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
 And drinking largely sobers us again.  
 Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,  
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,  
 While from the bounded level of our mind  
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;  
 But more advanced, behold with strange surprise  
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!  
 So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,  
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;  
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,  
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;  
 But those attained, we tremble to survey  
 The growing labors of the lengthened way;  
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,  
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit  
 With the same spirit that its author writ:  
 Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find  
 Where nature moves and rapture warms the mind;  
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,  
 The generous pleasure to be charmed with wit.  
 But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,  
 Correctly cold, and regularly low,  
 That shunning faults one quiet tenor keep,  
 We cannot blame indeed — but we may sleep.  
 In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts  
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;  
 'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,  
 But the joint force and full result of all.  
 Thus when we view some well-proportioned dome,  
 (The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O Rome!)

No single parts unequally surprise —  
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes;  
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length, appear:  
 The whole at once is bold and regular.  
 Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.  
 In every work regard the writer's end,  
 Since none can compass more than they intend;  
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,  
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.  
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,  
 To avoid great errors must the less commit —  
 Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays;  
 For not to know some trifles is a praise.  
 Most critics, fond of some subservient art,  
 Still make the whole depend upon a part;  
 They talk of principles, but notions prize,  
 And all to one loved folly sacrifice. . . .

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,  
 And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;  
 Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit,  
 One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.  
 Poets, like painters, thus unskilled to trace  
 The naked nature and the living grace,  
 With gold and jewels cover every part,  
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.  
 True wit is nature to advantage dressed —  
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;  
 Something whose truth convinced at sight we find  
 That gives us back the image of our mind.  
 As shades more sweetly recommend the light,  
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit;  
 For works may have more wit than does them good,  
 As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,  
 And value books, as women men, for dress:  
 Their praise is still, The style is excellent;  
 The sense they humbly take upon content.  
 Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,  
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.  
 False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,  
 Its gaudy colors spreads on every place;  
 The face of nature we no more survey —

All glares alike, without distinction gay:  
 But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,  
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;  
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.  
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still  
 Appears more decent as more suitable.  
 A vile conceit in pompous words expressed  
 Is like a clown in regal purple dressed:  
 For different styles with different subjects sort,  
 As several garbs with country, town, and court. . . .

But most by numbers judge a poet's song,  
 And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong:  
 In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,  
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire,  
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,  
 Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,  
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.  
 These equal syllables alone require,  
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;  
 While expletives their feeble aid do join,  
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line;  
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,  
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes:  
 Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"  
 In the next line it "whispers through the trees";  
 If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"  
 The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep";  
 Then, at the last and only couplet, fraught  
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,  
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,  
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along. . . .

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,  
 As those move easiest who have learned to dance.  
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offense:  
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.  
 Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,  
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;  
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.  
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
 The line too labors, and the words move slow;  
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,  
But catch the spreading notion of the town;  
They reason and conclude by precedent,  
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.  
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then  
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men. . . .  
The vulgar thus through imitation err,  
As oft the learned by being singular:  
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng  
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong.  
So schismatics the plain believers quit,  
And are but damned for having too much wit.  
Some praise at morning what they blame at night,  
But always think the last opinion right.  
A Muse by these is like a mistress used —  
This hour she's idolized, the next abused;  
While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,  
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side. . . .

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,  
Atones not for that envy which it brings:  
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,  
But soon the short-lived vanity is lost;  
Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,  
That gaily blooms, but e'en in blooming dies.  
What is this wit, which must our cares employ?  
The owner's wife that other men enjoy:  
Then most our trouble still when most admired,  
And still the more we give, the more required;  
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,  
Sure some to vex, but never all to please:  
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;  
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ignorance undergo,  
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe!  
Of old those met rewards who could excel,  
And such were praised who but endeavored well:  
Though triumphs were to generals only due,  
Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too.  
Now they who reach Parnassus's lofty crown  
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;  
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,  
Contending wits become the sport of fools:  
But still the worst with most regret commend,

For each ill author is as bad a friend.  
 To what base ends, and by what abject ways,  
 Are mortals urged through sacred lust of praise!  
 Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,  
 Nor in the critic let the man be lost!  
 Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;  
 To err is human, to forgive divine. . . .

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true:  
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;  
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not,  
 And things unknown proposed as things forgot.  
 Without good breeding, truth is disapproved;  
 That only makes superior sense beloved. . . .

'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,  
 And charitably let the dull be vain;  
 Your silence there is better than your spite,  
 For who can rail so long as they can write?  
 Still humming on their drowsy course they keep,  
 And lashed so long, like tops, are lashed asleep.  
 False steps but help them to renew the race,  
 As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.  
 What crowds of these, impenitently bold,  
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,  
 Still run on poets, in a raging vein,  
 E'en to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,  
 Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,  
 And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!  
 Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true  
 There are as mad abandoned critics too.  
 The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,  
 With loads of learnèd lumber in his head,  
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,  
 And always listening to himself appears.  
 All books he reads, and all he reads assails,  
 From Dryden's 'Fables' down to Dufey's 'Tales.'  
 With him most authors steal their works, or buy:  
 Garth did not write his own 'Dispensary.'  
 Name a new play and he's the poet's friend;  
 Nay, showed his faults, but when would poets mend?  
 No place so sacred from such fops is barred,  
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard:  
 Nay, fly to altars, there they'll talk you dead;  
 For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

## THE GAME OF CARDS

From 'The Rape of the Lock'

CLOSE by those meads, forever crowned with flowers,  
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers;  
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,  
 Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.  
 Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom  
 Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home;  
 Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,  
 Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,  
 To taste awhile the pleasures of a court:  
 In various talk th' instructive hours they past,  
 Who gave the ball or paid the visit last;  
 One speaks the glory of the British Queen,  
 And one describes a charming Indian screen;  
 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes:  
 At every word a reputation dies.  
 Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,  
 With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that*.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,  
 The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;  
 The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,  
 And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;  
 The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,  
 And the long labors of the toilet cease.  
 Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,  
 Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,  
 At Ombre singly to decide their doom;  
 And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.  
 Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,  
 Each band the number of the sacred nine.  
 Soon as she spreads her hand, th' ærial guard  
 Descend, and sit on each important card:  
 First Ariel perched upon a Matadore,  
 Then each according to the rank they bore;  
 For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,  
 Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty revered,  
 With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;

And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flower,  
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer power;  
 Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,  
 Caps on their heads and halberts in their hand;  
 And parti-colored troops, a shining train,  
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:  
 Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,  
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.  
 Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!  
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.  
 As many more Manillio forced to yield,  
 And marched a victor from the verdant field.  
 Him Basto followed, but his fate more hard  
 Gained but one trump and one plebeian card.  
 With his broad saber next, a chief in years,  
 The hoary majesty of Spades appears:  
 Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed;  
 The rest his many-colored robe concealed.  
 The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,  
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage.  
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew  
 And mowed down armies in the fights of loo,  
 Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,  
 Falls undistinguished by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;  
 Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.  
 His warlike Amazon her host invades,  
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.  
 The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,  
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:  
 What boots the regal circle on his head,  
 His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;  
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,  
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;  
 Th' embroidered King who shows but half his face,  
 And his refulgent Queen, with powers combined  
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.  
 Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,  
 With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.  
 Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,

Of Asia's troops and Afric's sable sons,  
With like confusion different nations fly,  
Of various habit and of various dye:  
The pierced battalions disunited fall,  
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,  
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.  
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,  
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;  
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,  
Just in the jaws of ruin and Codille.  
And now (as oft in some distempered State)  
On one nice trick depends the general fate.  
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen  
Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive Queen;  
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,  
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.  
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;  
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,  
Too soon dejected and too soon elate.  
Sudden these honors shall be snatched away,  
And cursed forever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,  
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;  
On shining altars of Japan they raise  
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:  
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,  
While China's earth receives the smoking tide;  
At once they gratify their scent and taste,  
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.  
Straight hover round the fair her airy band:  
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned;  
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,  
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.  
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,  
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)  
Sent up in vapors to the Baron's brain  
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.  
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,  
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!  
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,  
She dearly pays for Nisus's injured hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,  
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill!  
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace  
 A two-edged weapon from her shining case:  
 So ladies in romance assist their knight,  
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.  
 He takes the gift with reverence, and extends  
 The little engine on his fingers' ends;  
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,  
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.  
 Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,  
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;  
 And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear:  
 Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.  
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought  
 The close recesses of the Virgin's thought:  
 As, on the nosegay in her breast reclined,  
 He watches th' ideas rising in her mind,  
 Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,  
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart.  
 Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,  
 Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,  
 T' inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.  
 Even then, before the fatal engine closed,  
 A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;  
 Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain  
 (But airy substance soon unites again).  
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever  
 From the fair head, forever and forever!

Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,  
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.  
 Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast  
 When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last;  
 Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,  
 In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!

"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine"  
 (The victor cried): "the glorious prize is mine!  
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,  
 Or in a coach and six the British fair,  
 As long as Atalantis shall be read,  
 Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,  
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,

When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,  
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,  
 So long my honor, name, and praise shall live! ”

What time would spare, from steel receives its date,  
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate!  
 Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,  
 And strike to dust th’ imperial towers of Troy;  
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,  
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.  
 What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel  
 The conquering force of unresisted steel?

### FROM THE ‘ESSAY ON MAN’

**H**EAVEN from all creatures hides the book of Fate,  
 All but the page prescribed, their present state;  
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;  
 Or who could suffer being here below?  
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed today,  
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?  
 Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,  
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.  
 Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,  
 That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven:  
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
 A hero perish or a sparrow fall,  
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,  
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly, then; with trembling pinions soar;  
 Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.  
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,  
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.  
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast;  
 Man never Is, but always To Be blest:  
 The soul, uneasy and confined from home,  
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind  
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind:  
 His soul proud science never taught to stray  
 Far as the solar walk or Milky Way:  
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,

Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;  
 Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,  
 Some happier island in the watery waste,  
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.  
 To Be, contents his natural desire;  
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;  
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,  
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence:  
 Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such —  
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much;  
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,  
 Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjust —  
 If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,  
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there;  
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,  
 Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.  
 In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;  
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.  
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes:  
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.  
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,  
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel;  
 And who but wishes to invert the laws  
 Of Order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,  
 Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:  
 For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,  
 Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;  
 Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew  
 The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;  
 For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;  
 For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;  
 Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;  
 My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,  
 From burning suns when livid deaths descend,  
 When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep  
 Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?  
 "No" ('tis replied), "the first Almighty Cause  
 Acts not by partial, but by general laws:

Th' exceptions few; some change since all began:  
 And what created perfect? " why then man?  
 If the great end be human happiness,  
 Then nature deviates; and can man do less?  
 As much that end a constant course requires  
 Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires;  
 As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,  
 As men forever temperate, calm, and wise.  
 If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,  
 Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?  
 Who knows but he whose hand the lightning forms,  
 Who heaves old ocean and who wings the storms,  
 Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,  
 Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?  
 From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs;  
 Account for moral as for natural things:  
 Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?  
 In both, to reason right is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,  
 Were there all harmony, all virtue here;  
 That never air or ocean felt the wind;  
 That never passion discomposed the mind.  
 But all subsists by elemental strife;  
 And passions are the elements of life.  
 The general order, since the whole began,  
 Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

What would this man? Now upward will he soar,  
 And little less than angel, would be more;  
 Now looking downwards, just as grieved appears  
 To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.  
 Made for his use all creatures if he call,  
 Say what their use, had he the powers of all?  
 Nature, to these without profusion kind,  
 The proper organs, proper powers assigned:  
 Each seeming want compensated of course,  
 Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;  
 All in exact proportion to the state:  
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.  
 Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:  
 Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?  
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,  
 Be pleased with nothing, if not blessed with all?

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)

Is not to act or think beyond mankind;  
 No powers of body or of soul to share,  
 But what his nature and his state can bear.  
 Why has not man a microscopic eye?  
 For this plain reason: man is not a fly.  
 Say what the use, were finer optics given,  
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?  
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,  
 To smart and agonize at every pore?  
 Or, quick effluvia darting through the brain,  
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain?  
 If nature thundered in his opening ears,  
 And stunned him with the music of the spheres,  
 How would he wish that Heaven had left him still  
 The whispering zephyr and the purling rill!  
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise,  
 Alike in what it gives and what denies?  
 Far as creation's ample range extends,  
 The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:  
 Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,  
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass —  
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,  
 The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam;  
 Of smell, the headlong lioness between,  
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green;  
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood  
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood;  
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!  
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line;  
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true  
 From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew?  
 How instinct varies in the groveling swine,  
 Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!  
 'Twixt that and reason, what a nice barrier,  
 Forever separate, yet forever near!  
 Remembrance and reflection how allied:  
 What thin partitions sense from thought divide;  
 And middle natures, how they long to join,  
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line!  
 Without this just gradation could they be  
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?  
 The powers of all subdued by thee alone,  
 Is not thy reason all these powers in one?

See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,  
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.  
Above, how high progressive life may go!  
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!  
Vast chain of being! which from God began,  
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,  
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,  
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,  
From thee to nothing. — On superior powers  
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;  
Or in the full creation leave a void,  
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:  
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,  
Tenth or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll,  
Alike essential to the amazing whole:  
The least confusion but in one — not all  
That system only, but the whole, must fall.  
Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,  
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;  
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,  
Being on being wrecked, and world on world;  
Heaven's whole foundations to their center nod,  
And nature tremble to the throne of God:  
All this dread order break — for whom? for thee?  
Vile worm! — oh madness! pride! impiety!

What if the foot ordained the dust to tread,  
Or hand to toil, aspired to be the head?  
What if the head, the eye, or ear repined  
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?  
Just as absurd for any part to claim  
To be another, in this general frame;  
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains  
The great directing mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body nature is, and God the soul:  
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;  
Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame;  
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,  
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent:  
Breathes in our soil, informs our mortal part,

As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;  
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,  
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:  
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small;  
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor order imperfection name:  
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.  
 Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree  
 Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.  
 Submit. — In this, or any other sphere,  
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear;  
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,  
 Or in the natal or the mortal hour.  
 All nature is but art unknown to thee;  
 All chance, direction which thou canst not see;  
 All discord, harmony not understood;  
 All partial evil, universal good:  
 And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,  
 One truth is clear — Whatever is, is right. . . .

Order is Heaven's first law: and, this confess,  
 Some are and must be greater than the rest,  
 More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence  
 That such are happier, shocks all common-sense.  
 Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,  
 If all are equal in their happiness:  
 But mutual wants this happiness increase;  
 All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.  
 Condition, circumstance, is not the thing:  
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king,  
 In who obtain defense or who defend,  
 In him who is or him who finds a friend;  
 Heaven breathes through every member of the whole  
 One common blessing, as one common soul.  
 But fortune's gifts, if each alike possess  
 And each were equal, must not all contest?  
 If then to all men happiness was meant,  
 God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,  
 And these be happy called, unhappy those;  
 But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,  
 While those are placed in hope and these in fear:  
 Not present good or ill the joy or curse,  
 But future views of better or of worse. . . .

Count all th' advantage prosperous vice attains,  
 'Tis but what virtues flies from and disdains;  
 And grant the bad what happiness they would,  
 One they must want, which is, to pass for good. . . .

The good must merit God's peculiar care;  
 But who but God can tell us who they are?  
 One thinks on Calvin heaven's own spirit fell;  
 Another deems him instrument of hell:  
 If Calvin feel heaven's blessing or its rod,  
 This cries there is, and that there is no God.  
 What shocks one part will edify the rest;  
 Nor with one system can they all be blest.  
 The very best will variously incline,  
 And what rewards your virtue punish mine.  
 Whatever is, is right — This world, 'tis true,  
 Was made for Cæsar — but for Titus too;  
 And which more blessed? who chained his country, say,  
 Or he whose virtue sighed to lose a day?

"But sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed."  
 What then? is the reward of virtue bread?  
 That, vice may merit: 'tis the price of toil;  
 The knave deserves it when he tills the soil,  
 The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,  
 Where folly fights for kings or dives for gain.  
 The good man may be weak, be indolent;  
 Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.  
 But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?  
 "No — shall the good want health, the good want power?"  
 Add health and power, and every earthly thing.  
 "Why bounded power? why private? why no king?"  
 Nay, why external for internal given?  
 Why is not man a god, and earth a heaven?" . . .

Honor and shame from no condition rise:  
 Act well your part — there all the honor lies.  
 Fortune in men has some small difference made —  
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;  
 The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,  
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.  
 "What differ more" (you cry) "than crown and cowl?"  
 I'll tell you, friend — a wise man and a fool.  
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,  
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,  
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:  
 The rest is all but leather or prunello.

## FROM THE 'EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT'

WHY did I write? What sin to me unknown  
 Dipt me in ink — my parents' or my own?  
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,

I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

I left no calling for this idle trade,

No duty broke, no father disobeyed.

The Muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,

To help me through this long disease, my life,

To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,

And teach the being you preserved, to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the polite,

And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;

Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise;

And Congreve loved, and Swift endured, my lays;

The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read;

Even mitered Rochester would nod the head,

And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)

With open arms received one poet more.

Happy my studies, when by these approved!

Happier their author, when by these beloved!

From these the world will judge of men and books,

Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cookes.

Soft were my numbers: who could take offense,

While pure description held the place of sense?

Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,

A painted mistress or a purling stream.

Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill:

I wished the man a dinner, and sat still.

Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret:

I never answered — I was not in debt.

If want provoked, or madness made them print,

I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad —

If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kissed the rod.

Pains, reading, study, are their just pretense,

And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.

Commas and points they set exactly right,

And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.

Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,

From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibalds:

Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,  
 Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables —  
 Even such small critics some regard may claim,  
 Preserved in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name.  
 Pretty! in amber to observe the forms  
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!  
 The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,  
 But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry, I excused them too:  
 Well might they rage — I gave them but their due.  
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;  
 But each man's secret standard in his mind.  
 That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness —  
 This, who can gratify? for who can *guess*?  
 The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown,  
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,  
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,  
 And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;  
 He who, still wanting though he lives on theft,  
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left;  
 And he who, now to sense, now nonsense leaning,  
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;  
 And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,  
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad:  
 All these, my modest satire bade *translate*,  
 And owned that nine such poets made a Tate.  
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!  
 And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such! But were there one whose fires  
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;  
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,  
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease:  
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;  
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,  
 And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;  
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;  
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;  
 Alike reserved to blame or to commend,  
 A timorous foe and a suspicious friend;  
 Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,

And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;  
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,  
 And sit attentive to his own applause;  
 While wits and Templars every sentence raise,  
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise:  
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?  
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

## THE TRIUMPH OF DULLNESS

### Closing Lines of the 'Dunciad'

**I**N vain, in vain — the all-composing hour  
 Resistless falls; the Muse obeys the power.  
 She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold  
 Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old!  
 Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,  
 And all its varying rainbows die away.  
 Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,  
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.  
 As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,  
 The sickening stars fade off th' ethereal plain;  
 As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand opprest,  
 Closed one by one to everlasting rest:  
 Thus, at her felt approach, and secret might,  
 Art after Art goes out, and all is night.  
 See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,  
 Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head!  
 Philosophy, that leaned on Heaven before,  
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.  
 Physic of Metaphysic begs defense,  
 And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!  
 See Mystery to Mathematics fly!  
 In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.  
 Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,  
 And unawares Morality expires.  
 Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;  
 Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!  
 Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored;  
 Light dies before thy uncreating word:  
 Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;  
 And universal darkness buries all.

## THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

FATHER of all! in every age,  
In every clime adored,  
By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood;  
Who all my sense confined  
To know but this — that thou art good,  
And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,  
To see the good from ill;  
And binding nature fast in fate,  
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do —  
This, teach me more than hell to shun,  
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,  
Let me not cast away;  
For God is paid when man receives —  
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span  
Thy goodness let me bound,  
Or think thee Lord alone of man,  
When thousand worlds are round;

Let not this weak, unknowing hand  
Presume thy bolts to throw,  
And deal damnation round the land,  
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,  
Still in the right to stay;  
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart  
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride  
 Or impious discontent,  
 At aught thy wisdom has denied  
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
 To hide the fault I see;  
 That mercy I to others show,  
 That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
 Since quickened by thy breath;  
 Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,  
 Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot;  
 All else beneath the sun,  
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not:  
 And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,  
 Whose altar earth, sea, skies,  
 One chorus let all being raise,  
 All nature's incense rise!

#### ODE: THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!  
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:  
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying —  
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!  
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,  
 Sister spirit, come away.  
 What is this absorbs me quite?  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?  
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!  
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring:  
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
O Grave! where is thy victory?  
O Death! where is thy sting?

## EPITAPH ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL

**A** PLEASING form; a firm yet cautious mind;  
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resigned:  
Honor unchanged, a principle profest,  
Fixed to one side, but moderate to the rest:  
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too;  
Just to his prince, and to his country true:  
Filled with the sense of Age, the fire of Youth,  
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;  
A generous faith, from superstition free;  
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny:  
Such this man was; who now from earth removed,  
At length enjoys that liberty he loved.

## HENRY FIELDING

I AM," says Fielding incidentally, in his most famous novel, "the founder of a new province of writing." The claim, though bold, is certainly not groundless. The English novel, as we know it, has in the main been developed upon the lines laid down by Fielding. It is true that Fielding, like every leader of a new literary dynasty, inherited much from earlier rulers. He looked back with reverence to Cervantes; and critics have shown that he was influenced by Le Sage, and more distinctly by Marivaux. In English literature, Defoe and Richardson in some respects anticipated him; but with differences which show his originality. 'Robinson Crusoe' is simply a narrative of facts, though the facts did not happen to take place. The author expects us to be interested in a strange series of adventures, and is not consciously aiming at the portrayal of life and character. Richardson, on the contrary, began by composing edifying moral epistles, into which a story was introduced by way of connecting thread. To his own mind the didactic element always represented the ultimate aim; though his readers become a good deal more interested in *Clarissa* than in the moral which she was intended to point.

But Fielding — as he again tells us — means deliberately to describe "human nature." Like Shakespeare before him or Scott after him, he is to set before us impartially the world as it presented itself to him; to give us living and moving types of the real human beings whom he had seen acting under the ordinary conditions of contemporary society. The novel, thus understood, has grown and flourished and taken many different forms. We wonder at times what our ancestors did to amuse themselves in the days before it was invented. Contemporary moralists denounced the habit of frivolous reading as they do now. What was the seduction to which these frivolous readers yielded? They had novels in the old sense of the word, stories such as had been once told by Boccaccio and had lately been furbished up by Mrs. Behn. Or they might seek for more prolonged enjoyment in the voluminous romances of the 'Grand Cyrus' kind, which, hopelessly unreadable as they appear to us, were still intensely fascinating to many readers; to Fielding's cousin Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, for example, and to his contemporary Dr. Johnson. And then, of course, the drama formed a larger proportion of light reading than at present. But the comedy of the time to which they were principally confined, brilliant as some of it is, shows but a very limited aspect of human life. It introduced them to a smart game of intrigue played by fine ladies and gentlemen, always clearly before the footlights. The novel, with its flexibility, its freedom from all external restrictions, enables us to enjoy to the

full the pleasure — obviously one of the greatest of pleasures — of steadily contemplating ourselves. We do not see the characters by a single flash, as they appear in some ingenious entanglement of affairs, but watch their growth and development, their conduct through a whole series of events, share their friendships and enmities, and we are not prevented from following them by the necessities of scenic representation. Fielding showed his genius by perceiving the capabilities of the still crude form of art, and he turned them to account in some directions with a success scarcely surpassed.

Fielding explains his own theory of the art in some of those running commentaries in which some critics think — though I do not — that he indulged too freely. He aspired, as he tells us, to set forth human nature. Naturally it had to be the human nature of his own day, and of his own day in England; and a brief summary of his life will show what that implies. Fielding's father was a soldier and ultimately a general; but though connected with various great people, he seems to have been always impecunious. Fielding, born April 22, 1707, at Sharpham near Glastonbury, was sent to Eton, where he was the contemporary of the elder Pitt, of Lyttelton, and of many men who afterwards played a conspicuous part in the great game of politics. Fielding, however, on leaving school had to leave the arena in which a long purse was then essential. His father had married a second time, and was burdened with a second family. Though he made an allowance of £200 a year to Henry, it was an allowance, said the son, which "anybody might pay who would." Untroubled by such considerations, he made love to a rich young lady, and even put the young lady's guardian in fear of his life. Perhaps this performance accounts for his being packed off to Leyden to study law. Studying law, however, was not so much to his taste as writing plays; and his first performance was acted when he was just of age. Leyden and the law were soon deserted, and Fielding plunged into the pleasures of a town life in London. He was six feet high, strong and active, with enormous capacity for enjoyment and not over-delicate in his tastes. Vigorous appetites and a narrow allowance made some provision of ways and means essential. He had to choose, said his cousin Lady Mary, between the trades of a hackney coachman and a hackney author. The profession of author was just coming into distinct existence; and the struggles and hardships of the career have been commemorated by the best known authors of the day.

Fielding belonged by birth to the social class which looked down upon the hack author. Happily for itself, as Chesterfield remarked, it had a more solid support than was to be found in its brains. Fielding too had received a classical education, a fact which he is a little too fond of indicating by allusions in his works. Play-writing was the most gentlemanlike part of the profession, and therefore the most attractive to the young man. The comedy presupposed some familiarity with good society. Congreve, Addison, Steele, and many others condescended to write plays, though they were also admitted

to the highest circles. Moreover, a successful play was more remunerative than any other form of literary work. Gay had made a little fortune by 'The Beggar's Opera.' Fielding naturally followed such examples with some gleams of success. It is indeed needless for anyone to read his performances now. He is, generally speaking, in an artificial note, aping Congreve or adapting Molière. In 'Tom Thumb,' indeed — a jovial burlesque, full of nonsense and high spirit and broad satire — we see unmistakably the genuine Fielding. It gave one of the only two pretexts, we are told, upon which Swift ever indulged in a laugh.

The comedies may be kindly consigned to oblivion. There was much else that Fielding would gladly have forgotten, in the part of his life which most impressed his biographers. The reckless, jovial rake, with pockets overflowing one day and empty the next, with a velvet coat sometimes on his back and sometimes in pawn, sometimes admitted to the drawing-room of Lady Mary and then carousing with boon companions in a tavern, or eclipsed for a period in the sponging-house — is the Fielding of this period, and has been taken as the only Fielding. The scanty anecdotes which remain have stamped the impression upon later readers. We are presented to Fielding in the green-room, drinking champagne and chewing tobacco. A friend has warned him that a passage in his play will offend the audience. "Damn them!" he had replied, "let them find that out!" The friend now reports that the audience are hissing. "Damn them!" he exclaims, "they have found it out, have they?" The hisses, however, as we happen to know, affected him a good deal. Then we are told how Fielding emptied his pockets into those of a poorer friend, and when the tax-gatherer came, said, "Friendship has called for the money; let the collector call again!" No doubt that was one aspect of Fielding. To do him justice, it must be noted that a fuller record would have shown some less equivocal proofs of good feeling.

We dimly make out that the chief incident of Fielding's dramatic career was his share in a quarrel between Cibber, then manager, and certain actors to whom, as Fielding thought, Cibber had behaved unfairly. Cibber, the smart, dapper little Frenchified coxcomb, was just the type of all the qualities which Fielding most heartily despised; and they fell foul of each other with great heartiness. On the other hand, he was equally enthusiastic on behalf of his friends. Chief among them were Hogarth, whose paintings are the best comment on Fielding's novels, and Garrick, whom, though of very different temperament, he admired and praised with the most cordial generosity. "Harry Fielding," as his familiars call him, was no doubt a wild youth, but to all appearance a most trustworthy and warm-hearted friend. Fielding, moreover, was a devoted lover. The facts about his marriage are all uncertain: but we know that he courted Charlotte Cradock of Salisbury; that he was writing poems to her in 1730, and that he married her in 1734. If we wish to know what Miss Cradock was like, we are referred to Sophia in 'Tom Jones';

and still more to Amelia. Amelia was his first wife, it is said, "even to that broken nose," which according to Johnson ruined the success of the story. Both novels were written after her death, and are indicative of a lasting passion, which, whatever else it may have been, was worthy of a masculine and tender nature. Miss Cradock's lover was not free from faults — faults tangible enough and evidently the cause of much bitter remorse; but he was at least a lover who worshiped her with unstinted and manly devotion. The marriage, which took place when he was about twenty-eight, changed his life. Vague stories — dates and facts in Fielding's life, all of provoking flimsiness and inconsistency — indicate that he tried to set up as a country gentleman on some small property of his wife's; that the neighboring squires spited the town wit, who, if not very refined, was at least a writer of books, and therefore justly open to suspicion of arrogance; but that Fielding himself, which is not surprising, made a bad farmer; and that before long he was back in London, with his finances again at the ebb and additional burdens to support. His first effort was in his old line: he took a small theater and brought out a successful political farce. Walpole was at this time still at the height of power, but a formidable and heterogeneous opposition was gathering against him. Whigs, Tories, and Jacobites were uniting to denounce corruption, which was right enough; but imagining, not so rightly, that the fall of Walpole would imply the end of corruption. Fielding was a hearty Whig; a believer in the British Constitution, and a despiser of French frog-eaters, beggarly unbreeched Scotsmen, and Jacobites, and Papists, and all such obnoxious entities. He joined heartily, however, in the cry against Walpole by his 'Pasquin: A Dramatic Satire on the Times.' The piece had a great run; and Fielding, always sanguine, no doubt hoped that at last he was getting his feet upon solid ground. But Walpole was a dangerous enemy. He obtained the passage of an Act of Parliament which made it necessary to obtain a license for plays.

Fielding's occupation was gone. It was quite plain that no license would be given to farces aimed at the prime minister. He gave up the theater and made another effort. He entered at one of the Inns of Court and began to study the law. He was still only thirty-two, and full of abundant energy. He would leave his tavern (perhaps it would have been better not to have gone to it) to go home and pore over "abtruse authors" till far into the night. He was called to the bar in 1740, and duly attended the quarter-sessions. Briefs, however, did not come. Then, as now, attorneys looked with some suspicion upon men distracted by literary aims. Fielding, in fact, was obliged to support himself during his legal studies by working at his old trade. He tried the usual schemes of a professional author of those days. He brought out a periodical on the *Spectator* model, called the *Champion*. He wrote a 'Vindication' of the old Duchess of Marlborough, for which the duchess paid five guineas — only, we will hope, an instalment. During

the rebellion of 1745, he published a journal intended to arouse John Bull out of his apparent apathy. He had already struck out another and more fruitful line. In 1742 he brought out 'Joseph Andrews'—to indulge in a great guffaw at Richardson's sentimental 'Pamela.' As he developed the story he fell in love with his characters as Dickens fell in love with Pickwick, and became more serious in his aims. By this book he made about £200, and his success encouraged him to publish by subscription in 1743 three volumes of 'Miscellanies.' In those days a subscription was a kind of joint-stock patronage, and showed chiefly that the author had friends among "persons of quality." Fielding probably made £400 or £500, which was no doubt a welcome transient help. The 'Miscellanies' include one of his most remarkable if not pleasantest performances, 'Jonathan Wild the Great.' 'Joseph Andrews' had shown his true power, and it is perhaps rather remarkable that 'Tom Jones' did not follow until 1749. Whatever Fielding's anxieties, it is noticeable that he did his work as thoroughly as if he had been independent of the pay. Before speaking of his literary performance, however, I will continue the story of his life.

His wife died at the end of 1744. His grief, it is said, was so great that his friends feared the loss of his reason. He had, however, children to care for, and was too brave a man to relax in his fight with the Fates. He had still some hopes of success at the bar, and at one moment, probably on some gleam of success, declared that he would write no more. In 1747 he married Mary Daniel, who had been an attached servant of his first wife. He did not know, he said, where to find a better mother for his children or nurse for himself; and she seems to have justified his anticipations.

A patron or two had helped him during his struggles. Ralph Allen, who had made a fortune by farming the posts, was a lover of literature and a friend of Pope and Warburton. To Fielding, and to Fielding's children after their father's death, he was a steady benefactor, and Fielding showed his gratitude characteristically by portraying his friend as "Allworthy" in 'Tom Jones.' Another patron, by whom Fielding declared himself to have been mainly supported during the composition of 'Tom Jones,' was his old school-fellow Lyttelton; and it was through Lyttelton that in 1748 Fielding was appointed justice of the peace for Westminster. The office was a singular one. In those days, and for at least two generations more, London, though a large town even upon our present scale, was merely an aggregation of villages. It had no systematic police. Dogberry and Verges were still represented by decrepit watchmen and stupid parish constables. They were ruled by magistrates who were often of the family of Shallows and Silences. The chaos which prevailed had at last induced Parliament to provide a paid and professional magistrate. But according to the custom of those days, he was to be paid by fees. The consequences are indicated by the name of "trading justices" applied to these officials. Impartial and speedy administration of

justice was not the way to get fees. Fielding threw himself into his duties with characteristic energy. He tried to be honest, and thereby reduced "£500 of the dirtiest money on earth" to £300, most of which went to his clerk. He did his best to call attention to abuses. He wrote a remarkable pamphlet proposing a reform of the corrupting poor-laws. Another pamphlet upon gin-drinking had great influence in producing the first Act which attempted to discourage intemperance. He took up, perhaps with more zeal than discretion, some of the strange tragedies which illustrated the squalor and misery of the London slums.

The queerest case was that of Betsy Canning, with which all England rang for a year or two, and which is still worth reading in the State Trials. A servant-girl in London had accounted for a month's absence by inventing a story about having been kidnapped by gipsies. A gipsy was actually condemned for this imaginary offense: but the girl herself was ultimately convicted of perjury and sent to America to improve the morals of the colonists. Fielding believed her story, took up her case with more than judicial warmth, and exposed himself to some sharp criticism. He exerted himself, again, to put down the highwaymen who flourished in the absence of police, and who were regarded by Englishmen with a certain perverted pride as exuberant products of British liberty. Fielding, while very ill, set to work to devise a system for limiting their energies. Practically, I fear, it meant simply the employment of "trepanners" who betrayed the other members of their gangs. Fielding says, however, that for the time he succeeded in putting down robbery, and sacrificed his health in the effort. His constitution had in fact been breaking down, from gout and an irregular life. His sanguine disposition led him to believe in one pretense of quackery after another: in the great Bishop Berkeley's tar-water; in the treatment of the Dr. Thompson who had already, it is said, killed Pope; and even in the miraculous virtues of a well at Glastonbury. He was always being "cured" without improving his health. At last he was sent to Lisbon as a last hope. He sailed in the summer of 1754, and kept a journal which remains to testify to his indomitable gallantry, buoyant spirits, and flow of good-humor to the last. He died at Lisbon on October 8, 1754, leaving his widow and children to the care of the kindly Allen and of his half-brother Sir John Fielding, who had succeeded him as justice of the peace. The trust was worthily discharged.

Till the age of twenty-eight, we see, Fielding had been a reckless and impetuous pleasure-hunter. From that time till his death at the age of forty-seven, he was engaged in a hard struggle to support himself and his family and in an energetic attempt to do his duty in a thankless office. The stains of the earlier period have injured his memory, and it cannot be denied, imply serious moral defects; but here I must touch the inevitable argument. It is most true that to judge any man justly you must allow for the moral standard of his time. Advantage, however, is often taken of this truth to draw ques-

tionable consequences. Whenever it is proved that a man broke one of the Ten Commandments, it is roundly replied that in his day there were only nine. Therefore, it is inferred, his want of honesty or decency ceases to be a defect. Both fact and inference are often doubtful. Fielding, for example, makes Tom Jones guilty of taking money from a woman under circumstances which we all feel to be degrading. Nobody, it is replied, thought such conduct degrading then. I utterly disbelieve the fact. A similar story is told of Marlborough, and perhaps it was true; but it was certainly told by a malicious libeler, and was meant to injure him. I feel sure that not only Richardson and Johnson, who were obtrusively moralists, but such men as Addison or even the easy-going Steele, would have thought of Tom Jones just what Colonel Newcome thought. Some of our ancestors were gentlemen, with feelings of delicacy, and should not be libeled even to save a novelist's reputation. And in any case, such a statement would explain the fact but does not alter it for us. Coarseness is rightly disgusting, though we may show how men came to be coarse, and perhaps show too that it did not then imply all that it would imply in the present day.

Nothing, indeed, is more difficult than to compare the moral standard of a distant time with that of our own. That vice was common in England under Anne and the Georges, is undeniable; but I do not know that it is altogether extinct today. I fancy that a modern police magistrate could still tell us stories which would prove that the world, the flesh, and the Devil have not yet been renounced by everybody. Zola's world does not seem to be purer than Fielding's. Look beneath the surface anywhere and you can find ugly things enough; especially if you have a taste for the revolting.

It is easier, no doubt, to judge of the surface; and there we may find an explanation, though not a justification, of Fielding's obtuseness on certain points. He was in the world of fiction what Walpole was in the world of politics. Both of them were men of strong common-sense, and of great qualities which were strangely mixed with much that is coarse and repulsive. They were both given to boisterous conviviality, to vast consumption of "the roast beef of old England," and to tremendous post-prandial sittings over their bottles, at which the talk was no more delicate than the fare. They indulged in cock-fighting, and cudgel-playing, and rough practical joking, till we fancy that only a pugilist or a rough of today could find such an atmosphere congenial. Such tastes, however, could be combined with a real love of art and literature: Walpole, for example, collected a great picture gallery; and he and his like often studied the classics like men of the world, if not like scholars. Neither can it be said that in the days when the British Empire was being built up, there was a want of public spirit or energy, though some of the accepted modes of political warfare were base enough. We are liable to misunderstandings if we argue from the want of refinement to the want of some high mental and moral qualities; though undoubtedly we find a strange obtuseness

upon some points of the moral code, where higher views and more delicate sensibilities are required.

Fielding's novels illustrate this as clearly as his friend Hogarth's pictures. Both of them portray scenes now and then which grate upon our nerves, and show a coarseness of fiber which would today have to be sought in the lower haunts of debauchery. What we have to remember is that such faults were then not inconsistent with some excellencies which they would now exclude. In the case of Fielding, we can have no difficulty in recognizing many of the highest qualities. In the first place, his novels are a genuine extract of hard-bought experience. They are conspicuous for absolute veracity. He speaks because he has thought and felt. We are conscious that he paints all from the life. As novel-writing became a profession, this is the merit which became rare. A young gentleman can easily give himself the airs of knowledge of the world by picking up a few smart epigrams in reproducing the stock characters of his predecessors. He does not write because he has "studied men and cities," but appropriates second-hand experience because he wants to write a novel. His "art," as he is proud to call it, may be admirable, his style unimpeachable, his plot carefully constructed; but after all, he cannot atone for the one great defect of having nothing to say by trying to say it gracefully. One cannot read Fielding without perceiving the contrast: he has really been "through the mill"; he has bought his knowledge at a heavy price; and even if it sometimes results in rather commonplace observations, a commonplace which has been hammered into a man by hard facts is very different from a commonplace which has been learnt from a book. It comes with a certain momentum, with a weight and force, which can redeem even occasional triteness. His words have the intensity of thorough conviction. The first impression made by the world upon a man of great shrewdness and vigor is naturally the prevalence of humbug. Society, he observes, is a great masquerade. To see things as they are, you must strip men of their disguises: you will then often find a strange likeness between heroes and highwaymen, patriots and pickpockets, priests and jugglers, and discover selfishness in Protean forms at the bottom of the most pretentious qualities. "All virtue," said Fielding's clever contemporary Mandeville, "is a sham." "All men," said Swift, soured by failure, "are Yahoos."

It is Fielding's characteristic merit that he could take a completer and saner view. His brave, generous nature could never give up a belief in virtue or in the substantial happiness of a good heart. He could see, as he proved by Jonathan Wild, into the very soul of a thorough villain, the depth beyond depth of treachery and sensuality that can be embodied in human form. His moral is, as he puts it, that a man may "go to heaven with half the pains which it cost him to purchase hell." The villain, even as things go, naturally overreaches himself. Knowledge of the world takes the gloss off much; but it properly leads to a recognition of the supreme advantage of unworldly

simplicity. Parson Adams, one of the great humorous creations, is the embodiment of that sentiment. He represents the conviction of the observer who has seen life in its ugliest phases, that the most lovable of human beings is the man who from sheer simplicity and kindness remains comically unconscious of the trickery and selfishness of his neighbors. It is not the less characteristic because Adams appears to have been the portrait of a real friend, and implies that Fielding often turned from his rowdy companions to appreciate the simple country parson whom they would have regarded as a predestined butt for rough practical jokes. In proportion to his love of such characters was his hatred of the hypocrite — the humbug who knows himself to be a humbug. His loathing for Blifil, the typical hypocrite, progresses to most obvious failure in 'Tom Jones'; for he becomes so angry that he caricatures instead of impartially analyzing the loathsome object. This, again, is the secret of Fielding's humor. His worldly experience, instead of souring him, has intensified his admiration of the simplicity and goodness which is ridiculed or disbelieved by the man who is hardened by such experience. He was generous to the core; when he has to speak of any one whom he admires or who has done him a service, he pours out the heartiest and most genuine gratitude. He overflows with honest admiration of the men whom he could appreciate; he praises even the later work of Richardson, whose 'Pamela' he had satirized, and who, one is sorry to admit, did not return the generosity. The warmth of his belief in goodness, and this cordiality and hearty good-will, always running through his books, give the characteristic flavor to his humor. It flows so spontaneously and abundantly that we feel it to be unmistakably as genuine as it is kindly.

The want of moral delicacy indeed implies limitations. It must be admitted that Fielding's appreciation of some of the higher phases of character is narrow. He lived in a day when common-sense was triumphant; when men lived on solid beef, and were undoubtedly made of rather ponderous flesh and blood. We may say with the help of a still greater master of the art, that in Fielding's time there was perhaps too little of the Don Quixote and too much of the Sancho Panza in the accepted ideal. A humorist who cannot help perceiving the seamy side of things is tempted to lean too much to the cynical side. He believes in the moral code by which men are actually governed, but is perhaps too suspicious of any professions of a higher standard. High-flown sentiment has in his eyes a strong likeness to his pet aversion, hypocrisy. What he admires, indeed, is really admirable: though he may be over-anxious to keep within the plainest limits of common-sense. Fielding's tone about women is characteristic. Had he been asked what was the greatest blessing of life, he would always have replied, as he does in 'Tom Jones,' the love of a good woman. His good woman, however, is decidedly not prepared to believe in woman's rights. He laughs rather too roughly at the ladies who in those days showed certain intellectual aspirations. His Sophia is a healthy, sensible girl,

fit to be the mother of sturdy, well-grown lads and lasses, unsurpassable within the domestic sphere, but certainly not troubled by aspirations to literary glory. She is unmistakably made of flesh and blood. She will love her husband devotedly, and will, we fear, have to exercise the virtue of forgiveness: yet she is everything, perhaps more than everything, that we could expect from the daughter of Squire Western. 'Amelia,' however, is the fullest embodiment of Fielding's true sentiment on that subject. His last novel is the work of a man who had won and lost the highest prize in life; who feels with bitter self-reproach his unworthiness and his backslidings, and tries to make some atonement by raising a shrine to his lost idol. Some good judges have therefore taken this pathetic and tender picture to be his masterpiece, in spite of some falling off in spirit and rather dragging narrative. I will not venture to decide; but I agree with them that it at least reveals with singular power not only the massive common-sense and power of sincere presentation of facts for which Fielding was conspicuous, but also the generous and tender heart which attracts and commands our affection.

If Fielding honestly described the human nature of his time, we must remember that a man who can truly describe the human nature in a village has really described it everywhere. He has a true insight into those principal springs of character which may be more or less modified, refined or made coarse, in different conditions, but which work powerfully under every disguise of habit and cultivation. Fielding's human being was the ideal John Bull: a personage who has been ridiculed, caricatured, and denounced; who is called an "amiable buffalo" by Taine; and who everywhere outside of the British islands is considered to suffer under many intellectual and moral limitations. Far be it from me to deny his faults; certainly he is apt to be stolid and thick-skinned, and in Fielding's time he showed some of his worst qualities to his neighbors, and was acquiring a certain reputation for overbearing and brutal ways. Yet John Bull was a human being. He had the passions of his kind, and showed them with little regard to delicacy; but if Fielding was a true observer, he had some great qualities which I hope he will not speedily lose. He had the abundant energy and vigor which are required for all greatness; amidst many queer prejudices, and singular blindness to some things, he had a hearty love of fair play, respect for true manhood, and in spite of his coarseness a genuine appreciation of good homely domestic virtues. Fielding, in Thackeray's familiar phrase, was the last English writer who dared to draw a man. In a sense rather wider than Thackeray's, that is his most obvious merit. He described with immense breadth, power, and veracity some of the essential masculine qualities which do, in fact, play an immense part in life. But we value him, I think, because he showed most forcibly how such qualities can be allied not only with a generous appreciation of allied qualities in others, but with a keen and pathetic reverence for the gentleness, simplicity, and purity which the more vigorous animal is too apt to despise.

With all his insight into the baser motives, Fielding retained a certain sweet-blooded tenderness, and an enthusiasm for every generous and kindly character, which relieves the repulsive ugliness of some of his scenes by a breath as of fresh and healthy atmosphere. I can think of none of our great writers who had a harder struggle, was forced into closer association with the corrupt elements of society, or realized more keenly the hollowness of many pretenders to virtue. And yet no one could have retained more buoyancy of spirit, more generous feeling towards his successful competitors, or a more hearty faith in the reality of human goodness and appreciation of some of the truest elements of human happiness.

LESLIE STEPHEN

### PARSON ADAMS'S SHORT MEMORY

From 'Joseph Andrews'

**M**R. ADAMS and Joseph were now ready to depart different ways, when an accident determined the former to return with his friend, which Tow-ouse, Barnabas, and the bookseller had not been able to do. This accident was, that those sermons which the parson was traveling to London to publish were, O my good reader! left behind; what he had mistaken for them in the saddle-bags being no other than three shirts, a pair of shoes, and some other necessities which Mrs. Adams, who thought her husband would want shirts more than sermons on his journey, had carefully provided him.

This discovery was now luckily owing to the presence of Joseph at the opening of the saddle-bags; who, having heard his friend say he carried with him nine volumes of sermons, and not being of that sect of philosophers who can reduce all the matter of the world into a nut-shell, seeing there was no room for them in the bags, where the parson had said they were deposited, had the curiosity to cry out, "Bless me, sir, where are your sermons?" The parson answered, "There, there, child; there they are, under my shirts." Now, it happened that he had taken forth his last shirt, and the vehicle remained visibly empty. "Sure, sir," says Joseph, "there is nothing in the bags." Upon which Adams, starting, and testifying some surprise, cried: — "Hey! fie, fie upon it! they are not here, sure enough. Ay, they are certainly left behind."

Joseph was greatly concerned at the uneasiness which he apprehended his friend must feel from this disappointment: he begged him to pursue his journey, and promised he would himself return with the books to him with the utmost expedition. "No, thank you, child," answered Adams; "it shall not be

so. What would it avail me to tarry in the great city, unless I had my discourses with me, which are, *ut ita dicam*, the sole cause, the *aitia monotate*, of my peregrination? No, child: as this accident has happened, I am resolved to return back to my cure, together with you; which indeed my inclination sufficiently leads me to. This disappointment may perhaps be intended for my good." He concluded with a verse out of Theocritus, which signifies no more than that sometimes it rains, and sometimes the sun shines.

Joseph bowed with obedience and thankfulness for the inclination which the parson expressed of returning with him; and now the bill was called for, which, on examination, amounted within a shilling to the sum which Mr. Adams had in his pocket. Perhaps the reader may wonder how he was able to produce a sufficient sum for so many days: that he may not be surprised, therefore, it cannot be unnecessary to acquaint him that he had borrowed a guinea of a servant belonging to the coach-and-six who had been formerly one of his parishioners, and whose master, the owner of the coach, then lived within three miles of him; for so good was the credit of Mr. Adams, that even Mr. Peter, the Lady Booby's steward, would have lent him a guinea with very little security.

Mr. Adams discharged the bill, and they were both setting out, having agreed to ride and tie—a method of traveling much used by persons who have but one horse between them, and is thus performed. The two travelers set out together, one on horseback, the other on foot; now, as it generally happens that he on horseback outgoes him on foot, the custom is that when he arrives at the distance agreed on, he is to dismount, tie the horse to some gate, tree, post, or other thing, and then proceed on foot; when the other comes up to the horse, unties him, mounts, and gallops on; till, having passed by his fellow-traveler, he likewise arrives at the place of tying. And this is that method of traveling so much in use among our prudent ancestors, who knew that horses had mouths as well as legs, and that they could not use the latter without being at the expense of suffering the beasts themselves to use the former. This was the method in use in those days, when instead of a coach-and-six, a member of Parliament's lady used to mount a pillion behind her husband; and a grave sergeant-at-law condescended to amble to Westminster on an easy pad, with his clerk kicking his heels behind him.

Adams was now gone some minutes, having insisted on Joseph's beginning the journey on horseback, and Joseph had his foot in the stirrup, when the ostler presented him a bill for the horse's board during his residence at the inn. Joseph said Mr. Adams had paid all; but this matter being referred to Mr. Tow-wouse, was by him decided in favor of the ostler, and indeed with truth and justice; for this was a fresh instance of that shortness of memory which did not arise from want of parts, but that continual hurry in which Parson Adams was always involved.

Joseph was now reduced to a dilemma which extremely puzzled him. The

sum due for horse-meat was twelve shillings (for Adams, who had borrowed the beast of his clerk, had ordered him to be fed as well as they could feed him), and the cash in his pocket amounted to sixpence; for Adams had divided the last shilling with him. Now, though there have been some ingenious persons who have contrived to pay twelve shillings with sixpence, Joseph was not one of them. He had never contracted a debt in his life, and was consequently the less ready at an expedient to extricate himself. Tow-ouse was willing to give him credit till next time, to which Mrs. Tow-ouse would probably have consented; for such was Joseph's beauty, that it had made some impression even on that piece of flint which that good woman wore in her bosom by way of heart. Joseph would have found therefore, very likely, the passage free, had he not, when he honestly discovered the nakedness of his pockets, pulled out that little piece of gold which we have mentioned before. This caused Mrs. Tow-ouse's eyes to water: she told Joseph she did not conceive a man could want money whilst he had gold in his pocket. Joseph answered, he had such a value for that little piece of gold that he would not part with it for a hundred times the riches which the greatest esquire in the country was worth.

"A pretty way, indeed," said Mrs. Tow-ouse, "to run in debt, and then refuse to part with your money because you have a value for it. I never knew any piece of gold of more value than as many shillings as it would change for." "Not to preserve my life from starving, nor to redeem it from a robber, would I part with this dear piece!" answered Joseph. "What!" says Mrs. Tow-ouse, "I suppose it was given you by some vile trollop, some miss or other! If it had been the present of a virtuous woman, you would not have had such a value for it. My husband is a fool if he parts with the horse without being paid for him." "No, no, I can't part with the horse, indeed, till I have the money," cried Tow-ouse; a resolution highly commended by a lawyer then in the yard, who declared Mr. Tow-ouse might justify the detainer.

As we cannot therefore at present get Mr. Joseph out of the inn, we shall leave him in it, and carry our reader on after Parson Adams, who, his mind being perfectly at ease, fell into a contemplation on a passage in *Æschylus* which entertained him for three miles together, without suffering him once to reflect on his fellow-traveler.

At length, having spun out his thread and being now at the summit of a hill, he cast his eyes backwards, and wondered that he could not see any sign of Joseph. As he left him ready to mount the horse, he could not apprehend any mischief had happened, neither could he suspect that he missed his way, it being so broad and plain: the only reason which presented itself to him was, that he had met with an acquaintance, who had prevailed with him to delay some time in discourse.

He therefore resolved to proceed slowly forwards, not doubting but he should be shortly overtaken; and soon came to a large water, which filling the

whole road, he saw no method of passing unless by wading through, which he accordingly did up to his middle; but was no sooner got to the other side than he perceived, if he had looked over the hedge, he would have found a foot-path capable of conducting him without wetting his shoes.

His surprise at Joseph's not coming up grew now very troublesome; he began to fear he knew not what; and as he determined to move no farther, and if he did not shortly overtake him, to return back, he wished to find a house of public entertainment where he might dry his clothes and refresh himself with a pint; but seeing no such (for no other reason than because he did not cast his eyes a hundred yards forwards), he sat himself down on a stile and pulled out his *Æschylus*.

## A DISCOURSE FROM PARSON ADAMS

From 'Joseph Andrews'

THE parson and his wife had just ended a long dispute when the lovers came to the door. Indeed, this young couple had been the subject of the dispute; for Mrs. Adams was one of those prudent people who never do anything to injure their families, or perhaps one of those good mothers who would even stretch their conscience to serve their children. She had long entertained hopes of seeing her eldest daughter succeed Mrs. Slip-slop, and of making her eldest son an exciseman by Lady Booby's interest. These were expectations she could not endure the thoughts of quitting, and was therefore very uneasy to see her husband so resolute to oppose the lady's intention in Fanny's affair. She told him it behoved every man to take the first care of his family; that he had a wife and six children the maintaining and providing for whom would be business enough for him without intermeddling in other folk's affairs; that he had always preached a submission to superiors, and would do ill to give an example of the contrary behavior in his own conduct; that if Lady Booby did wrong, she must answer for it herself, and the sin would not lie at their door; that Fanny had been a servant, and bred up in the lady's own family, and consequently she must have known more of her than they did; and it was very improbable, if she had behaved herself well, that the lady would have been so bitterly her enemy; that perhaps he was too much inclined to think well of her because she was handsome, but handsome women are often no better than they should be; that God made ugly women as well as handsome ones; and that if a woman had virtue, it signified nothing whether she had beauty or no: for all which reasons she concluded she should oblige the lady and stop the future publication of the banns.

But all these excellent arguments had no effect on the parson, who persisted in doing his duty without regarding the consequence it might have on his

worldly interest. He endeavored to answer her as well as he could; to which she had just finished her reply (for she had always the last word everywhere but at church) when Joseph and Fanny entered their kitchen, where the parson and his wife then sat at breakfast over some bacon and cabbage. There was a coldness in the civility of Mrs. Adams which persons of accurate speculation might have observed, but escaped her present guests; indeed, it was a good deal covered by the heartiness of Adams, who no sooner heard that Fanny had neither eaten nor drunk that morning than he presented her a bone of bacon he had just been gnawing, being the only remains of his provision: and then ran nimbly to the tap and produced a mug of small beer, which he called ale; however, it was the best in his house.

Joseph, addressing himself to the parson, told him the discourse which had passed between Squire Booby, his sister, and himself, concerning Fanny; he then acquainted him with the dangers whence he had rescued her, and communicated some apprehensions on her account. He concluded that he should never have an easy moment till Fanny was absolutely his, and begged that he might be suffered to fetch a license, saying he could easily borrow the money.

The parson answered that he had already given his sentiments concerning a license, and that a very few days would make it unnecessary. "Joseph," says he, "I wish this haste does not arise rather from your impatience than your fear; but as it certainly springs from one of these causes I will examine both. Of each of these, therefore, in their turn; and first, for the first of these; namely, impatience. Now, child, I must inform you that if in your purposed marriage with this young woman you have no intention but the indulgence of carnal appetites, you are guilty of a very heinous sin. Marriage was ordained for nobler purposes, as you will learn when you hear the service provided on that occasion read to you; nay, perhaps if you are a good lad, I, child, shall give you a sermon gratis, wherein I shall demonstrate how little regard ought to be had to the flesh on such occasions. The text will be Matthew the 5th, and part of the 28th verse, 'Whosoever looketh on a woman, so as to lust after her.' The latter part I shall omit, as foreign to my purpose. Indeed, all such brutal lusts and affections are to be greatly subdued, if not totally eradicated, before the vessel can be said to be consecrated to honor. To marry with a view of gratifying those inclinations is a prostitution of that holy ceremony, and must entail a curse on all who so lightly undertake it. If therefore this haste arises from impatience, you are to correct and not give way to it. Now, as to the second head which I proposed to speak to; namely, fear: it argues a diffidence highly criminal of that Power in which alone we should put our trust, seeing we may be well assured that he is able not only to defeat the designs of our enemies but even to turn their hearts. Instead of taking, therefore, any unjustifiable or desperate means to rid ourselves of fear, we should resort to prayer only on these occasions; and we may be then certain

of obtaining what is best for us. When any accident threatens us, we are not to despair, nor, when it overtakes us, to grieve; we must submit in all things to the will of Providence, and set our affections so much on nothing here, that we cannot quit it without reluctance. You are a young man, and can know but little of this world; I am older, and have seen a great deal. All passions are criminal in their excess; and even love itself, if it is not subservient to our duty, may render us blind to it. Had Abraham so loved his son Isaac as to refuse the sacrifice required, is there any of us who would not condemn him? Joseph, I know your many good qualities, and value you for them; but as I am to render an account of your soul, which is committed to my cure, I cannot see any fault without reminding you of it. You are too much inclined to passion, child; and have set your affections so absolutely on this young woman, that if God required her at your hands I fear you would reluctantly part with her. Now, believe me, no Christian ought so to set his heart on any person or thing in this world, but that whenever it shall be required, or taken from him in any manner by Divine providence, he may be able peaceably, quietly, and contentedly to resign it."

At which words one came hastily in, and acquainted Mr. Adams that his youngest son was drowned. He stood silent a moment, and soon began to stamp about the room, and deplore his loss with the bitterest agony. Joseph, who was overwhelmed with concern likewise, recovered himself sufficiently to endeavor to comfort the parson; in which attempt he used many arguments that he had at several times remembered out of his own discourses, both in private and public — for he was a great enemy to the passions, and preached nothing more than the conquest of them by reason and grace: but he was not at leisure now to hearken to his advice.

"Child, child," said he, "do not go about impossibilities. Had it been any other of my children, I could have borne it with patience; but my little prattler, the darling and comfort of my old age — the little wretch, to be snatched out of life just at his entrance into it; the sweetest, best-tempered boy, who never did a thing to offend me! It was but this morning I gave him his first lesson in *Quæ Genus*. This was the very book he learned: poor child! it is of no further use to thee now. He would have made the best scholar, and have been an ornament to the Church; such parts and such goodness, never met in one so young." "And the handsomest lad too," says Mrs. Adams, recovering from a swoon in Fanny's arms. "My poor Dicky, shall I never see thee more?" cries the parson. "Yes, surely," says Joseph, "and in a better place, you will meet again, never to part more."

I believe the parson did not hear these words, for he paid little regard to them, but went on lamenting, whilst the tears trickled down into his bosom. At last he cried out, "Where is my little darling?" and was sallying out, when to his great surprise and joy, in which I hope the reader will sympathize, he met his son, in a wet condition indeed, but alive, and running toward him. The per-

son who brought the news of his misfortune had been a little too eager, as people sometimes are, from I believe no very good principle, to relate ill news; and seeing him fall into the river, instead of running to his assistance, directly ran to acquaint his father of a fate which he had concluded to be inevitable, but whence the child was relieved by the same poor peddler who had relieved his father before from a less distress.

The parson's joy was now as extravagant as his grief had been before; he kissed and embraced his son a thousand times, and danced about the room like one frantic; but as soon as he discovered the face of his old friend the peddler, and heard the fresh obligation he had to him, what were his sensations? Not those which two courtiers feel in one another's embraces; not those with which a great man receives the vile, treacherous engines of his wicked purposes; not those with which a worthless younger brother wishes his elder joy of a son, or a man congratulates his rival on his obtaining a mistress, a place, or an honor. No, reader; he felt the ebullition, the overflowings, of a full, honest, open heart, towards the person who had conferred a real obligation; and of which if thou canst not conceive an idea within, I will not vainly endeavor to assist thee.

When these tumults were over, the parson, taking Joseph aside, proceeded thus: — "No, Joseph, do not give too much way to thy passions if thou dost expect happiness." The patience of Joseph, nor perhaps of Job, could bear no longer: he interrupted the parson, saying it was easier to give advice than to take it; nor did he perceive he could so entirely conquer himself, when he apprehended he had lost his son, or when he found him recovered.

"Boy," replied Adams, raising his voice, "it does not become green heads to advise gray hairs. Thou art ignorant of the tenderness of fatherly affection; when thou art a father, thou wilt be capable then only of knowing what a father can feel. No man is obliged to impossibilities; and the loss of a child is one of those great trials where our grief may be allowed to become immoderate." "Well, sir," cries Joseph, "and if I love a mistress as well as you your child, surely her loss would grieve me equally." "Yes, but such love is foolishness, and wrong in itself, and ought to be conquered," answered Adams; "it savors too much of the flesh." "Sure, sir," says Joseph, "it is not sinful to love my wife, no, not even to dote on her to distraction!" "Indeed, but it is," says Adams; "every man ought to love his wife, no doubt; we are commanded so to do: but we ought to love her with moderation and discretion." "I am afraid I shall be guilty of some sin, in spite of all my endeavors," says Joseph; "for I shall love without any moderation, I am sure." "You talk foolishly and childishly," cries Adams.

"Indeed," says Mrs. Adams, who had listened to the latter part of their conversation, "you talk more foolishly yourself. I hope, my dear, you will never preach any such doctrine as that husbands can love their wives too well. If I knew you had such a sermon in the house I am sure I would burn it; and

I declare, if I had not been convinced you had loved me as well as you could, I can answer for myself, I should have hated and despised you. Marry, come up! Fine doctrine, indeed! A wife has a right to insist on her husband's loving her as much as ever he can; and he is a sinful villain who does not. Does he not promise to love her, and comfort her, and to cherish her, and all that? I am sure I remember it all as well as if I had repeated it over but yesterday, and shall never forget it. Besides, I am certain you do not preach as you practice, for you have been a loving and a cherishing husband to me, that's the truth on't; and why you should endeavor to put such wicked nonsense into this young man's head, I cannot devise. Don't hearken to him, Mr. Joseph; be as good a husband as you are able, and love your wife with all your body and soul too."

Here a violent rap at the door put an end to their discourse.

## TOM JONES APPEARS IN THE STORY, WITH BAD OMENS

From 'Tom Jones'

AS we determined when we first sat down to write this history to flatter no man, but to guide our pen throughout by the directions of truth, we are obliged to bring our hero on the stage in a much more disadvantageous manner than we could wish; and to declare honestly, even at his first appearance, that it was the universal opinion of all Mr. Allworthy's family that he was certainly born to be hanged.

Indeed, I am sorry to say there was too much reason for this conjecture, the lad having from his earliest years discovered a propensity to many vices, and especially to one, which hath as direct a tendency as any other to that fate which we have just now observed to have been prophetically denounced against him. He had been already convicted of three robberies; viz., of robbing an orchard, of stealing a duck out of a farmer's yard, and of picking Master Blifil's pocket of a ball.

The vices of this young man were moreover heightened by the disadvantageous light in which they appeared, when opposed to the virtues of Master Blifil, his companion — a youth of so different a caste from little Jones, that not only the family but all the neighborhood resounded his praises. He was indeed a lad of a remarkable disposition; sober, discreet, and pious beyond his age — qualities which gained him the love of every one who knew him; whilst Tom Jones was universally disliked, and many expressed their wonder that Mr. Allworthy would suffer such a lad to be educated with his nephew, lest the morals of the latter should be corrupted by his example.

An incident which happened about this time will set the character of these two lads more fairly before the discerning reader than is in the power of the longest dissertation.

Tom Jones, who bad as he is must serve for the hero of this history, had only one friend among all the servants of the family; for as to Mrs. Wilkins, she had long since given him up, and was perfectly reconciled to her mistress. This friend was the gamekeeper, a fellow of a loose kind of disposition, and who was thought not to entertain much stricter notions concerning the difference of *meum* and *tuum* than the young gentleman himself. And hence this friendship gave occasion to many sarcastical remarks among the domestics, most of which were either proverbs before, or at least are become so now; and indeed, the wit of them all may be comprised in that short Latin proverb, "*Noscitur a socio*," which I think is thus expressed in English: — "You may know him by the company he keeps."

To say the truth, some of that atrocious wickedness in Jones, of which we have just mentioned three examples, might perhaps be derived from the encouragement he had received from this fellow, who in two or three instances had been what the law calls an accessory after the fact. For the whole duck and a great part of the apples were converted to the use of the gamekeeper and his family. Though as Jones alone was discovered, the poor lad bore not only the whole smart but the whole blame; both which fell again to his lot on the following occasion.

Contiguous to Mr. Allworthy's estate was the manor of one of those gentlemen who are called preservers of the game. This species of men, from the great severity with which they revenge the death of a hare or a partridge, might be thought to cultivate the same superstition with the Bannians in India, many of whom, we are told, dedicate their whole lives to the preservation and protection of certain animals; was it not that our English Bannians, while they preserve them from other enemies, will most unmercifully slaughter whole horse-loads themselves, so that they stand clearly acquitted of any such heathenish superstition.

I have indeed a much better opinion of this kind of men than is entertained by some, as I take them to answer the order of nature, and the good purposes for which they were ordained, in a more ample manner than many others. Now, as Horace tells us, that there are a set of human beings, *fruges consumere nati*, "born to consume the fruits of the earth," so I make no manner of doubt but that there are others, *feras consumere nati*, "born to consume the beasts of the field," or as it is commonly called, the game; and none, I believe, will deny but that those squires fulfil this end of their creation.

Little Jones went one day a-shooting with the gamekeeper; when happening to spring a covey of partridges, near the border of that manor over which fortune, to fulfil the wise purposes of nature, had planted one of the game-consumers, the birds flew into it and were marked (as it is called) by the two sportsmen in some furze bushes, about two or three hundred paces beyond Mr. Allworthy's dominions.

Mr. Allworthy had given the fellow strict orders, on pain of forfeiting his

place, never to trespass on any of his neighbors; no more on those who were less rigid in this matter than on the lord of the manor. With regard to others, indeed, these orders had not been always very scrupulously kept; but as the disposition of the gentleman with whom the partridges had taken sanctuary was well known, the gamekeeper had never yet attempted to invade his territories. Nor had he done it now, had not the younger sportsman, who was excessively eager to pursue the flying game, over-persuaded him; but Jones being very importunate, the other, who was himself keen enough after the sport, yielded to his persuasions, entered the manor, and shot one of the partridges.

The gentleman himself was at that time on horseback, at a little distance from them; and hearing the gun go off, he immediately made towards the place, and discovered poor Tom; for the gamekeeper had leapt into the thickest part of the furzebrake, where he had happily concealed himself.

The gentleman having searched the lad and found the partridge upon him, denounced great vengeance, swearing he would acquaint Mr. Allworthy. He was as good as his word, for he rode immediately to his house and complained of the trespass on his manor, in as high terms and as bitter language as if his house had been broken open and the most valuable furniture stolen out of it. He added that some other person was in his company, though he could not discover him; for that two guns had been discharged, almost in the same instant. And, says he, "We have found only this partridge, but the Lord knows what mischief they have done."

At his return home, Tom was presently convened before Mr. Allworthy. He owned the fact, and alleged no other excuse but what was really true; *viz.*, that the covey was originally sprung in Mr. Allworthy's own manor.

Tom was then interrogated who was with him, which Mr. Allworthy declared he was resolved to know, acquainting the culprit with the circumstance of the two guns, which had been deposed by the squire and both his servants; but Tom stoutly persisted in asserting that he was alone; yet, to say the truth, he hesitated a little at first, which would have confirmed Mr. Allworthy's belief, had what the squire and his servants said wanted any further confirmation.

The gamekeeper, being a suspected person, was now sent for and the question put to him; but he, relying on the promise which Tom had made him to take all upon himself, very resolutely denied being in company with the young gentleman, or indeed having seen him the whole afternoon.

Mr. Allworthy then turned towards Tom with more than usual anger in his countenance, and advised him to confess who was with him; repeating that he was resolved to know. The lad, however, still maintained his resolution, and was dismissed with much wrath by Mr. Allworthy, who told him he should have the next morning to consider of it, when he should be questioned by another person and in another manner.

Poor Jones spent a very melancholy night, and the more so as he was without his usual companion, for Master Blifil was gone abroad on a visit with his

mother. Fear of the punishment he was to suffer was on this occasion his least evil; his chief anxiety being lest his constancy should fail him and he should be brought to betray the gamekeeper, whose ruin he knew must now be the consequence.

Nor did the gamekeeper pass his time much better. He had the same apprehensions with the youth; for whose honor he had likewise a much tenderer regard than for his skin.

In the morning, when Tom attended the Reverend Mr. Thwackum, the person to whom Mr. Allworthy had committed the instruction of the two boys, he had the same questions put to him by that gentleman which he had been asked the evening before, to which he returned the same answers. The consequence of this was so severe a whipping, that it possibly fell little short of the torture with which confessions are in some countries extorted from criminals.

Tom bore this punishment with great resolution; and though his master asked him between every stroke whether he would not confess, he was contented to be flayed rather than betray his friend, or break the promise he had made.

The gamekeeper was now relieved from his anxiety, and Mr. Allworthy himself began to be concerned at Tom's sufferings: for besides that Mr. Thwackum, being highly enraged that he was not able to make the boy say what he himself pleased, had carried his severity much beyond the good man's intention, this latter began now to suspect that the squire had been mistaken, which his extreme eagerness and anger seemed to make probable; and as for what the servants had said in confirmation of their master's account, he laid no great stress upon that. Now, as cruelty and injustice were two ideas of which Mr. Allworthy could by no means support the consciousness a single moment, he sent for Tom, and after many kind and friendly exhortations, said, "I am convinced, my dear child, that my suspicions have wronged you; I am sorry that you have been so severely punished on this account"; and at last gave him a little horse to make him amends, again repeating his sorrow for what had passed.

Tom's guilt now flew in his face more than any severity could make it. He could more easily bear the lashes of Thwackum than the generosity of Allworthy. The tears burst from his eyes, and he fell upon his knees, crying, "Oh, sir, you are too good to me! Indeed you are! Indeed I don't deserve it!" And at that very instant, from the fullness of his heart, had almost betrayed the secret; but the good genius of the gamekeeper suggested to him what might be the consequence to the poor fellow, and this consideration sealed his lips.

Thwackum did all he could to dissuade Allworthy from showing any compassion or kindness to the boy, saying "he had persisted in untruth"; and gave some hints that a second whipping might probably bring the matter to light.

But Mr. Allworthy absolutely refused to consent to the experiment. He said the boy had suffered enough already for concealing the truth, even if he was

guilty, seeing that he could have no motive but a mistaken point of honor for so doing.

"Honor!" cried Thwackum with some warmth: "mere stubbornness and obstinacy! Can honor teach any one to tell a lie, or can any honor exist independent of religion?"

This discourse happened at table when dinner was just ended; and there were present Mr. Allworthy, Mr. Thwackum, and a third gentleman, who now entered into the debate, and whom, before we proceed any farther, we shall briefly introduce to our reader's acquaintance.

## THE CHARACTERS OF MR. SQUARE THE PHILOSOPHER AND OF MR. THWACKUM THE DIVINE

From 'Tom Jones'

THE name of this gentleman, who had then resided some time at Mr. Allworthy's house, was Mr. Square. His natural parts were not of the first rate, but he had greatly improved them by a learned education. He was deeply read in the ancients, and a professed master of all the works of Plato and Aristotle; upon which great models he had principally formed himself, sometimes according with the opinion of one, and sometimes with that of the other. In morals he was a professed Platonist, and in religion he inclined to be an Aristotelian.

But though he had, as we have said, formed his morals on the Platonic model, yet he perfectly agreed with the opinion of Aristotle, in considering that great man rather in the quality of a philosopher or a specialist than as a legislator. This sentiment he carried a great way; indeed, so far as to regard all virtue as matter of theory only. This, it is true, he never affirmed, as I have heard, to any one; and yet upon the least attention to his conduct, I cannot help thinking it was his real opinion, as it will perfectly reconcile some contradictions which might otherwise appear in his character.

This gentleman and Mr. Thwackum scarce ever met without a disputation; for their tenets were indeed diametrically opposite to each other. Square held human nature to be the perfection of all virtue, and that vice was a deviation from our nature in the same manner as deformity of body is. Thwackum, on the contrary, maintained that the human mind since the fall was nothing but a sink of iniquity, till purified and redeemed by grace. In one point only they agreed, which was, in all their discourses on morality never to mention the word "goodness." The favorite phrase of the former was the natural beauty of virtue; that of the latter was the Divine power of grace. The former measured all actions by the unalterable rule of right, and the eternal fitness of things;

the latter decided all matters by authority; but in doing this he always used the Scriptures and their commentators, as the lawyer doth his 'Coke upon Littleton,' where the comment is of equal authority with the text.

After this short introduction the reader will be pleased to remember that the parson had concluded his speech with a triumphant question, to which he had apprehended no answer; *viz.*, Can any honor exist independent of religion?

To this, Square answered that it was impossible to discourse philosophically concerning words till their meaning was first established; that there were scarce any two words of a more vague and uncertain signification than the two he had mentioned; for that there were almost as many different opinions concerning honor as concerning religion. "But," says he, "if by honor you mean the true natural beauty of virtue, I will maintain it may exist independent of any religion whatever. Nay," added he, "you yourself will allow it may exist independent of all but one; so will a Mahometan, a Jew, and all the maintainers of all the different sects in the world."

Thwackum replied this was arguing with the usual malice of all the enemies to the true Church. He said he doubted not but that all the infidels and heretics in the world would, if they could, confine honor to their own absurd errors and damnable deceptions. "But honor," says he, "is not therefore manifold because there are many absurd opinions about it; nor is religion manifold because there are various sects and heresies in the world. When I mention religion, I mean the Christian religion; and not only the Christian religion, but the Protestant religion; and not only the Protestant religion, but the Church of England. And when I mention honor, I mean that mode of Divine grace which is not only consistent with but dependent upon this religion; and is consistent with and dependent upon no other. Now, to say that the honor I here mean, and which was, I thought, all the honor I could be supposed to mean, will uphold, much less dictate, an untruth, is to assert an absurdity too shocking to be conceived."

"I purposely avoided," says Square, "drawing a conclusion which I thought evident from what I have said; but if you perceived it I am sure you have not attempted to answer it. However, to drop the article of religion, I think it is plain, from what you have said, that we have different ideas of honor; or why do we not agree in the same terms of its explanation? I have asserted that true honor and true virtue are almost synonymous terms, and they are both founded on the unalterable rule of right, and the eternal fitness of things; to which an untruth being absolutely repugnant and contrary, it is certain that true honor cannot support an untruth. In this, therefore, I think we are agreed; but that this honor can be said to be founded on religion, to which it is antecedent, if by religion be meant any positive law —"

"I agree," answered Thwackum, with great warmth, "with a man who asserts honor to be antecedent to religion? Mr. Allworthy, did I agree —"

He was proceeding, when Mr. Allworthy interposed, telling them very

coldly, they had both mistaken his meaning, for that he had said nothing of true honor. It is possible, however, he would not have easily quieted the disputants, who were growing equally warm, had not another matter now fallen out, which put a final end to the conversation.

## PARTRIDGE AT THE PLAYHOUSE

From 'Tom Jones'

**M**R. JONES having spent three hours in reading and kissing the aforesaid letter, and being at last in a state of good spirits from the last-mentioned considerations, he agreed to carry an appointment, which he had before made, into execution. This was to attend Mrs. Miller and her younger daughter into the gallery at the play-house, and to admit Mr. Partridge as one of the company. For as Jones had really that taste for humor which many affect, he expected to enjoy much entertainment in the criticisms of Partridge; from whom he expected the simple dictates of nature, unimproved indeed, but likewise unadulterated by art.

In the first row then, of the first gallery, did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said "it was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out." While the fellow was lighting the upper candles he cried out to Mrs. Miller, "Look, look, madam; the very picture of the man in the end of the Common Prayer Book, before the gunpowder-treason service!" Nor could he help observing with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, that "there were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth."

As soon as the play, which was 'Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,' began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the Ghost; upon which he asked Jones, "What man that was in the strange dress; something," said he, "like what I have seen in a picture. Sure, it is not armor, is it?"

Jones answered, "That is the Ghost."

To which Partridge replied with a smile: — "Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him, better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that, neither." In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighborhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue, until the scene between the Ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a

trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage? "Oh, la! sir," said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person."

"Why, who," cries Jones, "dost thou take to be such a coward here, besides thyself?"

"Nay, you may call me a coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ah, ah, go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness! Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. Follow you? — I'd follow the Devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the Devil, for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again. No farther! No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominion." Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, "Hush, hush, dear sir, don't you hear him!" And during the whole speech of the Ghost he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the Ghost and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said, "Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible."

"Nay, sir," answered Partridge, "if you are not afraid of the Devil, I can't help it; but to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them; not that it was the Ghost that surprised me neither, for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me."

"And dost thou imagine then, Partridge," cries Jones, "that he was really frightened?"

"Nay, sir," said Partridge, "did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found out it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been had it been my own case? But hush! oh, la! What noise is that? There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder where those men are." Then, turning his eyes again upon Hamlet, "Ay, you may draw your sword: what signifies a sword against the power of the Devil?"

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the King's countenance. "Well," said he, "how people may be deceived by faces. *Nulla fides fronti* [distrust appearances], is, I find, a true saying. Who would think,

by looking in the King's face, that he had ever committed a murder?" He then inquired after the Ghost; but Jones, who intended that he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire.

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now when the Ghost made his next appearance Partridge cried out: — "There, sir, now: what say you now? Is he frightened now, or no? As much frightened as you think me; and to be sure, nobody can help some fears. I would not be in so bad a condition as what's-his-name, Squire Hamlet, is there, for all the world. Bless me! What's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth."

"Indeed, you saw right," answered Jones.

"Well, well," cries Partridge, "I know it is only a play; and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so; for as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the Devil were here in person. There, there — ay, no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother I should serve her so. To be sure, all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Ay, go about your business; I hate the sight of you."

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the King. This he did not at first understand till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then, turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her if she did not imagine the King looked as if he was touched; "though he is," said he, "a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he ran away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again."

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered that "it was one of the most famous burial-places about town."

"No wonder, then," cries Partridge, "that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton, when I was clerk, that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe." Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, "Well, it is strange to see how fearless some men are; I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough, too, at the Ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*" [No one is always wise.]

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play, at the end of which Jones asked him which of the players he had liked best?

To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, "The King, without doubt."

"Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mrs. Miller, "you are not of the same opinion as the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who was ever on the stage."

"He the best player!" cried Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer; "why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you call it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me! any man — that is, any good man — that had had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the King for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor."

While Mrs. Miller was thus engaged in conversation with Partridge, a lady came up to Mr. Jones whom he immediately knew to be Mrs. Fitzpatrick. She said she had seen him from the other part of the gallery, and had taken that opportunity of speaking to him, as she had something to say which might be of great service to himself. She then acquainted him with her lodgings, and made him an appointment the next day in the morning, which upon recollection she presently changed to the afternoon; at which time Jones promised to attend her.

Thus ended the adventure at the play-house; where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs. Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said than to anything that passed on the stage.

He durst not go to bed all that night for fear of the Ghost; and for many nights after, sweat two or three hours before he went to sleep with the same apprehensions; and waked several times in great horrors, crying out, "Lord have mercy upon us! there it is."

## MINOR GEORGIAN POETS

### ISAAC WATTS

ISAAC WATTS was born in 1674, in Southampton, England, where his father, a Dissenter, kept a boarding-school. Both his parents were of a primitive and fervid piety. On account of his nonconformity he could not enter either of the universities; but in his sixteenth year he went to London to pursue his studies in an academy there kept by an Independent minister. In his twenty-fourth year he was chosen assistant to the pastor of an Independent church in Mark Lane, London, and two years later succeeded him. The last thirty or forty years of his life (he died in 1748) were devoted mainly to the writing of theological treatises and collections of hymns; the former have been forgotten; some of the hymns are still sung by Christian congregations wherever the English language is spoken.

### OUR GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

OUR God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home —

Under the shadow of thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

Time like an ever-rolling stream  
 Bears all its sons away;  
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
 Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
 And our eternal home.

### JESUS SHALL REIGN WHERE'ER THE SUN

**J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
 Does his successive journeys run;  
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For him shall endless prayer be made,  
 And princes throng to crown his head;  
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
 With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue  
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song  
 And infant voices shall proclaim  
 Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;  
 The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;  
 The weary find eternal rest,  
 And all the sons of want are blessed.

Let every creature rise and bring  
 Peculiar honors to our king;  
 Angels descend with songs again,  
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

## WELCOME, SWEET DAY OF REST

WELCOME, sweet day of rest  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes!

The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints today;  
Here may we sit and see him here,  
And love and praise and pray.

One day amidst this place  
Where my dear God hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.

My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

## COME, HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers:  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys;  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise:  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers:  
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

## THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT

**T**HERE is a land of pure delight  
 Where saints immortal reign;  
 Infinite day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never-withering flowers;  
 Death like a narrow sea divides  
 This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
 Stand dressed in living green;  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan rolled between.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink  
 To cross the narrow sea,  
 And linger shivering on the brink,  
 And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove —  
 These gloomy doubts that rise —  
 And see the Canaan that we love  
 With unbecclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er,  
 Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood  
 Could fight us from the shore.

## WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

**W**HEN I survey the wondrous Cross  
 On which the Prince of Glory died,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 Save in the death of Christ my God:  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small:  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

### LET DOGS DELIGHT TO BARK AND BITE

From 'Divine and Moral Songs for Children'

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For God hath made them so;  
Let bears and lions growl and fight,  
For 'tis their nature to;

But, children, you should never let  
Your angry passions rise:  
Your little hands were never made  
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,  
And all your words be mild;  
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son —  
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;  
And as his stature grew,  
He grew in favor both with man  
And God his Father, too.

Now, Lord of all, he reigns above:  
And from his heavenly throne,  
He sees what children dwell in love,  
And marks them for his own.

## HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE

From 'Divine and Moral Songs for Children'

HOW doth the little busy bee  
 Improve each shining hour,  
 And gather honey all the day  
 From every opening flower.

How skilfully she builds her cell;  
 How neat she spreads her wax,  
 And labors hard to store it well  
 With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,  
 I would be busy too;  
 For Satan finds some mischief still  
 For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,  
 Let my first years be passed;  
 That I may give for every day  
 Some good account at last.

EDWARD YOUNG

THE author of the 'Night Thoughts' had a vogue in his day that is not easy to understand for one who now reads his sententious verse. Young's quiet life had few salient features. He was born at Upham, Hampshire, England, in 1683; was educated at Winchester School and at Oxford, winning a fellowship in law at All Souls' College in that university. He took orders as a Church of England clergyman, was appointed a royal chaplain, and in 1730 became rector of Welwyn in Hertfordshire, where he stayed until his death in 1765. He wrote some formal and dreary tragedies, satires, and much minor poetry. The first 'Night Thought' appeared in 1742, the last in 1745. This series, upon which Young's fame rests, is didactic and solemn in tone, and may be characterized broadly as religious verse; the full title, 'Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality,' indicates the subject-matter.

## PROCRASTINATION

From 'Night Thoughts'

**B**Y nature's law, what may be, may be now:  
 There's no prerogative in human hours.  
 In human hearts what bolder thought can rise  
 Than man's presumption on tomorrow's dawn?  
 Where is tomorrow? In another world.  
 For numbers this is certain; the reverse  
 Is sure to none: and yet on this perhaps,  
 This peradventure, infamous for lies,  
 As on a rock of adamant we build  
 Our mountain hopes, spin out eternal schemes,  
 As we the fatal sisters could out-spin,  
 And big with life's futurities expire.  
 Not e'en Philander had bespoke his shroud,  
 Nor had he cause; a warning was denied:  
 How many fall as sudden, not as safe;  
 As sudden, though for years admonished home!  
 Of human ills the last extreme beware;  
 Beware, Lorenzo, a slow sudden death.  
 How dreadful that deliberate surprise!  
 Be wise today; 'tis madness to defer:  
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead;  
 Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.  
 Procrastination is the thief of time.

## ALLAN RAMSAY

**T**HE criticism which ranks Allan Ramsay with Theocritus, as a writer of pastoral poetry, is not altogether unjustifiable. The Edinburgh wig-maker resembled the singer of Greece in that his verse is redolent of the soil. Ramsay portrayed real shepherds in the actual country life of the Scotch peasantry, and made them speak their own tongue. His naturalness and his spontaneity in an artificial age constitute his right to be named as a worthy progenitor of Burns. The author of 'The Gentle Shepherd' was born in 1686, in Leadhills, Lanarkshire, Scotland, in the heart of the Lowther hills. He remained in this bleak region until his sixteenth year, aiding his stepfather, David Crichton, on his farm; he was then apprenticed to an Edin-

burgh wig-maker, whom he served until 1707, when having received back his indentures, he began business for himself. The Edinburgh of this period, deprived of its political prominence by the Act of Union, which united England and Scotland under the name of Great Britain, gave itself up to certain literary and social activities, which took concrete form in a variety of clubs. Of one of these, "The Easy Club," Ramsay was made a member; and it was through its encouragement and stimulus that his poetical talents bore fruit. He published occasional pieces — "elegies," as he called them — full of humor and insight into the life of which he had formed a part. In 1725 'The Gentle Shepherd' was published. The simple tale, told with such truthfulness of detail and sincerity of feeling, became at once popular with all classes. It found its way not only into the homes of the London and Edinburgh wits, but into the farmhouses of the country people, to whom it became a kind of Bible. Its maxims passed into proverbs; its many passages of beautiful verse found their true home in the hearts of those whose manner of life had been the author's inspiration.

### SONGS FROM 'THE GENTLE SHEPHERD'

*Tune — 'The Wauking of the Faulds'*

MY Peggy is a young thing,  
     Just entered in her teens,  
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,  
 Fair as the day, and always gay.  
 My Peggy is a young thing,  
     And I'm not very auld,  
 Yet well I like to meet her at  
     The wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
     Whene'er we meet alane,  
 I wish nae mair to lay my care —  
 I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.  
 My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
     To a' the lave I'm cauld;  
 But she gars a' my spirits glow,  
     At wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
     Whene'er I whisper love,  
 That I look down on a' the town —  
 That I look down upon a crown.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
 It makes me blyth and bauld:  
 And naething gi'es me sic delight  
 As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
 When on my pipe I play,  
 By a' the rest it is confest —  
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.  
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
 And in her sangs are tauld,  
 With innocence, the wale o' sense,  
 At wauking of the fauld.

*Tune* — 'Fye, gar rub her o'er wi' strae'

**D**EAR Roger, if your Jenny geck,  
 And answer kindness with a slight,  
 Seem unconcerned at her neglect;  
 For women in a man delight,  
 But them despise who're soon defeat,  
 And with a simple face give way  
 To a repulse: then be not blate —  
 Push bauldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,  
 Say often what they never mean,  
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,  
 But tent the language of their een:  
 If these agree, and she persist  
 To answer all your love with hate,  
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,  
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

#### BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY

**O**H, Bessy Bell and Mary Gray!  
 They are twa bonny lasses;  
 They bigged a bower on yon burn-brae,  
 And thecked it o'er with rashes:

Fair Bessy Bell I looded yestreen,  
 And thought I ne'er could alter,  
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een  
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint tap,  
 She smiles like a May morning,  
 When Phœbus starts frae Thetis's lap,  
 The hills with rays adorning;  
 White is her neck, saft is her hand,  
 Her waist and feet's fou genty,  
 With ilka grace she can command;  
 Her lips, oh, wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like the crow,  
 Her eyes like diamonds' glances;  
 She's ay sae clean red up and braw,  
 She kills whene'er she dances;  
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,  
 She blooming, tight, and tall is;  
 And guides her airs sae graceful still,  
 O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,  
 Ye unco sair oppress us;  
 Our fancies jee between you twae,  
 Ye are sic bonny lasses:  
 Wae's me! for baith I canna get —  
 To ane by law we're stinted;  
 Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,  
 And be with ane contented.

### LOCHABER NO MORE

**F**AREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,  
 Where heartsome with thee I've mony day been;  
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,  
 We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.  
 These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,  
 And no for the dangers attending on wear,  
 Though bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,  
 Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,  
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;  
 Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,  
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.  
 To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained;  
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained;  
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,  
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse!  
 Since honor commands me, how can I refuse?  
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,  
 And without thy favor I'd better not be.  
 I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame,  
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,  
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

#### AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING

**A**N thou were my ain thing,  
     I would love thee, I would love thee;  
 An thou were my ain thing,  
     How dearly would I love thee.

Like bees that suck the morning dew  
 Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hue,  
 Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,  
     And gar the gods envy me.  
     An thou were, etc.

Sae lang's I had the use of light,  
 I'd on thy beauties feast my sight;  
 Syne in saft whispers through the night  
     I'd tell how much I looed thee.  
     An thou were, etc.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean!  
 She moves a goddess o'er the green:  
 Were I a king, thou should be queen,  
     Nane but myself aboon thee.  
     An thou were, etc.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,  
 Whilst thou like ivy, or the vine,  
 Around my stronger limbs should twine.  
     Formed hardy to defend thee.  
     An thou were, etc.

Time's on the wing and will not stay;  
 In shining youth let's make our hay,  
 Since love admits of no delay;  
     Oh, let na scorn undo thee.  
     An thou were, etc.

While love does at his altar stand,  
 Hae, there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,  
 And with ilk smile thou shalt command  
     The will of him wha loves thee.  
     An thou were, etc.

## A SANG

*Tune* — 'Busk ye, my bonny bride.'

**B**USK ye, busk ye, my bonny bride;  
     Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny marrow;  
     Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,  
     Busk, and go to the braes of Yarrow:  
 There will we sport and gather dew,  
     Dancing while lavrocks sing the morning;  
 There learn frae turtles to prove true:  
     O Bell! ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes Flora yields;  
     And when the beams are kindly warming,  
 Blythness appears o'er all the fields,  
     And nature looks mair fresh and charming:  
 Learn frae the burns that trace the mead —  
     Though on their banks the roses blossom,  
 Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,  
     And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,  
     Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee;  
 With free consent my fears repel,  
     I'll with my love and care reward thee. —

Thus sang I saftly to my fair,  
 Wha raised my hopes with kind relenting:  
 O queen of smiles! I ask nae mair,  
 Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.

## THE HIGHLAND LASSIE

**T**HE Lawland maids gang trig and fine,  
 But aft they're sour and unco saucy;  
 Sae proud they never can be kind  
 Like my good-humored Highland lassie.

## CHORUS

O my bonny, bonny Highland lassie,  
 My hearty, smiling Highland lassie,  
 May never care make thee less fair,  
 But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

Than ony lass in borrows-town,  
 Wha makes their cheeks with patches motie,  
 I'd take my Katie but a gown,  
 Barefooted, in her little coatie.

*Chorus*

Beneath the brier or breken bush,  
 Whene'er I kiss and court my dautie,  
 Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,  
 My flighteren heart gangs pittie-pattie.

*Chorus*

O'er highest heathery hills I'll sten,  
 With cockit gun and ratches tenty,  
 To drive the deer out of their den,  
 To feast my lass on dishes dainty.

*Chorus*

There's noane shall dare, by deed or word,  
 'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,  
 While I can wield my trusty sword,  
 Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.

*Chorus*

The mountains clad with purple bloom,  
 And berries ripe, invite my treasure  
 To range with me; let great fowk gloom,  
 While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.

*Chorus*

## SAMUEL RICHARDSON

SAMUEL RICHARDSON, when he wrote 'Pamela,' gave a new impulse and direction to modern fiction, yet it is a remarkable fact that the father of the modern analytic novel of society wrote his first and most famous book with a utilitarian object in view, with no thought of making a novel — and moreover, was over fifty years of age when he did so.

Samuel Richardson was born in a Derbyshire village in 1689, and got his only education at the local school. His father was a joiner. When seventeen he was apprenticed to a London printer, serving his seven years faithfully. This employment was followed by six years more of hard work as journeyman. In 1719 he set up a Fleet Street printing-office of his own, and wrote prefaces and dedications to the works of others. It was in this way that 'Pamela' had its origin; for Richardson in 1739 composed a series of 'Familiar Letters,' to help those too illiterate to write for themselves — a sort of *Servant-Girl's Guide* — and the novel was a result.

Richardson was always a diligent worker, a man of thrift and character, whose rise in his profession was well earned. He widened the circle of his friends, and married the daughter of his former employer. He extended his business connections by printing the *Daily Journal*, the *Daily Gazetteer*, and the *Briton*. His friendship with the Duke of Wharton was influential in his advancement. In 1754 he was appointed to the important post of Master of the Stationers' Company. During his last years he was an invalid, and passed much of his time at his country-seat, reading from his own work to a circle of female admirers. Few men have received more adulation of this sort than Richardson; and while he had his share of amiable vanity, it is to his credit that he remained in character unsophisticated, kind, and generous. He died in his home July 4, 1761.

As a boy at school Richardson amused his schoolmates by making up extemporaneous romances; and when but thirteen years old, such was his talent as a letter-writer that the village girls employed him to write their love epistles. This is described amusingly in his autobiography.

"As a bashful and not forward boy, I was an early favorite with all the young women of taste and reading in the neighborhood. Half a dozen of them, when met to work with their needles, used when they got a book they liked, and thought I should, to borrow me to read to them; their mothers sometimes with them: and both mothers and daughters used to be pleased with the observations they put me upon making. I was not more than thirteen when three of these young women, having a high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me

their love secrets, in order to induce me to give them copies to write after or correct, for answers to their lovers' letters; nor did any of them ever know that I was the secretary of the others. I have been directed to chide, and even repulse, when an offense was either taken or given, at the very time that the heart of the chider or repulser was open before me, overflowing with esteem and affection, and the fair repulser, dreading to be taken at her word, directing *this* word or *that* expression to be softened or changed. One, highly gratified with her lover's fervor and vows of everlasting love, has said when I have asked her direction: 'I cannot tell you what to write, but' — her heart on her lips — 'you cannot write too kindly.' All her fear was only lest she should incur slight for her kindness."

Excellent training this, for the future novelist and portrayer of the soul feminine. 'Pamela,' which appeared in 1740 and 1741, can be recognized as the child of this youthful employ, and similar experiences in maturity. It narrates the trials of a serving-maid of that name, whose virtue is assailed by the son of the lady who employs her. Through a long series of temptations and efforts, including an abduction, she refuses to yield; until finally, finding he can get her in no other way, the quasi-hero condescends to marry her, and is naïvely lauded by Richardson for the act. The novel's subtitle, 'Virtue Rewarded,' expresses the author's feeling. Pamela's hard-headed, practical valuation of her chastity as a purchasable commodity, as well as the elegant rascality of the lover, give the present-day reader a keen sense of the comparatively low state of social morals in eighteenth-century England. But the story is full of human interest; and one follows the long-suffering, and be it confessed, long-winded Pamela, with genuine sympathy.

Having depicted the servant-girl type in his first story, Richardson essayed in his second — 'Clarissa, or the History of a Young Lady,' which appeared half a dozen years later, in 1747 and 1748 — to draw with equal accuracy the young woman of gentility, also in sore straits through the love-passion. Clarissa is seduced and ruined by Lovelace — who has given his name to the genus fine-gentleman profligate. Here again, with certain allowances for the change in times and customs, Richardson has succeeded in making a powerful tale, though a very slow-moving one to the modern taste. The lachrymose dénouement is an eighteenth-century prototype of a whole train of latter-day fiction after it became fashionable to end a novel ill. In his final story, 'The History of Sir Charles Grandison' (1753 and 1754), he turns from painting heroines in order to limn a hero, with whom he most egregiously fails. Sir Charles is an impossible prig and pattern-plate; the reader cannot accept him as true, nor stomach him as in any wise admirable. Surrounded by an adoring bevy of women, he struts about like a turkey-cock, and is twice as ridiculous. Of these three main works, then, two are masterpieces when viewed in relation to their time and the prior poor estate of English fiction. The third is a comparative failure. All of them, it should be understood, are cast in the epistolary form.

Although this device is now pretty well outworn, at that time it had the charm of novelty, and lent itself well to Richardson's leisurely, at times tedious, gait.

Richardson's popularity with all classes of the fair sex was immense after the appearance of his novels. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu testifies that the chambermaids of all nations wept over Pamela; while ladies of quality knelt sobbing at Richardson's feet, begging him to spare Clarissa. The situation is not without humor for us today; and indeed the modern reader can afford to smile at the mawkish sentimentality and utilitarian morals of a book like 'Pamela.' But the story is epoch-making in English fiction. It does a new thing. A girl of the lower class is painted at full length, as if she were worth attention — painted sympathetically; and in this and the subsequent stories the interest is made to depend upon the development of character, rather than upon objective incident as in the case of Defoe's 'Robinson Crusoe,' which came some twenty years earlier. In this Richardson struck the modern note, and started the analytic tendency, which has unceasingly dominated the modern novel since his day. Hence Richardson's important place in the evolution of our fiction.

Again, it was in parody of Richardson that Fielding, his greater fellow-novelist, began his career by writing 'Joseph Andrews'; so that Richardson, in a sense, may be regarded as inspiring the author of 'Tom Jones.' Richardson's influence was felt largely in foreign fiction, particularly in that of Germany and France.

## PAMELA IMMURED BY HER LOVER

From 'Pamela'

THURSDAY

**T**HIS completes a terrible week since my setting out, as I hoped to see you, my dear father and mother.

My impatience was great to walk in the garden, to see if anything had offered answerable to my hopes; but this wicked Mrs. Jewkes would not let me go without her, and said she was not at leisure. We had a great many words about it: I told her it was very hard I could not be trusted to walk by myself in the garden for a little air, but must be dogged and watched worse than a thief.

"I remember," said she, "your asking Mr. Williams [the local clergyman] if there were any gentry in the neighborhood. This make me suspect you want to go away to them, to tell your dismal story, as you call it."

"Why," said I, "are you afraid I should confederate with them to commit a robbery upon my master?"

"Maybe I am," said she; "for to rob him of yourself would be the worst that could happen to him, in his opinion."

"And pray," said I, walking on, "how came I to be his property? what right has he to me, but such as a thief may plead to stolen goods?"

"Why, was ever the like heard!" says she. "This is downright rebellion, I protest! Well, well lambkin" (which the foolish woman often calls me), "if I was in his place, he should not have his property in you so long questionable."

"Why, what would you do," said I, "if you were he?"

"Not stand shill-I shall-I, as he does, but put you and himself both out of pain."

"Why, Jezebel," said I (I could not help it), "would you ruin me by force?"

Upon this she gave me a deadly slap upon the shoulder. "Take that," said she: "whom do you call Jezebel?"

I was so surprised (for you never beat me, my dear father and mother, in your lives), that I was like one thunder-struck, and looked round as if I wanted somebody to help me; but alas, I had nobody! and said, rubbing my shoulder, "Is this also in your instructions? Alas for me! am I to be beaten too?" And so I fell a-crying, and threw myself upon the grass-walk we were upon.

Said she in a great pet, "I won't be called such names, I'll assure you. Marry come up! I see you have a spirit: you must and shall be kept under. I'll manage such little provoking things as you, I warrant ye! Come, come: we'll go indoors, and I'll lock you up; you shall have no shoes, nor anything else, if this be the case."

I did not know what to do. This was a cruel thing to me: I blamed myself for my free speech; for now I had given her some pretense for severity, and had by my pertness ruined the only project I had left.

The gardener saw the scene: but she called to him, "Well, Jacob, what do you stare at? Pray mind what you are upon." And away he walked to another quarter, out of sight.

"Well," thought I, "I must put on the dissembler a little, I see."

She took my hand roughly. "Come, get up," said she, "and come in a' doors. I'll Jezebel you, I will!"

"Why, dear Mrs. Jewkes —" said I.

"None of your dears and your coaxing," said she: "why not Jezebel again?"

She was in a passion, I saw; and I was out of my wits. I have often heard women blamed for their tongues. I wished mine had been shorter.

"But I can't go in," said I; "indeed I can't."

"Why," said she, "can't you? I'll warrant I can take such a thin body as you under my arm, and carry you in, if you won't walk. You don't know my strength."

"Yes, but I do," said I, "too well; and will you not use me worse when I come in?" So I arose; and she muttered to herself all the way — she to be a Jezebel with me, that had used me so well, and such like.

When I came near the house, I said, sitting down upon a bench, "Well, I will not go in until you say you forgive me, Mrs. Jewkes. If you will forgive me calling you that name, I will forgive your beating me."

She sat down by me, and seemed in a great pucker, and said, "Well, come, I will forgive you this time"; and so kissed me as a mark of reconciliation.

"But pray," said I, "tell me where I am to walk or go, and give me what liberty you can; and when I know the most you can favor me with, you shall see I will be as content as I can, and not ask you for more."

"Ay," said she, "this is something like: I wish I could give you all the liberty you desire; for you must think it no pleasure to me to tie you to my petticoat, as it were, and not let you stir without me. But people that will do their duties must have some trouble; and what I do is to serve as good a master as lives."

"Yes," said I, "to every one but me."

"He loves you too well, to be sure," said she; "that's the reason! so you ought to bear it. Come," said she, "don't let the servant see you have been crying, nor tell her any tales; for you won't tell them fairly, I'm sure. I'll send her to you, and you shall take another walk in the garden, if you will; maybe it will get you a stomach for your dinner; for you don't eat enough to keep life and soul together. You are a beauty to the bone, or you could not look so well as you do, with so little stomach, so little rest, and so much pining and whining for nothing at all."

"Well," thought I, "say what thou wilt, so I can be rid of thy bad tongue and company; and I hope to find some opportunity now to come at my sunflower." But I walked the other way to take that in my return, to avoid suspicion.

I forced my discourse to the maid, but it was all upon general things; for I found she is asked after everything I say or do.

When I came near the place, as I had been devising, I said, "Pray step to the gardener, and ask him to gather a salad for me to dinner."

She called out, "Jacob!"

Said I, "He can't hear you so far off: and pray tell him I should like a cucumber too, if he has one."

When she had stepped about a bowshot from me, I popt down, and whipt my fingers under the upper tile; and pulled out a letter without direction, and thrust it into my bosom, trembling for joy. She was with me before I could secure it; and I was in such a taking that I feared I should discover myself.

"You seem frightened, madam," said she.

"Why," said I, with a lucky thought, (alas! your poor daughter will make an intriguer by and by; but I hope an innocent one!) "I stooped to smell at the sunflower, and a great nasty worm ran into the ground, that startled me; for I can't abide worms."

Said she, "Sunflowers don't smell."

"So I find," I replied. And then we walked in.

Mrs. Jewkes said, "Well, you have made haste now. You shall go another time."

I went to my closet, locked myself in, and opening my letter, found in it these words: —

"I am infinitely concerned in your distress. I most heartily wish it may be in my power to serve and save so much innocence, beauty, and merit. My whole dependence is upon Mr. B., and I have a near view of being provided for by his favor to me. But yet I would sooner forfeit all my hopes in him (trusting to God for the rest) than not assist you, if possible. I never looked upon Mr. B. in the light he now appears in. I am entirely of opinion you should, if possible, get out of his hands, and especially as you are in very bad ones in Mrs. Jewkes's.

"We have here the widow Lady Jones; mistress of a good fortune, and a woman of virtue, I believe. We have also Sir Simon Darnford, and his lady, who is a good woman; and they have two daughters, virtuous young ladies. All the rest are but middling people, and traders, at best. I will try, if you please, either Lady Jones or Lady Darnford, if they'll permit you to take refuge with them. I see no probability of keeping myself concealed in this matter, but will, as I said, risk all things to serve you; for never saw I sweetness and innocence like yours: your hard case has attached me entirely to you; for I well know, as you so happily express, if I can serve you in this case, I shall thereby perform all the acts of religion in one.

"As to Lady Davers, I will convey a letter, if you please; but it must not be from our post-house, I give you caution: for the man owes all his bread to Mr. B., and his place too; and I believe, from something that dropped from him over a can of ale, has his instructions. You don't know how you are surrounded: all which confirms me in your opinion that no honor is meant you, let what will be professed; and I am glad you want no caution on that head.

"Give me leave to say, that I had heard much in your praise, but I think greatly short of what you deserve, both as to person and mind: my eyes convince me of the one, your letter of the other. For fear of losing the present lucky opportunity, I am longer than otherwise I should be. But I will not enlarge any further than to assure you that I am, to the best of my power, your faithful friend and servant,

ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

"I will come once every morning, and once every evening, after school-time, to look for your letters. I'll come in, and return without going into the house if I see the coast clear; otherwise, to avoid suspicion, I'll come in."

I instantly, in answer to this pleasing letter, wrote as follows: —

*Reverend Sir:*

"Oh, how suited to your function and character is your kind letter! God bless you for it! I now think I am beginning to be happy. I should be very sorry to have you suffer on my account; but I hope it will be made up to you a hundredfold by that God whom you so faithfully serve.

"Any way you think best I shall be pleased with; for I know not the persons, nor in what manner to apply to them.

"I should think, sir, if either of these ladies would give me leave, I might get out by favor of your key. As it is impossible, watched as I am, to know when it can be, suppose, sir, you could get one made by it, and put it the next opportunity under the sunflower. If, sir, I had this key, I could, if these ladies would not shelter me, run away anywhere: and if I was once out of the house, they could have no pretense to force me in again; for I have done no harm, and hope to make my story good to any impassionate body: by this way you need not be known. Torture should not wring it from me, I assure you.

"I inclose you a letter of a deceitful wretch (for I can intrust you with anything), poor John Arnold. Perhaps by his means something may be discovered; for he seems willing to atone for his treachery to me by the intimation of future services. I leave the hint to you to improve upon. I am, Reverend Sir, your forever obliged and faithful servant.

"I hope, sir, by your favor, I could send a little packet now and then to my poor father and mother. I have about five or six guineas: shall I put half in your hands, to defray the charge of a man and horse, or any other incidents?"

I am just come off from a walk in the garden, and have deposited my letter: we took a turn in the garden to angle, as Mrs. Jewkes had promised me. She baited the hook, I held it, and soon hooked a lovely carp.

"I'll try my fortune," said she, and took the rod.

"Do," answered I; "and I will plant life, if I can, while you are destroying it. I have some horse-beans, and will go and stick them in one of the borders, to see how long they will be coming up; and I will call them my garden."

So you see, dear father and mother, that this furnishes me with a good excuse to look after my garden another time; and if the mold should look a little fresh, it won't be so much suspected: she mistrusted nothing of this; and I went and stuck in here and there my beans, for about the length of six yards, on each side of the sunflower, and easily deposited my letter. And not a little proud am I of this. Sure something will do at last.

FRIDAY, SATURDAY.

I have just now told of a trick of mine; now I'll tell you a trick of this wicked woman's.

She came up to me and said, "I have a bill I cannot change till tomorrow, and a tradesman wants his money sadly; I don't love to turn poor tradesmen away without their money: have you any about you?"

"I have a little," replied I: "how much will do?"

"Oh," said she, "I want eight pounds."

"Alack!" said I, "I have only between five and six."

"Lend me that," said she, "till tomorrow."

I did so, and she went down-stairs; and when she came up, she laughed and said, "Well, I have paid the tradesman."

"I hope," said I, "you'll give it me tomorrow."

At this she laughing said, "To tell the truth, lambkin, I didn't want it. I only feared your making bad use of it: and now I can trust Nan with you a little oftener, especially as I have got the key of your portmanteau; so that you can neither corrupt her with money nor fine things."

And now I have not five shillings left to support me, if I can get away. The more I think of this, the more I regret it, and blame myself.

This night the postman brought a letter for Mrs. Jewkes, in which one was inclosed for me; she brought it up to me, and said, "Well, my good master don't forget us: he has sent you a letter; and see what he writes to me."

So she read that he hoped her fair charge was well, happy, and contented. "Ay, to be sure," said I, "I can't but choose!" That he did not doubt her care and kindness to me; that I was dear to him, and she could not use me too well; and the like. "There's a master," said she: "sure you will love and pray for him!"

I desired her to read the rest. "No," said she, "but I won't." "Then," said I, "are there any orders for taking my shoes away, and for beating me?" "No," said she, "nor about Jezebel neither." "Well," returned I, "I cry truce; for I have no mind to be beat again." "I thought," said she, "we had forgiven one another."

My letter is as follows: —

"*My dear Pamela:*

I begin to repent already that I have bound myself, by promise, not to see you till you give me leave; for I think the time very tedious. Can you place so much confidence in me as to invite me down? Assure yourself that your generosity shall not be thrown away upon me. I would press this, as I am uneasy for your uneasiness; for Mrs. Jewkes acquaints me that you take your restraint very heavily, and neither eat, drink, nor rest well. I have too great an interest in your health, not to wish to shorten the time of this trial; which will be the consequence of my coming down to you. John too has intimated to me your concern, with a grief that hardly gave him leave for utterance — a grief that a little alarmed my tenderness for you. I will only say one thing: that if you will give me leave to attend you at the hall (consider

who it is that requests this from you as a favor), I solemnly declare that you shall have cause to be pleased with this obliging mark of your confidence and consideration for me. If I find Mrs. Jewkes has not behaved to you with the respect due to one I so tenderly love, I will put it entirely in your power to discharge her the house, if you think proper; and Mrs. Jervis, or who else you please, shall attend you in her place. This I say on a hint John gave me, as if you resented something from that quarter. Dearest Pamela, answer favorably this earnest request of one that cannot live without you, and on whose honor to you, you may absolutely depend; and so much the more, as you place a confidence in it. I am, and assuredly ever will be, your faithful and affectionate, etc.

"You will be glad, I know, to hear that your father and mother are well, and easy upon your last letter. That gave me a pleasure I am resolved you shall not repent. Mrs. Jewkes will convey to me your answer."

I but slightly read this letter for the present, to give way to one I had hopes of finding by this time from Mr. Williams. I took an evening turn, as I called it, in Mrs. Jewkes's company; and walking by the place, I said, "Do you think, Mrs. Jewkes, any of my beans can have struck since yesterday?"

She laughed and said, "You are a poor gardener, but I love to see you divert yourself." She passing on, I found my good friend had provided for me; and slipping it in my bosom (for her back was towards me) — "Here," said I (having a bean in my hand), "is one of them; but it has not stirred." "No, to be sure," said she; and then turned upon me a most wicked jest, unbecoming the mouth of a woman, about planting, etc. When I came in I went to my closet, and read as follows: —

"I am sorry to inform you that I have had a repulse from Lady Jones. She is concerned at your case, she says, but don't like to make herself enemies.

"I applied to Lady Darnford, and told, in the most pathetic manner, your sad story, and showed her your more pathetic letter. I found her well disposed: but she would advise with Sir Simon, who is not a man of an extraordinary character for virtue; for he said to his lady in my presence, 'Why, what is all this, my dear, but that our neighbor has a mind to his mother's waiting-maid! And if he takes care she wants for nothing, I don't see any great injury will be done to her. He hurts no family by this.' (So, my dear father and mother, it seems poor people's honesty is to go for nothing.) 'And I think, Mr. Williams, you of all men should not engage in this affair, against your friend and patron.'

"I have hinted your case to Mr. Peters, the minister of this parish; but I am concerned to say that he imputed selfish views to me, as if I would make an interest in your affections by my zeal.

"I represented the different circumstances of your affair: that other women

lived evilly by their own consent; but to serve you was to save an innocence that had but few examples. I then showed him your letter.

"He said it was prettily written; he was sorry for you; and that your good intentions ought to be encouraged. 'But what,' said he, 'would you have me do, Mr. Williams?'

"'Why, suppose, sir,' said I, 'you give her shelter in your house with your spouse and niece, till she can get to her friends?'

"'What, and embroil myself with a man of Mr. B.'s power and fortune? No! not I, I assure you.'

"I am greatly concerned for you, I assure you; but am not discouraged by this ill success, let what will come of it, if I can serve you.

"I don't hear as yet that Mr. B. is coming. I am glad of your hint as to that unhappy fellow John Arnold. Something perhaps will strike out from that, which may be useful. As to your packets, if you seal them up and lay them in the usual place, if you find it not suspected, I will watch an opportunity to convey them; but if they are large, you had best be very cautious. This evil woman, I find, mistrusts me.

"I have just heard that the gentleman is dying, whose living Mr. B. has promised me. I have almost a scruple to take it, as I am acting so contrary to his desire; but I hope he'll one day thank me for it.

"I believe when we hear he is coming, it will be best to make use of the key, which I shall soon procure you: I can borrow a horse for you, to wait within half a mile of the back door, over the pasture, and will contrive by myself, or somebody, to have you conducted some miles distant, to one of the villages thereabouts; so don't be discomfited, I beseech you.

"I am, Mrs. Pamela, your faithful friend, etc."

I made a thousand sad reflections upon the former part of this honest gentleman's kind letter; and but for the hopes he gave me at last, should have given up my case as quite desperate. I then wrote to thank him most gratefully for his kind endeavors; and that I would wait the happy event I might hope for from his kind assistance in the key and the horse.

I had no time to take a copy of this letter, I was so watched. But when I had it in my bosom I was easy. And so I went to seek out Mrs. Jewkes, and told her I would hear her advice upon the letter I had received from my master; which point of confidence in her pleased her not a little.

"Ay," said she, "now this is something like; and we'll take a turn in the garden, or where you please." I pretended it was indifferent to me; and so we walked into the garden.

I began to talk to her of the letter, but was far from acquainting her with all the contents; only that he wanted my consent to come down, and hoped that she used me kindly, and the like. And I said, "Now, Mrs. Jewkes, let me have your advice as to this."

"Why then," said she, "I will give it you freely: e'en send for him to come down. It will highly oblige him, and I dare say you will fare the better for it."

"Well," said I, "I will write him a letter, because he expects an answer, or maybe he will make a pretense to come down. How can it go?" "I'll take care of that," said she "it is in my instructions." "Ay," thought I, "so I doubt, by the hint Mr. Williams gave me about the post-house."

I wrote to my master as follows: —

*"Honored Sir:*

When I consider how easily you might have made me happy, since all I desire is to be permitted to go to my poor father and mother; when I reflect upon your former proposal to me in relation to a certain person, not one word of which is now mentioned; and upon my being in that strange manner run away with, and still kept here a miserable prisoner, do you think, sir (pardon your poor servant's freedom: my fears make me bold) — do you think, I say, that your general assurances of honor to me can have the effect they ought to have? O good sir! I too much apprehend that your notions of honor and mine are very different from one another; I have no other hope but in your continual absence. If you have any proposals to make me that are consistent with your honorable professions, in my humble sense of the word, a few lines will communicate them to me, and I will return such an answer as befits me.

"Whatever rashness you may impute to me, I cannot help it; but I wish I may not be forced upon any that otherwise would not enter my thoughts. Forgive, sir, my plainness; I should be loth to behave to my master unbecomingly: but I must say, sir, my innocence is so dear to me that all other considerations must be dispensed with. If you mean honorably, why should you not let me know it plainly? Why, sir, I humbly ask, why all this if you mean honorably? It is not for me to expostulate too freely with you, sir, so greatly my superior. Pardon me, I hope you will; but as to seeing you, I cannot bear the dreadful apprehension. Whatever you have to propose to me, whatever you intend, let my assent be that of a free person, and not of a sordid slave, who is to be threatened and frightened into compliance with measures which your conduct seems to imply. My restraint is hard upon me; I am very uneasy under it. Shorten it, I beseech you, or — But I will dare to say no more than that I am your greatly oppressed, unhappy servant."

After I had taken a copy of this, I folded it up: and Mrs. Jewkes coming just as I had done, sat down by me; and said, when she saw me directing it, "I wish you would tell me if you have taken my advice, and consented to my master's coming down."

"If it will oblige you," said I, "I will read it to you."

"That's good," said she; "then I'll love you dearly."

Said I, "Then you must not offer to alter one word."

"I won't," replied she.

So I read it to her. She praised me much for my wording of it; but said she thought I pushed the matter very close, and it would better bear talking than writing about. She wanted an explanation or two about a certain person; but I said she must take it as she heard it.

"Well, well," said she, "I make no doubt you understand one another, and will do so more and more."

I sealed up the letter, and she undertook to convey it.

### MISS BYRON'S RESCUE BY SIR CHARLES GRANDISON

RELATED IN A LETTER FROM MISS BYRON TO HER FRIEND MISS SELBY

From 'Sir Charles Grandison'

**A**S the chariot drove by houses, I cried out for help. But under pretense of preventing my taking cold, Sir Hargrave tied a handkerchief over my face, head, and mouth, having first muffled me up in the cloak; and with his right arm thrown round me, kept me fast on the seat: and except that now and then my struggling head gave me a little opening, I was blinded.

On the road, just after I had screamed, and made another effort to get my hands free, I heard voices; and immediately the chariot stopped. Then how my heart was filled with hope! But alas! it was momentary. I heard one of his men say, "The best of husbands, I assure you, sir; and she is the worst of wives." I screamed again. "Ay, scream and be d—d! Poor gentleman, I pity him with all my heart." And immediately the coachman drove on again. The vile wretch laughed.

I was ready to faint several times. I begged for air; and when we were in an open road, and I suppose there was nobody in sight he vouchsafed to pull down the blinding handkerchief, but kept it over my mouth; so that, except now and then that I struggled it aside with my head (and my neck is very stiff with my efforts to free my face), I could only make a murmuring kind of noise. The curtain of the fore-glass was pulled down, and generally the canvas on both sides drawn up. But I was sure to be made acquainted when we came near houses, by his care again to blind and stifle me up. A little before we were met by my deliverer, I had, by getting one hand free, unmuffled myself so far as to see (as I had guessed once or twice before by the stone pavements) that we were going through a town: and then I again vehemently screamed; but he had the cruelty to thrust a handkerchief into my mouth, so that I was almost strangled, and my mouth was hurt, and is still sore.

At one place the chariot drove out of the road, over rough ways and little hillocks, as I thought, by its rocking; and then, it stopping, he let go my hands and endeavored to soothe me. He begged I would be pacified; and offered, if I would forbear crying out for help, to leave my eyes unmuffled all the rest of the way. But I would not, I told him, give such a sanction to his barbarous violence. On the chariot's stopping, one of his men came up, and put a handkerchief into his master's hands, in which were some cakes and sweetmeats, and gave him also a bottle of sack, with a glass. Sir Hargrave was very urgent with me to take some of the sweetmeats and to drink a glass of the wine; but I had neither stomach nor will to touch either. He eat himself very cordially. God forgive me! I wished in my heart there were pins and needles in every bit he put into his mouth. He drank two glasses of the wine. Again he urged me. I said I hoped I had eat and drank my last.

I saw that I was upon a large, wild, heath-like place, between two roads, as it seemed. I asked nothing about my journey's end. All I had to hope for as to an escape (though then I began to despair of it) was upon the road, or in some town. My journey's end, I knew, must be the beginning of new trials; for I was resolved to suffer death rather than to marry him.

The chariot had not many minutes got into the great road again, over the like rough and sometimes splashy ground, when it stopped on a dispute between the coachman and the coachman of another chariot-and-six, as it proved. Sir Hargrave looked out of his chariot to see the occasion of this stop; and then I found means to disengage one hand. I heard a gentleman's voice directing his own coachman to give way. I then pushed up the handkerchief with my disengaged hand from my mouth, and pulled it down from over my eyes, and cried out for help — "Help, for God's sake!"

A man's voice (it was my deliverer's, as it happily proved) bid Sir Hargrave's coachman proceed at his peril. Sir Hargrave, with terrible oaths and curses, ordered him to proceed, and to drive through all opposition.

The gentleman called Sir Hargrave by his name, and charged him with being upon a bad design. The vile wretch said he had only secured a runaway wife, eloped to, and intending to elope from, a masquerade, to her adulterer: (horrid!) he put aside the cloak, and appealed to my dress. The gentleman would not be satisfied with Sir Hargrave's story. He would speak to *me*, and asked me, with an air that promised deliverance, if I were Sir Hargrave's wife?

"No, no, no, no!" I could only say.

For my own part, I could have no scruple, distressed as I was, and made desperate, to throw myself into the protection, and even into the arms, of my deliverer, though a very fine young gentleman. But you may better conceive than I can express the terror I was in when Sir Hargrave drew his sword and pushed at the gentleman, with such words as denoted (for I could not look that way) he had done him mischief. But when I found my oppressor pulled out of the chariot by the brave, the gallant man (which was done with such force as made the chariot rock), and my protector safe, I was as near fainting

with joy as before I had been with terror. I had shaken off the cloak, and untied the handkerchief. He carried me in his arms (I could not walk) to his own chariot. I heard Sir Hargrave curse, swear, and threaten. I was glad, however, he was not dead.

"Mind him not, madam — fear him not!" said Sir Charles Grandison. (You know his noble name, my Lucy.) "Coachman, drive not over your master: take care of your master!" or some such words he said, as he lifted me into his own chariot. He just surveyed, as it were, the spot, and bid a servant let Sir Hargrave know who he was; and then came back to me. He ordered his coachman to drive back to Colnebrook. In accents of kindness he told me that he had there at present the most virtuous and prudent of sisters, to whose care he would commit me, and then proceed on his journey to town.

How irresistibly welcome to me was his supporting arm, thrown round me, as we *flew* back, compared to that of the vile Sir Hargrave! Mr. Reeves has given you an account from the angelic sister. O my Lucy, they are a pair of angels! I have written a long, long letter, or rather five letters in one, of my distresses, of my deliverance; and when my heart is stronger I will say more of the persons, as well as minds, of this excellent brother and sister. . . .

Miss Grandison is about twenty-four; of a fine stature. She has dignity in her aspect, and a very penetrating black eye, with which she does what she pleases. Her hair is black, very fine, and naturally curls. She is not fair; but her complexion is delicate and clear, and promises a long duration to her loveliness. Her features are generally regular; her nose is a little aquiline; but that is so far from being a blemish, that it gives a kind of majesty to her other features. Her teeth are white and even her mouth is perfectly lovely, and a modest archness appears in her smiles that makes one both love and fear her, when she begins to speak. She is finely shaped; and in her air and whole appearance, perfectly genteel.

She has charming spirits. I daresay she sings well, from the airs she now and then warbles in the gayety of her heart. She is very polite; yet has a vein of raillery, that were she *not* polite, would give one too much apprehension for one's ease: but I am sure she is frank, easy, and good-humored. She says she has but lately taken a very great liking to reading. She pretends that she was too volatile, too gay, too airy, to be confined to sedentary amusements. Her father, however, according to the genteelest and most laudable modern education for women, had given her a master who taught her history and geography, in both which she *acknowledges* she made some progress. In music she *owns* she has skill: but I am told by her maid, who attended me by her young lady's direction, and who delights to praise her mistress, that she reads and speaks French and Italian; that she writes finely; and is greatly admired for her wit, prudence, and obligingness. "Nobody," said Jenny (who is a sensible young woman, a clergyman's daughter, well educated, and very obliging), "can stand against her good-natured raillery." Her brother, she says, is not spared; but he takes delight in her vivacity, and gives way to it, when it is easy to see that he

could take her down if he pleased. "And then," added this good young woman, "she is an excellent manager in a family, finely as she is educated. She knows everything, and how to direct what should be done, from the private family dinner to a sumptuous entertainment; and every day inspects, and approves or alters, the bill of fare." By the way, my Lucy, she is an early riser — do you mind that? — and so can do everything with ease, pleasure, and without hurry and confusion; for all her servants are early risers of course.

Yet this fine lady loves to go to the public places; and often goes, and makes a brilliant figure there. She has time for them, and earns her pleasures by her early rising. Miss Grandison, Jenny tells me, has two humble servants: (I wonder she has not two-and-twenty!) one is Sir Watkins, a man of a large estate in Somersetshire; the other is Lord G., son of the Earl of G.: but neither of them highly approved by her; yet, Jenny says, they are both of them handsome men, and admired by the ladies. This makes me afraid that they are modern men, and pay their court by the exterior appearance, rather than by interior worth. Who, my Lucy, that has heard what my late grandfather has said, and my grandmamma still says, of the men in their youthful days, will not say that we have our lots cast in an age of *petit maîtres* and insignificants? Such an amiable woman is Miss Charlotte Grandison. — May I be found, on further acquaintance, but half as lovely in her eyes as she is in mine!

But now for her brother — my deliverer!

Sir Charles Grandison, in his person, is really a very fine man. He is tall, rather slender than full; his face, in shape, is a fine oval; he seems to have florid health — health confirmed by exercise. His complexion seems to have been naturally too fine for a man: but as if he were above being regardful of it, his face is overspread with a manly sunniness (I want a word), that shows he has been in warmer climates than England; and so it seems he has, since the tour of Europe has not contented him. He has visited some parts of Asia, and even of Africa, Egypt particularly.

I wonder what business a *man* has for such fine teeth and for so fine a mouth as Sir Charles Grandison might boast of, were he vain.

In his aspect there is something great and noble, that shows him to be of rank. Were kings to be chosen for beauty and majesty of person, Sir Charles Grandison would have few competitors. His eye — indeed, my Lucy, his eye shows, if possible, more of sparkling intelligence than that of his sister.

Now pray be quiet, my dear Uncle Selby! What is beauty in a man to me? You all know that I never thought beauty a qualification in a man. And yet, this grandeur in his person and air is accompanied with so much ease and freedom of manners, as engages one's love with one's reverence. His good breeding renders him very accessible. In a word, he has such an easy yet manly politeness, as well in his dress as in his address, that were he *not* a fine figure of a man, but were even plain and hard-featured, he would be thought very agreeable.

Sir Charles Grandison, my dear, has traveled, we may say, to some purpose. Well might his sister tell Mr. Reeves that whenever he married he would break half a score hearts.

The good sense of this real fine gentleman is not, as I can find, rusted over by sourness, by moroseness: he is above quarreling with the world for trifles; but he is still more above making such compliances with it as would impeach either his honor or conscience. Once Miss Grandison, speaking of her brother, said: "My brother is valued by those who know him best, not so much for being a handsome man, not so much for his birth and fortune, nor for this or that single worthiness, as for being, in the great and yet comprehensive sense of the word, a *good man*." And at another time she said that he lived to himself, and to his own heart; and though he had the happiness to please everybody, yet he made the judgment or approbation of the world, matter but of second consideration. "In a word," added she, "Sir Charles Grandison, my *brother*" (and when she looks proud, it is when she says *my brother*), "is not to be misled either by false glory or false shame, which he calls the great snares of virtue."

But let me tell you, my dear, that Sir Charles does not *look* to be so great a self-denier as his sister seems to think him when she says he lives to himself, and to his own heart, rather than to the opinion of the world. He dresses to the fashion; rather richly, 'tis true, than gaudily, but still richly: so that he gives his fine person its full consideration. He has a great deal of vivacity in his whole aspect, as well as in his eye. Mrs. Jenny says that he is a great admirer of handsome women. His equipage is perfectly in taste, though not so much to the glare of taste, as if he aimed to inspire or show emulation. He seldom travels without a set, and suitable attendants; and (what I think seems a little to savor of singularity) his horses are not docked; their tails are only tied up when they are on the road. This I took notice of when we came to town. But if he be of opinion that the tails of these noble animals are not only a natural ornament, but are of real use to defend them from the vexatious insects that in summer are so apt to annoy them (as Jenny just now told me was thought to be his reason for not depriving his cattle of a defense which nature gave them), how far from a dispraise is this humane consideration! And how, in the more minute as well as (we may suppose) in the greater instances, does he deserve the character of the man of mercy, who will be merciful to his beast!

Do you wonder, Lucy, that I cannot hold up my head, when I recollect the figure I must make in that odious masquerade habit, hanging by my clasping arms about the neck of such a gentleman? Can I be more effectually humbled than by such a recollection? Surely, surely, I have had *my* punishment for *my* compliances with this foolish world.

But now, I think, something offers of blame in the character of this almost faultless man, as his sister and her Jenny represent him to be. I cannot think,

from a hint given by Miss Grandison, that he is quite so frank and so unreserved as his sister is. "As for my brother," said she, "he winds one about and about, yet seems not to have more curiosity than one would wish him to have. Led on by his smiling benignity, and fond of his attention to my prattle, I have caught myself in the midst of a tale of which I intended not to tell him one syllable. 'O Sir Charles! where am I got?' have I said, and suddenly stopped. — 'Proceed, my Charlotte! No reserves to your nearest friend.' Yet he has *his*; and I have winded and winded about him, as he has done about me, but all to no purpose."

Now this reserve to such a sister, and in points that she thinks it imports her to know, is what I do not like in Sir Charles.

His sister, who cannot think he has one fault, excuses him, and says that her brother has no other view in drawing her on to reveal her own heart but the better to know how to serve and oblige her. But then, might not the same thing be said in behalf of the curiosity of so generous a sister?

Sir Charles has seen more of the world, it may be said, than his sister has: he has traveled. But is not human nature the same in every country, allowing for only different customs? Do not love, hatred, anger, malice — *all* the passions in short, good or bad — show themselves by like effects in the faces, hearts, and actions of the people of every country? And let men make ever such strong pretensions to knowledge from their far-fetched and dear-bought experience, cannot a penetrating spirit learn as much from the passion of a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen in England, as it could from a man of the same or the like ill qualities in Spain, in France, or in Italy?

If I am allowed to be so happy as to cultivate this desirable acquaintance, then will I closely watch every step of this excellent man, in hope, however, to find him as perfect as report declares him, that I may fearlessly make him my theme, as I shall delight to make his sister my example. And if I were to find any *considerable* faults in him, never fear, my dear, but my gratitude will enlarge my charity in his favor. But I shall, at the same time, arm my heart with those remembered failings, lest my gratitude should endanger it, and make me a hopeless fool.

I have not said one half of what I intended to say of this extraordinary man. But having imagined, from the equal love I have to his admirable sister, that I had found something to blame him for, my impartiality has carried me out of my path; and I know not how to recover it, without going a great way back. Let, therefore, what I have further to say mingle in with my future narratives, as new occasions call it forth. But yet I will not suffer any other subject to interfere with that which fills my heart with praises, the due praises, of this worthy brother and sister, to which I intended to consecrate this rambling and very imperfect letter; and which here I will conclude, with assurances of duty, love, and gratitude, where so much is due from *your*

HARRIET BYRON

## LAURENCE STERNE

THE life of the Reverend Laurence Sterne was as inconsistent with his profession as with his writings. Reading these, no one would for a moment believe that he was a clergyman. Such a career as his would not be possible today; but to a Church of England parson of the eighteenth century, extraordinary moral latitude was allowed, and toward him extraordinary tolerance was exercised. Although Sterne's sermons were clever, they were very peculiar. His contemporaries thought of him only as a literary man, and it is doubtful if he took himself seriously as a cleric. He was a humorist to the marrow, and had all the vagaries of his natural predilection.

He was the great-grandson of Dr. Richard Sterne, Archbishop of York; and the recollection of his distinguished ancestor, with considerations of family influence, must have decided his vocation. His father, a younger son, was an ensign of the 34th Regiment, with which he served in Flanders, taking part in the sieges of Lille and Douay. His mother was Agnes Hebert, widow of a captain of good connections. The ensign and his wife went to Clonmel, in Ireland, at the close of the war; and there, in barracks, Laurence was born, November 24, 1713; his parents and all his progenitors being English. His father having been recalled into active service, the child was carried from barracks to transport, from Ireland to England, and was familiar with the shifts, hardships, and vulgarities of a vagabond military life, until he reached his tenth year. This happy-go-lucky existence, with its fun, its extravagance, and its pinching poverty, no doubt influenced his character, and affected his ways of thinking. At the age of ten he was fortunately rescued from it by a good-natured cousin, Squire Sterne, and sent first to school at Halifax, and then to Jesus College, Cambridge, of which the archiepiscopal great-grandfather had been master. He was entered as a sizar; and in exchange for his free commons and free tuition, had to render such services as Goldsmith gave a few years later — sweeping the courts, carrying up the dishes to the fellows' dining-hall, and pouring the ale. The position involved some mortifications, and the little beneficiary, already half an invalid, was unequal to much hard work. But he seems to have accepted all the conditions of life with a good-natured philosophy that made him popular.

After ordination he procured, through another kinsman, Dr. Jaques Sterne, the vicarage of Sutton in Yorkshire, and in time a prebendal stall in York Cathedral. Marrying at twenty-eight, he received from a friend of his wife the living of Stillington, in the immediate neighborhood of Sutton. The

churchman had been fortunate from his boyhood; and that supposed good luck continued which led to physical and moral deterioration, and his premature death at fifty-four. For nearly twenty years he led a free-and-easy life in the country — reading, painting, fiddling, fishing, shooting, dining, but writing nothing save his regular sermons, with occasional political squibs and paragraphs for a Whig newspaper. He had gained, however, a local reputation for wit and story-telling, and was much quoted in York for smart sayings, not at all sacerdotal. His disposition was extremely gay, and the kind of gaiety he preferred was expensive. His income proving inadequate, he began to run in debt — a habit which increased with his years. He had published a few sermons which found admirers; but on the first day of January 1760, being then forty-six years of age, he burst on an astonished world with two volumes of 'The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent.'

Though printed in the provincial town of York, the story gave him instantaneous renown. York was immensely scandalized at the satirical levity of its prebend; but London was taken captive by the cleverness and the unconventionality of the new free-lance. The book was republished under the pen-name of Yorick; Yorick being a character in 'Tristram Shandy' — a sporting parson, who claims descent from the king's jester in 'Hamlet.' Everybody, however, soon knew the author to be no other than Laurence Sterne. Eager to enjoy his triumph, he visited London, and was received with an enthusiasm wholly beyond his fondest anticipations. He was honored and flattered as few authors have been; he was feasted, courted, caressed; he became at once the talk and the lion of the town. It was a distinction to have seen, much more to have spoken to, Laurence Sterne. He was classed with Fielding, Richardson, and Smollett as a master of prose fiction. Praise was exhausted on his humor, his invention, his learning, his originality. Lord Falconbridge conferred on him the living of Coxwold; the arrogant Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, presented him with a purse of gold; Reynolds painted his portrait; Dodsley offered him seven hundred pounds for two more volumes of 'Tristram Shandy,' and a second edition. He was invited to dine with the most noted men of the metropolis, three weeks in advance; and the most fashionable game of cards was named after his hero. Such incense, as welcome as intoxicating to Sterne, turned his head, ruined his fragile constitution, and undermined such moral principles as he still professed. Having once enjoyed the stimulus, the diversity, the delightful adulation of London, he could not content himself in the provinces. He took a house in York for his wife and daughter Lydia, to whom he was much attached; but passed most of his own time in the capital, or on the Continent.

The third and fourth volumes of 'Tristram Shandy' appeared in 1761; the fifth and sixth in 1762. Sterne was "fully determined to write as hard as could be," and was sure that he could give the public "two volumes of

Shandyism every year for forty years to come." Too much feasting, however, too late hours, and perhaps too constant application, wore him out. From birth he had been delicate — a tendency to consumption sapping his nervous energies, paralyzing his will, and vitiating perhaps his moral impulses. A hemorrhage, a cough, and increasing weakness drove him to France for a sojourn of more than two years. There he met the warmest reception from literary and fashionable circles, and wrote to Garrick from Paris: — "'Tis *comme à Londres* [just like London]. I have just now a fortnight's dinners and suppers on my hands. Be it known I Shandy it away fifty times more than I was ever wont — talk more nonsense than ever you heard me talk in all your days, and to more sorts of people." When society would let him, he still worked at the history of the Shandy family; and in 1765, after his return to England (very little better for the sort of health journey he had undertaken), he brought out the fourth instalment of two volumes. The later issues only deepened and intensified the impression made by the first two. He was universally regarded not only as a writer of rare genius, but as one of the most original of humorists, and compared with Rabelais and Cervantes. His novel was accepted on its face in that uncritical age, and not impartially judged till after his death. But in Dr. Ferriar's 'Illustrations of Sterne,' published in 1812, that ingenious gentleman took pains to track the humorist's phrases and inventions to their source in Rabelais and other old French authors; to Burton, from whose 'Anatomy of Melancholy' much of his erudition is "lifted"; to Bishop Hall, Dr. Donne, Dr. Arbuthnot, and many more. Yet Dr. Ferriar admitted that these appropriations were of material only; that Sterne, like Shakespeare, bettered what he took, and that his reputation as a great literary artist is not in the least affected by this habit of spoliation. Indeed, he was strikingly original — as such characters as Walter Shandy, Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim, Dr. Slop, and the Widow Wadman abundantly testify.

'Tristram Shandy' is in no strict sense a novel. Such story as there is is constantly interrupted by episodes, digressions, absurdities, affectations, and incongruities. In more than one volume the whole movement is suspended while the author introduces a discourse, a journey, or any other irrelevant personal experience. But he knew his own tendencies, and declared that he had reconciled "digressive motion with progressive."

Longing to spin out the tawdry life of excitement and pleasure that seemed so fine to him, yet racked by his cough and hampered by weakness, Sterne went to Italy in 1765, hoping to improve in a milder climate. Again he gained little in health; but he managed to bring out the concluding volume of 'Tristram Shandy' in 1767. This was received with hardly diminished favor, and edition after edition of the completed story was sold. To the taste of today it makes less appeal — its premeditated quaintness, its pervading coarseness, and its archaisms repel the general reader; yet for its higher qualities it re-

tains almost unequalled charm to a minority of cultivated minds. The 'Sentimental Journey through France and Italy' was projected as a long story, but Sterne's strength was unequal to his resolution. In 1768 he brought out the first part — and the last; full of fine description and admirable pathos. This work was partly undertaken to ridicule Smollett's 'Travels through France and Italy' (1766): one of its most quoted phrases, "I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry 'Tis all barren," is directly aimed at the too sincere Scotchman, whom he patently nicknamed Smelfungus.

At the height of his fame, just after the publication of the 'Sentimental Journey,' Sterne died in lodgings, "at the sign of the Silk Bag" in Old Bond Street, alone but for the presence of a hired nurse. He had desired to end his life at an inn, and his desire was fulfilled. Although he had earned much money, he died in debt; and a collection of eight hundred pounds was made at the York races for his wife and daughter.

## THE STORY OF LE FEVRE

From 'The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy'

**I**T was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the Allies — which was about seven years before my father came into the country, and about as many after the time that my Uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe — when my Uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard: I say sitting, for in consideration of the Corporal's lame knee (which sometimes gave him exquisite pain), when my Uncle Toby dined or supped alone he would never suffer the Corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that with a proper artillery my Uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him: for many a time when my Uncle Toby supposed the Corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect; this bred more little squabbles betwixt them than all other causes for five-and-twenty years together. But this is neither here nor there: why do I mention it? Ask my pen: it governs me — I govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlor with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack: "'Tis for a poor gentleman, I think of the army," said the landlord, "who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything

till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast: 'I think,' says he, taking his hand from his forehead, 'it would comfort me.' If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing," added the landlord, "I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God he will still mend," continued he: "we are all of us concerned for him."

"Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee," cried my Uncle Toby; "and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself, and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good."

"Though I am persuaded," said my Uncle Toby as the landlord shut the door, "he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host." — "And of his whole family," added the Corporal, "for they are all concerned for him." — "Step after him," said my Uncle Toby; "do, Trim, and ask if he knows his name."

"I have quite forgot it, truly," said the landlord, coming back into the parlor with the Corporal, "but I can ask his son again." — "Has he a son with him, then?" said my Uncle Toby. — "A boy," replied the landlord, "of about eleven or twelve years of age: but the poor creature has lasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day. He has not stirred from the bedside these two days."

My Uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

"Stay in the room a little," said my Uncle Toby.

"Trim," said my Uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe and smoked about a dozen whiffs. Trim came in front of his master and made his bow; my Uncle Toby smoked on and said no more. "Corporal," said my Uncle Toby. The Corporal made his bow. My Uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

"Trim," said my Uncle Toby, "I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman." — "Your Honor's roquelaure," replied the Corporal, "has not once been had on since the night before your Honor received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicolas; and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your Honor your death, and bring on your Honor's torment in your groin." — "I fear so," replied my Uncle Toby; "but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. I wish I had not known so much of

this affair," added my Uncle Toby, "or that I had known more of it. How shall we manage it?" — "Leave it, and please your Honor, to me," quoth the Corporal: "I'll take my hat and stick and go to the house and reconnoiter, and act accordingly; and I will bring your Honor a full account in an hour." — "Thou shalt go, Trim," said my Uncle Toby; "and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant." — "I shall get it all out of him," said the Corporal, shutting the door.

My Uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a straight line as a crooked one, he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my Uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account: —

"I despaired at first," said the Corporal, "of being able to bring back to your Honor any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant." — "Is he in the army, then?" said my Uncle Toby. — "He is," said the Corporal. — "And in what regiment?" said my Uncle Toby. — "I'll tell your Honor," replied the Corporal, "everything straightforward as I learnt it." — "Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe," said my Uncle Toby, "and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again." — The Corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it, "Your Honor is good." And having done that, he sat down as he was ordered, and began the story to my Uncle Toby over again, in pretty near the same words.

"I despaired at first," said the Corporal, "of being able to bring back any intelligence to your Honor about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked — ["That's a right distinction, Trim," said my Uncle Toby.] — "I was answered, an' please your Honor, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came. 'If I get better, my dear,' said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, 'we can hire horses from hence.' 'But, alas! The poor gentleman will never get from hence,' said the landlady to me, 'for I heard the death-watch all night long; and when he dies, the youth his son will certainly die with him, for he is broken-hearted already.'

"I was hearing this account," continued the Corporal, "when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of. 'But I will do it for my father myself,' said the youth. — 'Pray let me save you

the trouble, young gentleman,' said I, taking up a fork for that purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire whilst I did it. — 'I believe, sir,' said he very modestly, 'I can please him best myself.' — 'I am sure,' said I, 'his Honor will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.' The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears. — "Poor youth!" said my Uncle Toby: "he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend. I wish I had him here."

"I never in the longest march," said the Corporal, "had so great a mind to my dinner as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your Honor?" — "Nothing in the world, Trim," said my Uncle Toby, blowing his nose, "but that thou art a good-natured fellow."

"When I gave him the toast," continued the Corporal, "I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your Honor (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father, and that if there was anything in your house or cellar" — "And thou mightest have added my purse, too," said my Uncle Toby. — "he was heartily welcome to it. He made a very low bow (which was meant to your Honor), but no answer, for his heart was full; so he went up-stairs with the toast. 'I warrant you, my dear,' said I as I opened the kitchen door, 'your father will be well again.' Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire; but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth. I thought it wrong," added the Corporal. — "I think so too," said my Uncle Toby.

"When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up-stairs. 'I believe,' said the landlord, 'he is going to say his prayers; for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside, and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion.'

"'I thought,' said the curate, 'that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.' — 'I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night,' said the landlady, 'very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.' — 'Are you sure of it?' replied the curate. — 'A soldier, an' please your Reverence,' said I, 'prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king and for his own life, and for his honor too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.'" — "'Twas well said of thee, Trim," said my Uncle Toby. — "'But when a soldier,' said I, 'an' please your Reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches up to his knees in cold water, or engaged,' said I, 'for months together in long and dangerous marches — harassed perhaps in his rear today, harassing others tomorrow; detached here, countermanded there; resting this night out upon his arms,

beat up in his shirt the next, benumbed in his joints, perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on — must say his prayers how and when he can, I believe,' said I — for I was piqued," quoth the Corporal, "for the reputation of the army — 'I believe, an' please your Reverence,' said I, 'that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.'" — "Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim," said my Uncle Toby, "for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, Corporal, at the Day of Judgment (and not till then), it will be seen who have done their duties in this world and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly." — "I hope we shall," said Trim. — "It is in the Scripture," said my Uncle Toby, "and I will show it thee tomorrow; in the meantime we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort," said my Uncle Toby, "that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one." — "I hope not," said the Corporal. — "But go on, Trim," said my Uncle Toby, "with thy story."

"When I went up," continued the Corporal, "into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do until the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling; the book was laid upon the bed; and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. 'Let it remain there, my dear,' said the lieutenant.

"He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bedside. 'If you are Captain Shandy's servant,' said he, 'you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me: if he was of Leven's,' said the lieutenant — I told him your Honor was — 'then,' said he, 'I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honor of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's — but he knows me not,' said he a second time, musing. 'Possibly he may my story,' added he. 'Pray tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot as she lay in my arms in my tent.' — 'I remember the story, an' please your Honor,' said I, 'very well.' — 'Do you so?' said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief; 'then well may I.' In saying this he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice. 'Here, Billy,' said he. The boy flew across the room to the bedside, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand and kissed it too, then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept."

"I wish," said my Uncle Toby with a deep sigh, "I wish, Trim, I was asleep."

"Your Honor," replied the Corporal, "is too much concerned. Shall I pour your Honor out a glass of sack to your pipe?" — "Do, Trim," said my Uncle Toby.

"I remember," said my Uncle Toby, sighing again, "the story of the ensign and his wife; and particularly well, that he, as well as she, upon some account or other (I forget what), was universally pitied by the whole regiment. But finish the story thou art upon." — "'Tis finished already," said the Corporal, "for I could stay no longer, so wished his Honor a good night: young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders. "But alas!" said the Corporal, "the lieutenant's last day's march is over." — "Then what is to become of his poor boy?" cried my Uncle Toby.

It was to my Uncle Toby's eternal honor — though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves — that notwithstanding my Uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond parallel with the Allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner, that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp, and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade, he left Dendermond to itself, to be relieved or not by the French king as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

That kind Being who is a friend to the friendless shall recompense thee for this.

"Thou hast left this matter short," said my Uncle Toby to the Corporal as he was putting him to bed, "and I will tell thee in what, Trim. In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre, as sickness and traveling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself." — "Your Honor knows," said the Corporal, "I had no orders." — "True," quoth my Uncle Toby: "thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man."

"In the second place, for which indeed thou hast the same excuse," continued my Uncle Toby, "when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house,

thou shouldst have offered him my house too. A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and what with thy care of him, and the old man's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.

"In a fortnight or three weeks," added my Uncle Toby, smiling, "he might march." — "He will never march, an' please your Honor, in this world," said the Corporal. — "He will march," said my Uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off. — "An' please your Honor," said the Corporal, "he will never march but to his grave." — "He shall march," cried my Uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch, "he shall march to his regiment." — "He cannot stand it," said the Corporal. — "He shall be supported," said my Uncle Toby. — "He'll drop at last," said the Corporal, "and what will become of his boy?" — "He shall not drop," said my Uncle Toby firmly. — "Ah, well-a-day, do what we can for him," said Trim, maintaining his point, "the poor soul will die." — "He shall not die, by G—," cried my Uncle Toby.

The Accusing Spirit which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever.

My Uncle Toby went up to his bureau, put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the Corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids; and hardly could the wheel of the cistern turn round its circle, when my Uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did, how he had rested in the night, what was his complaint, where was his pain, and what he could do to help him? And without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Corporal the night before for him.

"But you shall go home directly, Le Fevre," said my Uncle Toby, "to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter, and we'll have an apothecary, and the Corporal shall be your nurse, and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre."

There was a frankness in my Uncle Toby — not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it — which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the

goodness of his nature. To this there was something in his looks and voice and manner superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him. So that before my Uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to the last citadel, the heart, rallied back. The film forsook his eyes for a moment. He looked up wistfully in my Uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy; and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.

Nature instantly ebbd again. The film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered, stopped, went on — throbbed, stopped again — moved, stopped — Shall I go on? No.

I am so impatient to return to my own story that what remains of young Le Fevre's — that is, from this turn of his fortune to the time my Uncle Toby recommended him for my preceptor — shall be told in a very few words in the next chapter. All that is necessary to be added to this chapter is as follows: —

That my Uncle Toby, with young Le Fevre in his hand, attended the poor lieutenant as chief mourners to his grave.

## THE DEAD ASS

From 'A Sentimental Journey'

“AND this,” said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet — “and this should have been thy portion,” said he, “hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me.” I thought, by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much: and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time — then laid them down — looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand; then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle, looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made, and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur amongst the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready: as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

—He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopped to pay nature his tribute, and wept bitterly.

He said Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, which had been a patient partner of his journey; that it had ate the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Everybody who stood about heard the poor fellow with concern. La Fleur offered him money. The mourner said he did not want it: it was not the value of the ass, but the loss of him. The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him: and upon this, told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that they had scarce either ate or drank till they met.

"Thou hast one comfort, friend," said I, "at least, in the loss of thy poor beast: I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him." — "Alas!" said the mourner, "I thought so when he was alive: but now that he is dead, I think otherwise; I fear that the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him — they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for." — "Shame on the world!" said I to myself. "Did we but love each other as this poor soul loved his ass — 'twould be something."

## THE PULSE

### PARIS

#### From 'A Sentimental Journey'

**H**AIL, ye small sweet courtesies of life! for smooth do ye make the road of it; like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at first sight: 'tis ye who open this door, and let the stranger in.

— "Pray, madam," said I, "have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the Opéra Comique?"

"Most willingly, monsieur," said she, laying aside her work.

I had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen shops as I came along, in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption; till at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as she sat in a low chair on the far side of the shop, facing the door.

"*Très volontiers* — most willingly," said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rising up from the low chair she was sitting in, with so cheerful a movement and so cheerful a look that had I been laying out fifty louis d'ors with her, I should have said, "That woman is grateful."

"You must turn, monsieur," said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take — "you must turn first to your right hand — *mais prenez garde* [but take care], there are two turns, and be so good as to take the second — then go down a little way, and you'll see a church; and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the Pont-Neuf, which you must cross, and there any one will do himself the pleasure to show you."

She repeated her instructions three times over to me, with the same good-natured patience the third time as the first; and if *tones* and *manners* have a meaning — which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out — she seemed really interested that I should not lose myself.

I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty (notwithstanding she was the handsomest *grisette*, I think, I ever saw) which had much to do with the sense I had of her courtesy; only I remember when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes, and that I repeated my thanks as often as she had done her instructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what she had said; so looking back, and seeing her still standing in the door of the shop, as if to look whether I went right or not, I returned back to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left, for that I had absolutely forgot.

"It is impossible!" said she, half laughing.

"'Tis very possible," replied I, "when a man is thinking more of a woman than of her good advice."

As this was the real truth, she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight courtesy.

—"Attendez!" [Wait!] said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the back shop to get ready a parcel of gloves. "I am just going to send him," said she, "with a packet into that quarter; and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place."

So I walked in with her to the far side of the shop; and taking up the ruffle in my hand which she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly sat myself down beside her.

— "He will be ready, monsieur," said she, "in a moment."

"And in that moment," replied I, "most willingly would I say something very civil to you for all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual act of good-nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of the temperature; and certainly," added I, "if it is the same blood which comes from the heart which descends to the extremes" (touching her wrist), "I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world."

"Feel it," said she, holding out her arm.

So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two forefingers of my other to the artery.

— Would to Heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadst passed by and beheld me sitting in my black coat, and in my lackadaisical manner counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever: how wouldst thou have laughed and moralized upon my new profession! — and thou shouldst have laughed and moralized on. Trust me, my dear Eugenius, I should have said, "There are worse occupations in this world *than feeling a woman's pulse*." — "But a *grisette's*!" thou wouldst have said; "and in an open shop! Yorick" —

— "So much the better: for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world saw me feel it."

I had counted twenty pulsations, and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband, coming unexpected from a back parlor into the shop, put me a little out of my reckoning. "'Twas nobody but her husband," she said; — so I began a fresh score.

"Monsieur is so good," quoth she as he passed by us, "as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse."

The husband took off his hat, and making me a bow, said I did him too much honor; and having said that, he put on his hat and walked out.

"Good God!" said I to myself as he went out, "and can this man be the husband of this woman?"

Let it not torment the few who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those who do not.

In London, a shopkeeper and a shopkeeper's wife seem to be one bone and one flesh: in the several endowments of mind and body, sometimes the one, sometimes the other, has it, so as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as man and wife need to do.

In Paris, there are scarce two orders of beings more different: for the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there; in some dark and dismal room behind, he sits commerceless in his thrum nightcap, the same rough son of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is *salique* [descending by the male line], having ceded this department, with sundry others, totally to the women — by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks

and sizes from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles shook along together in a bag, by amicable collisions they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant;—Monsieur le Mari is little better than the stone under your foot.

— Surely, surely, man! it is not good for thee to sit alone; thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greetings; and this improvement of our natures from it I appeal to as my evidence.

— “And how does it beat, monsieur?” said she.

“With all the benignity,” said I, looking quietly in her eyes, “that I expected.”

She was going to say something civil in return, but the lad came into the shop with the gloves.

“Apropos,” said I, “I want a couple of pairs myself.”

## THE STARLING

From ‘A Sentimental Journey’

I WAS interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be that of a child, which complained it could not get out. I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over, and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage. “I can’t get out! I can’t get out!” said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity. “I can’t get out!” said the starling.

“God help thee!” said I, “but I’ll help thee out, cost what it will;” so I turned about the cage to get to the door—it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it as if impatient.

“I fear, poor creature,” said I, “I cannot set thee at liberty.”

“No,” said the starling; “I can’t get out! I can’t get out!” said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my

reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastille; and I heavily walked up-stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery," said I — "still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess," addressing myself to Liberty, "whom all in public or in private worship; whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy scepter into iron; with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven!" cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, "grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion; and shower down thy miters, if it seems good unto thy Divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them."

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitudes of sad groups in it did but distract me — I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of heart it is which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years, the western breeze had not once fanned his blood; he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice! — his children —

But here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground, upon a little straw in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there; he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap.

As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door; then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his

little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh. — I saw the iron enter into his soul!

— I burst into tears. — I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn. I started up from my chair, and calling La Fleur, I bid him bespeak me a *remise* [cab] and have it ready at the door of the hotel by nine in the morning.

“I’ll go directly,” said I to myself, “to Monsieur le Duc le Choiseul.”

La Fleur would have put me to bed; but not willing he should see anything upon my cheek which would cost the honest fellow a heartache, I told him I would go to bed myself, and bid him do the same.

I got into my *remise* the hour I proposed; La Fleur got up behind, and I bid the coachman make the best of his way to Versailles.

As there was nothing in this road, or rather nothing which I look for in traveling, I cannot fill up the blank better than with a short history of this selfsame bird, which became the subject of the last chapter.

Whilst the Honorable Mr. — was waiting for a wind at Dover, it had been caught upon the cliffs, before it could well fly, by an English lad who was his groom: who not caring to destroy it, had taken it in his breast into the packet; and by course of feeding it, and taking it once under his protection, in a day or two grew fond of it, and got it safe along with him to Paris. At Paris, the lad had laid out a livre in a little cage for the starling; and as he had little to do better, the five months his master stayed there, he taught it in his mother’s tongue the four simple words (and no more) to which I owed myself so much its debtor. Upon his master’s going on for Italy the lad had given it to the master of the hotel.

But his little song for liberty being in an unknown language at Paris, the bird had little or no store set by him; so La Fleur bought him and his cage for me for a bottle of Burgundy.

In my return from Italy, I brought him with me to the country in whose language he had learned his notes; and telling the story of him to Lord A, Lord A begged the bird of me; in a week Lord A gave him to Lord B; Lord B made a present of him to Lord C; and Lord C’s gentleman sold him to Lord D’s for a shilling; Lord D gave him to Lord E; and so on — half round the alphabet. From that rank he passed into the lower house, and passed the hands of as many commoners. But as all these wanted to get in, and my bird wanted to get out, he had almost as little store set by him in London as at Paris.

It is impossible but many of my readers must have heard of him; and if any by mere chance have ever seen him, I beg leave to inform them that that bird was my bird, or some vile copy set up to represent him.

I have nothing farther to add upon him, but that from that time to this I have borne this poor starling as the crest to my arms: — And let the herald’s officers twist his neck about if they dare.

## TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT

BORN in 1721 in Dalquhurn, in Dumbartonshire, of a good family but of a younger son, Smollett was dependent all his life on what he could earn himself; and believing himself to have literary ability, he set out, after some education and an apprenticeship to a surgeon in Glasgow, upon the highroad to London. His tragedy, with which he had armed himself — 'The Regicide,' a story drawn from the powerful romance of Scottish history, but treated in the hopeless pseudo-classic manner — came to nothing; and in 1741 he got an appointment as surgeon's mate on one of the ships of the expedition to Cartagena. Next, after unsuccessful attempts at practice in London and in Bath, he cooked up some of his adventures in 'Roderick Random,' and for the first time was fairly successful. 'Peregrine Pickle,' 'Ferdinand, Count Fathom,' a translation of 'Don Quixote,' the editorship of the Critical Review, his 'History of England,' 'Sir Launcelot Greaves,' and occasional poems and satires were some of the means by which he sought subsistence. In the meantime he had traveled for his health in France and Italy; in 1771, soon after finishing 'Humphrey Clinker,' he died at Leghorn; and is celebrated there, and on the banks of the Leven in Scotland, by monuments with ponderous Latin epitaphs. One of the epitaphs is on the theme of genius unappreciated; and his life on the whole was indeed not happy. Macaulay is not much too rhetorical when he says Smollett was most of the time "surrounded by printers' devils and famished scribblers."

It is from such company and such adventures that Smollett gets his distinguishing characteristic: a fund of coarse but lively humor. He has been reproached for indelicacy and even foulness of speech, and it must be confessed that he had not the grace of the French, the specious pathos of Sterne, or the deliberate euphemism of the Victorians, to conceal the primal instincts of human nature. Outspoken, irreverent, and sometimes too impetuous, Smollett saw a good deal of low life, observed keenly, and wielded a vigorous pen; he was thoroughly, if a bit brutally, honest, and it is just this direct and unaffected habit of expression that gives him his hold on life. The coarseness, or the foulness, which people condemn in him, is perhaps the same at bottom with the instinct that makes his style today still readable and vigorous.

Like his contemporary Fielding, the author of 'Humphrey Clinker' was born to the lot of literary hack. His case has many resemblances to the literary workers of these days — the days of innumerable hacks. He had in more ways than one the instincts, the temper, and the method of the modern newspaper man. The journalist who travels about confessedly to get material differs

not essentially from the writer who uses what fortuitous travel has brought him. A ready humor, quick wit, and real though acrid sympathy, are other details of the analogy. The sequel is only too apt to be a story of dull routine and ultimate mediocrity. In the obscurity of hackdom it must be, in some essence at least, a fine nature that will not relax its efforts to do well what it has to do, and ends by doing it better than ever. Smollett was, throughout his twenty-five years of work, a conscientiously careful employer of the English language. Perhaps, therefore, a point of view more grateful to him and more adequately estimating him, would be not that which compares him disadvantageously on the same level with Richardson, Fielding, and Sterne; but that which credits him with having raised himself from lower regions to a place near them.

PITTS DUFFIELD

## RODERICK IS "PRESSED" INTO THE NAVY

From 'Roderick Random'

**I** SAW no resource but the army or navy; between which I hesitated so long that I found myself reduced to a starving condition. My spirit began to accommodate itself to my beggarly fate, and I became so mean as to go down towards Wapping, with an intention to inquire for an old schoolfellow, who, I understood, had got the command of a small coasting vessel, then in the river, and implore his assistance. But my destiny prevented this abject piece of behavior; for as I crossed Tower Wharf, a squat, tawny fellow, with a hanger by his side and a cudgel in his hand, came up to me calling, "Yo! ho! brother: you must come along with me!" As I did not like his appearance, instead of answering his salutation I quickened my pace, in hope of ridding myself of his company; upon which he whistled aloud, and immediately another sailor appeared before me, who laid hold of me by the collar and began to drag me along. Not being in a humor to relish such treatment, I disengaged myself of the assailant, and with one blow of my cudgel laid him motionless on the ground; and perceiving myself surrounded in a trice by ten or a dozen more, exerted myself with such dexterity and success that some of my opponents were fain to attack me with drawn cutlasses: and after an obstinate engagement, in which I received a large wound on my head and another on my left cheek, I was disarmed, taken prisoner, and carried on board a pressing-tender; where, after being pinioned like a malefactor, I was thrust down into the hold among a parcel of miserable wretches, the sight of whom well-nigh distracted me. As the commanding officer had not humanity enough to order my wounds to be dressed, and I could not use my own hands, I desired one of my fellow-captives, who was unfettered, to

take a handkerchief out of my pocket, and tie it round my head to stop the bleeding. He pulled out my handkerchief, 'tis true; but instead of applying it to the use for which I designed it, went to the grating of the hatchway, and with astonishing composure sold it before my face to a bumboat woman then on board, for a quart of gin, with which he treated my companions, regardless of my circumstances and entreaties.

I complained bitterly of this robbery to the midshipman on deck, telling him at the same time that unless my hurts were dressed I should bleed to death. But compassion was a weakness of which no man could justly accuse this person, who, squirting a mouthful of dissolved tobacco upon me through the gratings, told me "I was a mutinous dog, and that I might die and be d—d." Finding there was no other remedy, I appealed to patience, and laid up this usage in my memory, to be recalled at a fitter season. In the meantime, loss of blood, vexation, and want of food, contributed with the noisome stench of the place to throw me into a swoon; out of which I was recovered by a tweak of the nose, administered by the tar who stood sentinel over us, who at the same time regaled me with a draught of flip, and comforted me with the hopes of being put on board the *Thunder* next day, where I should be freed of my handcuffs, and cured of my wounds by the doctor. I no sooner heard him name the *Thunder*, than I asked if he had belonged to that ship long? and he giving me to understand he had belonged to her five years, I inquired if he knew Lieutenant Bowling? "Know Lieutenant Bowling?" said he, "odds my life! and that I do: and a good seaman he is as ever stepped upon forecandle; and a brave fellow as ever cracked biscuit: none of your guinea-pigs, nor your freshwater, wishy-washy, fair-weather fowls. Many a tough gale of wind has honest Tom Bowling and I weathered together. Here's his health with all my heart, wherever he is, aloft or alow; in heaven or in hell; all's one for that — he needs not be ashamed to show himself." I was so much affected with this eulogium that I could not refrain from telling him that I was Lieutenant Bowling's kinsman; in consequence of which connection he expressed an inclination to serve me; and when he was relieved, brought some cold boiled beef in a platter, and biscuit, on which we supped plentifully, and afterwards drank another can of flip together.

While we were thus engaged, he recounted a great many exploits of my uncle, who I found was very much beloved by the ship's company, and pitied for the misfortune that had happened to him in *Hispaniola*, which I was very glad to be informed was not so great as I imagined; for Captain Oakum had recovered of his wounds, and actually at that time commanded the ship. Having by accident in my pocket my uncle's letter, written from Port Louis, I gave it to my benefactor (whose name was Jack Rattlin) for his perusal; but honest Jack told me frankly he could not read, and desired to know the contents — which I immediately communicated. When he heard that part of it in which he says he had written to his landlord in Deal, he cried —

"Body o' me! that was old Ben Block: he was dead before the letter came to hand. Ey, ey, had Ben been alive, Lieutenant Bowling would have had no occasion to skulk so long. Honest Ben was the first man that taught him to hand, reef, and steer. — Well, well, we must all die, that's certain; we must all come to port sooner or later, at sea or on shore; we must be fast moored one day; death's like the best bower-anchor, as the saying is — it will bring us all up."

I could not but signify my approbation of the justness of Jack's reflections; and inquired into the occasion of the quarrel between Captain Oakum and my uncle, which he explained in this manner. "Captain Oakum, to be sure, is a good man enough; besides, he's my commander: but what's that to me? I do my duty, and value no man's anger of a rope's-end. Now the report goes as how he's a lord, or baron-knight's brother, whereby, d'ye see me, he carries a straight arm, and keeps aloof from his officers, thof mayhap they may be as good men in the main as he. Now, we lying at anchor in Tuberoon Bay, Lieutenant Bowling had the middle watch: and as he always kept a good lookout, he made, d'ye see, three lights in the offing, whereby he ran down to the great cabin for orders, and found the captain asleep; whereupon he waked him, which put him in a main high passion, and he swore woundily at the lieutenant, and called him swab and lubber, whereby the lieutenant returned the salute, and they jawed together, fore and aft, a good spell, till at last the captain turned out, and laying hold of a rattan, came athwart Mr. Bowling's quarter; whereby he told the captain that if he was not his commander he would heave him overboard, and demanded satisfaction ashore; whereby in the morning watch the captain went ashore in the pinnace, and afterwards the lieutenant carried the cutter ashore; and so they, leaving the boats' crews on their oars, went away together; and so, d'ye see, in less than a quarter of an hour we heard firing, whereby we made for the place, and found the captain lying wounded on the beach, and so brought him on board to the doctor, who cured him in less than six weeks. But the lieutenant clapped on all the sail he could bear, and had got far enough ahead before we knew anything of the matter, so that we could never after get sight of him; for which we were not sorry, because the captain was mainly wroth, and would certainly have done him a mischief; for he afterwards caused him to be run on the ship's books, whereby he lost all his pay, and if he should be taken would be tried as a deserter."

This account of the captain's behavior gave me no advantageous idea of his character; and I could not help lamenting my own fate, that had subjected me to such a commander. However, making a virtue of necessity, I put a good face on the matter, and next day was, with the other pressed men, put on board the *Thunder*, lying at the Nore. When we came alongside, the mate who guarded us thither ordered my handcuffs to be taken off, that I might get on board the easier. This circumstance being perceived by some of the company who stood upon the gang-boards to see us enter, one of them called

to Jack Rattlin, who was busy in doing this friendly office for me — “Hey, Jack, what Newgate galley have you boarded in the river as you came along? have we not thieves enow among us already?” Another, observing my wounds which remained exposed to the air, told me my seams were uncalked, and that I must be new payed. A third, seeing my hair clotted together with blood, as it were, into distinct cords, took notice that my bows were manned with the red ropes instead of my side. A fourth asked me if I could not keep my yards square without iron braces? And in short, a thousand witticisms of the same nature were passed upon me before I could get up the ship’s side. After we had been all entered upon the ship’s books, I inquired of one of my ship-mates where the surgeon was, that I might have my wounds dressed; and had actually got as far as the middle deck — for our ship carried eighty guns — in my way to the cockpit, when I was met by the same midshipman who had used me so barbarously in the tender. He, seeing me free from my chains, asked with an insolent air who had released me?

To this question I foolishly answered, with a countenance that too plainly declared the state of my thoughts, “Whoever did it, I am persuaded, did not consult you in the affair.” I had no sooner uttered these words, than he cried, “You —, I’ll teach you to talk so to your officer.” So saying, he bestowed on me several stripes with a supple-jack he had in his hand; and going to the commanding officer, made such a report of me that I was immediately put in irons by the master-at-arms, and a sentinel placed over me. Honest Rattlin, as soon as he heard of my condition, came to me, and administered all the consolation he could; and then went to the surgeon in my behalf, who sent one of his mates to dress my wounds.

This mate was no other than my old friend Thompson, with whom I became acquainted at the navy office, as before mentioned. If I knew him at first sight, it was not easy for him to recognize me, disfigured with blood and dirt, and altered by the misery I had undergone. Unknown as I was to him, he surveyed me with looks of compassion; and handled my sores with great tenderness. When he had applied what he thought proper, and was about to leave me, I asked him if my misfortunes had disguised me so much that he could not recollect my face? Upon this address, he observed me with great earnestness for some time, and at length protested that he could not recollect one feature of my countenance. To keep him no longer in suspense, I told my name: which when he heard, he embraced me with affection, and professed his sorrow at seeing me in such a disagreeable situation. I made him acquainted with my story; and when he heard how inhumanly I had been used in the tender, he left me abruptly, assuring me I should see him again soon. I had scarce time to wonder at his sudden departure, when the master-at-arms came to the place of my confinement and bade me follow him to the quarter-deck; where I was examined by the first lieutenant, who commanded the ship in the absence of the captain, touching the treatment I had received

in the tender from my friend the midshipman, who was present to confront me. I recounted the particulars of his behavior to me, not only in the tender, but since my being on board the ship; part of which being proved by the evidence of Jack Rattlin and others, who had no great devotion for my oppressor, I was discharged from confinement to make way for him, who was delivered to the master-at-arms to take his turn in the bilboes. And this was not the only satisfaction I enjoyed; for I was, at the request of the surgeon, exempted from all other duty than that of assisting his mates in making and administering medicines to the sick. This good office I owed to the friendship of Mr. Thompson, who had represented me in such a favorable light to the surgeon that he demanded me of the lieutenant to supply the place of his third mate, who was lately dead.

## OLD-FASHIONED LOVE-MAKING: AN OLD-FASHIONED WEDDING

From 'Peregrine Pickle'

[After many vicissitudes, Peregrine Pickle has been confined in the Fleet prison for debt, but is happily released by the payment of an account long owing to him. Captain Godfrey Gauntlet, an old acquaintance, with whose sister, Emilia, Peregrine is in love, visits him and brings a letter from her. At the same time Peregrine is informed of his father's death and his own inheritance of a fortune.]

GODFREY, who had taken leave of his sister, on pretense of making a short excursion with Peregrine, whose health required the enjoyment of fresh air after his long confinement, sent a message to Emilia that same night announcing his arrival, and giving her notice that he would breakfast with her next morning; when he and our hero, who had dressed himself for the purpose, taking a hackney-coach, repaired to her lodging, and were introduced into a parlor adjoining that in which the tea-table was set. Here they had not waited many minutes when they heard the sound of feet coming down-stairs; upon which our hero's heart began to beat the alarm. He concealed himself behind the screen, by the direction of his friend, whose ears being saluted with Sophy's voice from the next room, he flew into it with great ardor, and enjoyed upon her lips the sweet transports of a meeting so unexpected; for he had left her in her father's house at Windsor.

Amidst these emotions, he had almost forgotten the situation of Peregrine; when Emilia, assuming her enchanting air — "Is not this," said she, "a most provoking scene to a young woman like me, who am doomed to wear the

willow, by the strange caprice of my lover? Upon my word, brother, you have done me infinite prejudice in promoting this jaunt with my obstinate correspondent, who, I suppose, is so ravished with this transient glimpse of liberty that he will never be persuaded to incur unnecessary confinement for the future." "My dear sister," replied the captain tauntingly, "your own pride set him the example; so you must e'en stand to the consequence of his imitation." "'Tis a hard case, however," answered the fair offender, "that I should suffer all my life by one venial trespass. Heigh ho! who would imagine that a sprightly girl such as I, with ten thousand pounds, should go a-begging? I have a good mind to marry the next person that asks me the question, in order to be revenged upon this unyielding humorist. Did the dear fellow discover no inclination to see me, in all the term of his release? Well, if ever I catch the fugitive again, he shall sing in his cage for life."

It is impossible to convey to the reader a just idea of Peregrine's transports while he overheard this declaration—which was no sooner pronounced, than, unable to resist the impetuosity of his passion, he sprung from his lurking-place, exclaiming, "Here I surrender!" and rushing into her presence, was so dazzled with her beauty that his speech failed: he was fixed like a statue to the floor; and all his faculties were absorbed in admiration. Indeed she was now in the full bloom of her charms, and it was nearly impossible to look upon her without emotion. The ladies screamed with surprise at his appearance, and Emilia underwent such agitation as flushed every charm with irresistible energy.

While he was almost fainting with unutterable delight, she seemed to sink under the tumults of tenderness and confusion; when our hero, perceiving her condition, obeyed the impulse of his love and circled the charmer in his arms, without suffering the least frown or symptom of displeasure. Not all the pleasures of his life had amounted to the ineffable joy of this embrace, in which he continued for some minutes totally entranced. He fastened upon her pouting lips with all the eagerness of rapture; and while his brain seemed to whirl round with transport, exclaimed in a delirium of bliss, "Heaven and earth! this is too much to bear."

His imagination was accordingly relieved, and his attention in some measure divided, by the interposition of Sophy, who kindly chid him for his having overlooked his old friends: thus accosted, he quitted his delicious armful, and saluting Mrs. Gauntlet, asked pardon for his neglect; observing that such rudeness was excusable, considering the long and unhappy exile which he had suffered from the jewel of his soul. Then turning to Emilia—"I am come, madam," said he, "to claim the performance of your promise, which I can produce under your own fair hand: you may therefore lay aside all superfluous ceremony and shyness, and crown my happiness without further delay; for upon my soul! my thoughts are wound up to the last

pitch of expectation, and I shall certainly run distracted if I am doomed to any term of probation."

His mistress, having by this time recollected herself, replied with a most exhilarating smile, "I ought to punish you for your obstinacy with the mortification of a twelvemonth's trial; but it is dangerous to tamper with an admirer of your disposition, and therefore I think I must make sure of you while it is in my power."

"You are willing then to take me for better for worse, in presence of Heaven and these witnesses?" cried Peregrine kneeling, and applying her hand to his lips.

At this interrogation, her features softened into an amazing expression of condescending love; and while she darted a side glance that thrilled to his marrow, and heaved a sigh more soft than Zephyr's balmy wing, her answer was, "Why—ay—and Heaven grant me patience to bear the humors of such a yoke-fellow."

"And may the same powers," replied the youth, "grant me life and opportunity to manifest the immensity of my love. Meanwhile I have eighty thousand pounds, which shall be laid in your lap."

So saying, he sealed the contract upon her lips, and explained the mystery of his last words, which had begun to operate upon the wonder of the two sisters. Sophy was agreeably surprised with the account of his good fortune: nor was it, in all probability, unacceptable to the lovely Emilia; though from this information she took an opportunity to upbraid her admirer with the inflexibility of his pride, which, she scrupled not to say, would have baffled all the suggestions of passion had it not been gratified by this providential event.

Matters being thus happily matured, the lover begged that immediate recourse might be had to the church, and his happiness ascertained. He fell at her feet in all the agony of impatience; swore that his life and intellects would actually be in jeopardy by her refusal: and when she attempted to argue him out of his demand, began to rave with such extravagance that Sophy was frightened into conviction; and Godfrey enforcing the remonstrances of his friend, the amiable Emilia was teased into compliance. . . .

He accordingly led her into the dining-room, where the ceremony was performed without delay; and after the husband had asserted his prerogative on her lips, the whole company saluted her by the name of Mrs. Pickle. . . .

An express was immediately despatched to Mrs. Gauntlet with an account of her daughter's marriage; a town-house was hired, and a handsome equipage set up, in which the new-married pair appeared at all public places, to the astonishment of our adventurer's fair-weather friends and the admiration of all the world: for in point of figure such another couple was not to be found in the whole United Kingdom. Envy despaired, and detraction was struck dumb, when our hero's new accession of fortune was consigned to the cele-

bration of public fame; Emilia attracted the notice of all observers, from the pert Templar to the Sovereign himself, who was pleased to bestow encomiums upon the excellence of her beauty. Many persons of consequence, who had dropped the acquaintance of Peregrine in the beginning of his decline, now made open efforts to cultivate his friendship anew: but he discouraged all these advances with the most mortifying disdain; and one day when the nobleman whom he had formerly obliged came up to him in the drawing-room, with the salutation of "Your servant, Mr. Pickle," he eyed him with a look of ineffable contempt, saying, "I suppose your Lordship is mistaken in your man," and turned his head another way in presence of the whole court.

When he had made a circuit round all the places frequented by the *beau monde*, to the utter confusion of those against whom his resentment was kindled, paid off his debts, and settled his money matters in town, Hatchway was dismissed to the country, in order to prepare for the reception of his fair Emilia. In a few days after his departure, the whole company (Cadwallader himself included) set out for his father's house; and in their way took up Mrs. Gauntlet, the mother, who was sincerely rejoiced to see our hero in the capacity of her son-in-law.

## LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

THE glamour which to this day is about the enigmatic character of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu seems born of the contradictions of her nature. Her letters show her capable of greatness of thought and feeling, and yet she produced little but enigmas. She is brilliant but not convincing. The present generation, like her own, is of two minds about her. It cannot take her with over-seriousness; yet it is forced to pay tribute to her precocity of mind and character.

Had Lady Mary Montagu lived in an age friendly to the intellectual sincerity of women, she might have put her powers of mind to great advantage; but the world would probably have lost that unique personality which might be the eighteenth century masquerading as a woman. Of the weakness and strength of that age of light without sweetness, Lady Mary is representative. She possesses its cleverness, its clear head, its brittle wit. She exhibits also its lack of strong natural feeling, its indifference to the primal truths of existence, its tendency to sacrifice the Ten Commandments to an epigram. She was as much a product of her time as her acid friend and enemy, Pope; as the rocking-horse meter of the contemporary poetry; as the patched and powdered ladies of the court; as the Whig and Tory parties; as the polite infidelities of the fashionable. Yet in her good sense and intellectual fearlessness she belonged to a later day. The woman who introduced inoculation into England would not have been out of place two centuries later.

She was born in 1689, at a time when English society and English literature had lost the last gleam of a great dead age, and existed for the most part in the candle-light of drawing-rooms. Her father, the Marquis of Dorchester, did little for her but introduce her to the Kit-Kat Club, where she made her first bow to the world of the new century. Having no mother, she grew up as she could. Her irregular education in her father's library, where she read what she chose, probably heightened that spontaneity of thought which gives to her letters their peculiar charm, and her neglected childhood served doubtless to increase her originality and her independence. The latter quality, at least, was exhibited in her precipitate marriage with Edward Wortley. It is said that her scholarly husband was drawn to her by her knowledge of classical Latin; but in all probability Lady Mary herself was the greater magnet. Shortly after his marriage, Edward Wortley was appointed ambassador to Turkey, and his wife gave evidence of her adventurous spirit and of her intellectual thirst by accompanying him. In her letters from Turkey, Lady Mary exhibits her disposition to regard all life

as a pageant. Like her age, she was absorbed in the shows of things. Her intellectual comprehension of them was complete, but beyond the domain of the intellect she never ventured. The letters from Turkey give evidence of having been written for publication. They are studied in manner, but this does not deprive them of the charm of individuality. Lady Mary, on her return, took her place at once in London society as a remarkable woman — with varying effects upon the world before which she lived. Opinions of her touched extremes. No one within the circle of her influence could trim between adoration and detestation. If she was not a hag she was a goddess. It required the versatility and peculiar sensitiveness of Pope himself to find her both. Their famous friendship and their famous quarrel are food for the reflection of posterity.

The savage attacks of the poet may have been one cause for the departure of Lady Mary from London to live abroad. Through her letters she held her power at home during many years of self-imposed exile, of which she writes in such full detail to her daughter, Lady Bute. She remained abroad from 1739 to 1762, the year of her death; although she writes to her daughter that the very hay in which some china was packed is dear to her, because it came from England.

She returned to her native land sick, homely, and old, but with power still to turn her mean tenement into a court. The last picture of her is of a decrepit woman in an abominable wig and greasy petticoat, and an old great-coat with tarnished brass buttons, receiving the homage of English wit and English culture, drawn to her by an irresistible fascination. She was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu under all disguises. She retains her power to this day.

ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

FRIDAY NIGHT

**I** TREMBLE for what we are doing. Are you sure you shall love me forever? Shall we never repent? I fear and I hope. I foresee all that will happen on this occasion. I shall incense my family in the highest degree. The generality of the world will blame my conduct, and the relations and friends of — will invent a thousand stories of me; yet 'tis possible you may recompense everything to me. In this letter, which I am fond of, you promise me all that I wish. Since I writ so far, I received your Friday letter. I will be only yours, and I will do what you please.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR

ADRIANOPLE, APRIL 18, 1717

I WROTE to you, dear sister, and to all my other English correspondents by the last ship, and only Heaven can tell when I shall have another opportunity of sending to you; but I cannot forbear to write again, though perhaps my letter may lie upon my hands these two months. To confess the truth, my head is so full of my entertainment yesterday, that 'tis absolutely necessary for my own repose to give it some vent. Without farther preface, I will then begin my story.

I was invited to dine with the Grand Vizier's lady; and it was with a great deal of pleasure I prepared myself for an entertainment which was never before given to any Christian. I thought I should very little satisfy her curiosity (which I did not doubt was a considerable motive to the invitation) by going in a dress she was used to see; and therefore dressed myself in the court habit of Vienna, which is much more magnificent than ours. However, I chose to go *incognito*, to avoid any disputes about ceremony, and went in a Turkish coach, only attended by my woman that held up my train, and the Greek lady who was my interpretrass. I was met at the court door by her black eunuch, who helped me out of the coach with great respect, and conducted me through several rooms, where her she-slaves, finely dressed, were ranged on each side. In the innermost I found the lady sitting on her sofa, in a sable vest. She advanced to meet me, and presented me half a dozen of her friends with great civility. She seemed a very good-looking woman, near fifty years old. I was surprised to observe so little magnificence in her house, the furniture being all very moderate; and except the habits and number of her slaves, nothing about her appeared expensive. She guessed at my thoughts, and told me she was no longer of an age to spend either her time or money in superfluities; that her whole expense was in charity, and her whole employment praying to God. There was no affectation in this speech; both she and her husband are entirely given up to devotion. He never looks upon any other woman; and what is more extraordinary, touches no bribes, notwithstanding the example of all his predecessors. He is so scrupulous on this point, he would not accept Mr. Wortley's present till he had been assured over and over that it was a settled perquisite of his place at the entrance of every ambassador.

She entertained me with all kind of civility till dinner came in; which was served, one dish at a time, to a vast number, all finely dressed after their manner — which I don't think so bad as you have perhaps heard it represented. I am a very good judge of their eating, having lived three weeks in the house of an *effendi* at Belgrade, who gave us very magnificent dinners,

dressed by his own cooks. The first week they pleased me extremely; but I own I then began to grow weary of their table, and desired our own cook might add a dish or two after our manner. But I attribute this to custom, and am very much inclined to believe that an Indian who had never tasted of either would prefer their cookery to ours. Their sauces are very high, all the roast very much done. They use a great deal of very rich spice. The soup is served for the last dish; and they have at least as great a variety of ragouts as we have. I was very sorry I could not eat of as many as the good lady would have had me, who was very earnest in serving me of everything. The treat concluded with coffee and perfumes, which is a high mark of respect; ten slaves, kneeling, *censed* my hair, clothes, and handkerchief. After this ceremony, she commanded her slaves to play and dance, which they did with their guitars in their hands; and she excused to me their want of skill, saying she took no care to accomplish them in that art.

I returned her thanks, and soon after took my leave. I was conducted back in the same manner I entered, and would have gone straight to my own house: but the Greek lady with me earnestly solicited me to visit the *kiyàya's* lady; saying he was the second officer in the empire, and ought indeed to be looked upon as the first—the Grand Vizier having only the name, while he exercised the authority. I had found so little diversion in the Vizier's harem, that I had no mind to go into another. But her importunity prevailed with me, and I am extremely glad I was so complaisant.

All things here were with quite another air than at the Grand Vizier's; and the very house confessed the difference between an old devotee and a young beauty. It was nicely clean and magnificent. I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I was sorry that decency did not permit me to stop to consider them nearer. But that thought was lost upon my entrance into a large room, or rather a pavilion, built round with gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown up; and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. The jessamines and honeysuckles that twisted round their trunks shed a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water in the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down. On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the *kiyàya's* lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair Fatima (for that is her name), so much her beauty effaced everything I have seen — nay, all that has been called lovely, either in England or Germany. I must own that

I never saw anything so gloriously beautiful, nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand to her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honor. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was struck with admiration, that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprising harmony of features! that charming result of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art! the unutterable enchantment of her smile! But her eyes — large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue! every turn of her face discovering some new grace.

After my first surprise was over, I endeavored, by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection: without any fruit of my search but my being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion that a face exactly proportioned and perfectly beautiful would not be agreeable; nature having done for her with more success, what Apelles is said to have essayed by a collection of the most exact features, to form a perfect face. Add to all this a behavior so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am persuaded — could she be suddenly transported upon the most polite throne in Europe, nobody would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her.

She was dressed in a *caftán* of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and showing to admiration the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink, her waistcoat green and silver, her slippers white satin, finely embroidered; her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds, and her broad girdle set round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, and I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it a virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy. The gravest writers have spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of Heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and I think has a much better claim to our praise. For my part, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE

LOUVÈRE, February 19, 1753

*My Dear Child:*

I GAVE you some general thoughts on the education of your children in my last letter; but fearing you should think I neglected your request, by answering it with too much conciseness, I am resolved to add to it what little I know on that subject, and which may perhaps be useful to you in a concern with which you seem so nearly affected.

People commonly educate their children as they build their houses — according to some plan they think beautiful, without considering whether it is suited to the purposes for which they are designed. Almost all girls of quality are educated as if they were to be great ladies, which is often as little to be expected as an immoderate heat of the sun in the north of Scotland. You should teach yours to confine their desires to probabilities, to be as useful as is possible to themselves, and to think privacy (as it is) the happiest state of life. I do not doubt your giving them all the instructions necessary to form them to a virtuous life; but 'tis a fatal mistake to do this without proper restrictions. Vices are often hid under the name of virtues, and the practice of them followed by the worst of consequences. Sincerity, friendship, piety, disinterestedness, and generosity are all great virtues; but pursued without discretion become criminal. I have seen ladies indulge their own ill-humor by being very rude and impertinent, and think they deserved approbation by saying, "I love to speak truth." One of your acquaintances made a ball the next day after her mother died, to show she was sincere! I believe your own reflection will furnish you with but too many examples of the ill effects of the rest of the sentiments I have mentioned, when too warmly embraced. They are generally recommended to young people without limits or distinction; and this prejudice hurries them into great misfortunes, while they are applauding themselves in the noble practice (as they fancy) of very eminent virtues.

I cannot help adding (out of my real affection to you) that I wish you would moderate that fondness you have for your children. I do not mean that you should abate any part of your care, or not do your duty to them in its utmost extent! but I would have you early prepare yourself for disappointments, which are heavy in proportion to their being surprising. It is hardly possible, in such a number, that none should be unhappy; prepare yourself against a misfortune of that kind. I confess there is hardly any more difficult to support; yet it is certain, imagination has a great share in the pain of it, and it is more in our power than it is commonly believed, to soften whatever ills are founded or augmented by fancy. Strictly speaking, there is but one real evil — I mean acute pain; all other complaints are so considerably diminished by time, that

it is plain the grief is owing to our passion, since the sensation of it vanishes when that is over.

There is another mistake I forgot to mention, usual in mothers: if any of their daughters are beauties, they take great pains to persuade them that they are ugly, or at least that they think so; which the young woman never fails to believe springs from envy, and is perhaps not much in the wrong. I would, if possible, give them a just notion of their figure, and show them how far it is valuable. Every advantage has its price, and may be either over or under valued. It is the common doctrine of what are called good books, to inspire a contempt of beauty; riches, greatness, &c.; which has done as much mischief among the young of our sex as an over-eager desire of them. Why they should not look on these things as blessings where they are bestowed, though not necessities that it is impossible to be happy without, I cannot conceive. I am persuaded the ruin of Lady F — M — was in great measure owing to the notions given her by the good people that had the care of her; — 'tis true, her circumstances and your daughters' are very different. They should be taught to be content with privacy, and yet not neglect good fortune if it should be offered them.

I am afraid I have tired you with my instructions. I do not give them as believing my age has furnished me with superior wisdom, but in compliance with your desire, and being fond of every opportunity that gives a proof of the tenderness with which I am ever

Your affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY

## FROM A LETTER TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE

LOUVÈRE, March 6, 1753

I CAN truly affirm, I never deceived anybody in my life, excepting (which I confess has often happened undesignedly) by speaking plainly; as Earl Stanhope used to say, during his ministry, he always imposed on the foreign ministers by telling them the naked truth — which as they thought impossible to come from the mouth of a statesman, they never failed to write information to their respective courts directly contrary to the assurances he gave them. Most people confound the ideas of sense and cunning, though there are really no two things in nature more opposite: it is in part from this false reasoning, the unjust custom prevails of debarring our sex from the advantages of learning — the men fancying the improvement of our understandings would only furnish us with more art to deceive them, which is directly contrary to the truth. Fools are always enterprising, not seeing the difficulties of deceit or the ill consequences of detection. I could give many examples of ladies

whose ill conduct has been very notorious, which has been owing to that ignorance which has exposed them to idleness, which is justly called the mother of mischief. There is nothing so like the education of a woman of quality as that of a prince: they are taught to dance, and the exterior part of what is called good breeding — which if they attain, they are extraordinary creatures in their kind, and have all the accomplishments required by their directors. The same characters are formed by the same lessons: which inclines me to think (if I dare say it) that nature has not placed us in an inferior rank to men, no more than the females of other animals, where we see no distinction of capacity; though I am persuaded, if there was a commonwealth of rational horses, as Doctor Swift has supposed, it would be an established maxim among them that a mare could *not* be taught to pace.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE

SEPTEMBER 30, 1757.

. . . . .

**D**AUGHTER! daughter! don't call names: you are always abusing my pleasures, which is what no mortal will bear. Trash, lumber, sad stuff, are the titles you give to my favorite amusement. If I called a white staff a stick of wood, a gold key gilded brass, and the ensigns of illustrious orders colored strings, this may be philosophically true, but would be very ill received. We have all our playthings: happy are they that can be contented with those they can obtain; those hours are spent in the wisest manner that can easiest shade the ills of life, and are the least productive of ill consequences. I think my time better employed in reading the adventures of imaginary people, than the Duchess of Marlborough's, who passed the latter years of her life in paddling with her will, and contriving schemes of plaguing some and extracting praise from others, to no purpose; eternally disappointed and eternally fretting. The active scenes are over at my age. I indulge, with all the art I can, my love for reading. If I would confine it to valuable books, they are almost as rare as valuable men. I must be content with what I can find. As I approach a second childhood, I endeavor to enter into the pleasures of it. Your youngest son is perhaps at this very moment riding on a poker with great delight; not at all regretting that it is not a gold one, and much less wishing it an Arabian horse, which he would not know how to manage. I am reading an idle tale, not expecting wit or truth in it; and am very glad it is not metaphysics to puzzle my judgment, or history to mislead my opinion. He fortifies his health by exercise: I calm my cares by oblivion. The methods may appear low to busy people; but if he improves his strength, and I forget my infirmities, we attain very desirable ends.

## LORD CHESTERFIELD

AS the best representative of a creditable type among English noblemen in the reign of George II — an accomplished courtier, a diplomatic statesman worthy of reliance on occasions of emergency, a scholar, and a patron of literature — Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth earl of Chesterfield, occupied a prominent place in the history of his country for more than forty years. He was the eldest son of Philip, third earl, and was born at London in 1694. Most of his boyhood was spent under the care of his grandmother, the Marchioness of Halifax. When eighteen, he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, and became "an excellent classical scholar." The principal events in his public career were his election to Parliament in his twenty-first year; his appointment as Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard in return for a political vote; his selection for special service as Ambassador to The Hague after his succession to the family title; his appointment as Lord High Steward, with the Garter, as a reward for his success in Holland; his expulsion from that position by Robert Walpole for political disobedience in opposing an excise bill; his second successful mission to The Hague; his selection, as a reward, for the responsible post of Viceroy in Ireland, and subsequently his resignation and acceptance of office as Secretary of State. Chesterfield was first a warm friend, then a bitter enemy, of Robert Walpole. He also antagonized George II, but that monarch finally succumbed to diplomatic treatment at his hands and offered his former antagonist a dukedom, which was courteously declined. In his fifty-eighth year, partial deafness caused him to withdraw almost wholly from public affairs, and he devoted himself to the preparation of his memoirs, which were published after his death in 1773. As a patron of literature, Dr. Samuel Johnson deemed him a distinct failure, and expressed his opinion forcibly to that effect in his celebrated letter. His literary reputation rests chiefly on letters addressed to his natural son Philip, who died in his thirty-sixth year, greatly to the disappointment of his father, who had looked forward to a great career for the young man. His letters of counsel and advice were to that end; oddly, they left the recipient still shy, awkward, tactless, and immature. These epistles, not intended for public perusal, were subsequently printed in book form.

## ON MANNERS, DRESS, AND GOOD BREEDING

From 'Letters to His Son'

THERE is a *bienséance* with regard to people of the lowest degree; a gentleman observes it with his footman, even with the beggar in the street. He considers them as objects of compassion, not of insult; he speaks to neither *d'un ton brusque*, but corrects the one coolly, and refuses the other with humanity. There is no one occasion in the world, in which *le ton brusque* is becoming a gentleman. In short, *les bienséances* are another word for *manners*, and extend to every part of life. They are propriety; the Graces should attend in order to complete them: the Graces enables us to do genteelly and pleasingly what *les bienséances* require to be done at all. The latter are an obligation upon every man; the former are an infinite advantage and ornament to any man.

People unused to the world have babbling countenances, and are unskilful enough to show what they have sense enough not to tell. In the course of the world, a man must very often put on an easy, frank countenance, upon very disagreeable occasions; he must seem pleased, when he is very much otherwise; he must be able to accost and receive with smiles those whom he would much rather meet with swords. In Courts he must not turn himself inside out. All this may, nay, must be done, without falsehood and treachery: for it must go no further than politeness and manners, and must stop short of assurances and professions of simulated friendship. Good manners to those one does not love are no more a breach of truth than "your humble servant," at the bottom of a challenge, is; they are universally agreed upon and understood to be things of course. They are necessary guards of the decency and peace of society: they must only act defensively; and then not with arms poisoned with perfidy. Truth, but not the whole truth, must be the invariable principle of every man who hath either religion, honor, or prudence.

I cannot help forming some opinion of a man's sense and character from his dress; and I believe most people do as well as myself. Any affectation whatsoever in dress implies in my mind a flaw in the understanding. . . . A man of sense carefully avoids any particular character in his dress; he is accurately clean for his own sake; but all the rest is for other people's. He dresses as well, and in the same manner, as the people of sense and fashion of the place where he is. If he dresses better, as he thinks — that is, more than they — he is a fop; if he dresses worse, he is unpardonably negligent: but of the two, I would rather have a young fellow too much than too little dressed: the excess on that side will wear off with a little age and reflection; but if he is negligent at twenty, he will be a sloven at forty and stink at fifty years old. Dress yourself fine where others are fine, and plain where others are plain; but take care always that your clothes are well made and fit you, for otherwise they will give

you a very awkward air. When you are once well dressed for the day, think no more of it afterwards; and without any stiffness or fear of discomposing that dress, let all your motions be as easy and natural as if you had no clothes on at all.

A friend of yours and mine has justly defined good breeding to be "the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them." Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed), it is astonishing to me that anybody who had good sense and good nature (and I believe you have both) can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances, and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good manners are to particular societies what good morals are to society in general — their cement and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference, both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. . . . Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects: whoever in either case violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think that next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing: and the epithet which I should covet the most next to that of Aristides, would be that of "well-bred."

## THE CHOICE OF A VOCATION

From 'Miscellaneous Works'

**I**T is very certain that no man is fit for everything; but it is almost as certain too that there is scarce any one man who is not fit for something, which something nature plainly points out to him by giving him a tendency and propensity to it. I look upon common-sense to be to the mind what conscience is to the heart — the faithful and constant monitor of what is right or wrong. And I am convinced that no man commits either a crime or a folly but against the manifest and sensible representations of the one or the other. Every man finds in himself, either from nature or education — for they are hard to distinguish — a peculiar bent and disposition to some particular character; and his struggling against it is the fruitless and endless labor of Sisyphus. Let him follow and cultivate that vocation, he will succeed in it, and be considerable in one way at least; whereas if he departs from it he will at best be inconsiderable, probably ridiculous.

## SAMUEL JOHNSON

**S**AMUEL JOHNSON, the son of a bookseller, was born at Lichfield, Staffordshire, England, September 18, 1709. He was educated mainly in the grammar school of that city; though perhaps the best part of his education he gave himself in the free run which he had of the books in his father's shop. Lichfield was the literary center of a large district. Old Michael Johnson supplied scholars with their folios, as well as less severe readers with romances, poems, essays, and pamphlets. It was in climbing up to search for some apples which young Samuel imagined his brother had hidden behind a large folio, that he came across the works of Petrarch, and fell to studying them. He was a mere child when, reading 'Hamlet' in his father's kitchen, he was so greatly scared by the ghost that he suddenly hurried upstairs to the street door, that he might see people about him. With the memory of this terror fresh in his mind, he wrote many years afterwards: "He that peruses Shakespeare looks round him alarmed, and starts to find himself alone." He read with wonderful rapidity, ravenously as if he devoured the book, and what he read his powerful memory retained. "He knew more books," said Adam Smith, "than any man alive."

At the age of nineteen he entered Pembroke College, Oxford, "the best qualified for the university that his tutor had ever known come there." Thence he was driven by poverty after a residence of only fourteen months. During the next few years he lived partly by teaching. At the age of twenty-six he married. Two years later he went up to London with a half-finished tragedy in his pocket, and David Garrick as his companion. There for five-and-twenty years he lived the hard life of a poor scholar. His wife died after a long illness. "The melancholy of the day of her death hung long upon me," he recorded in his diary. His own body, though large and powerful, was not sound, and his mind was often overcast by melancholy. "My health," he said in his old age, "has been from my twentieth year such as has seldom afforded me a single day of ease." In this period of his life he did most of his work. He wrote the Debates of Parliament, which were wholly in form and mainly in substance his own invention; his great Dictionary; his two poems 'London' and 'The Vanity of Human Wishes'; the Rambler, the Idler, and 'Rasselas,' and numerous minor pieces. He published moreover 'Observations on Macbeth,' and made a beginning of his edition of Shakespeare.

In 1762, when he was in his fifty-third year, a pension of £300 from the king freed him from the pressure of poverty. The rest of his life he passed in modest comfort. A friendship which he formed a little later added greatly to his happiness. A wealthy London brewer of the name of Thrale, a man of

such strong sense that he sought a comrade in this rough genius, gave him a second home. Both in his town house and in his beautiful country villa a room was set apart for Johnson. Mrs. Thrale, "a lady of lively talents improved by education," flattered by the friendship of so great a man and by the society which he drew round his table, tended him like a daughter. "Her kindness soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched." To the Thrales he generally gave half the week, passing the rest of his time in his own house. There he found constant shelter for two humble friends; sometimes indeed for as many as five.

His pen had long intervals of rest. He finished his Shakespeare, wrote four political tracts which added nothing to his reputation, and his 'Journey to the Western Islands.' Happily he was roused from his indolence by the request of the booksellers that he should undertake that one of all his works by which he is best known — the 'Lives of the English Poets.' "I wrote it," he says, "in my usual way, dilatorily and hastily; unwilling to work, and working with vigor and haste."

The indolence into which he seemed to have sunk was more apparent than real. That powerful mind was seldom long at rest. "He was a kind of public oracle, whom everybody thought they had a right to visit and consult." David Hume might complain that "men of letters have in London no rendezvous, and are indeed sunk and forgotten in the general torrent of the world." Those who knew Johnson felt no such want. "His house became an academy." So did the taverns which he frequented, whose chairs he looked upon as so many thrones of human felicity. "There I have," he said, "free conversation, and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love; I dogmatize and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinions and opinions I find delight." In Thrale's house, too, "the society of the learned, the witty, and the eminent in every way, called forth his wonderful powers." Among his friends he numbered Reynolds, Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick, and Boswell. They were all members of that famous club of which he was the light and center. In the world of letters his opinion was eagerly awaited. "'What does Johnson say of such a book?' was the question of every day."

This, the happiest period of his life, was brought to an end by the death of Mr. Thrale in 1781. "I looked," he recorded in his diary, "for the last time upon the face that for fifteen years had never been turned upon me but with respect or benignity." The widow, who had scarcely buried her husband before she fell in love with an Italian singer, began to feel the old man's friendship a burden and reproach, and deserted him as she deserted her daughter. While he was thus losing his second home, "death visited his mournful habitation." Blind Miss Williams and that strange old surgeon Robert Levett, whom he had sheltered so many years and who repaid his kindness by companionship whenever he needed it, quickly followed Thrale to the grave. His own health began to break, and he was attacked by a succession of painful disorders.

Though the ranks of his friends were thinning and his strength was failing, he did not lose heart. He tried "to keep his friendships in constant repair," and he struggled hard for life. "I will be conquered," he said; "I will not capitulate." Death had always been terrible to him. Had Mr. Thrale outlived him he would have faced it in the house of friends, who by their attentions and their wealth would have screened some of its terrors from his view. He now faced it month after month in the gloom of solitude. He died on December 13, 1784. "His death," wrote one of his contemporaries, "kept the public mind in agitation beyond all former example." "It made a kind of era in literature," said Hannah More. Harriet Martineau was told, by an old lady who well remembered the time, that "the world of literature was perplexed and distressed as a swarm of bees that have lost their queen." The sovereign man of letters was indeed dead. "Sir," Goldsmith had one day said to him, "you are for making a monarchy of what should be a republic." The republic was at length founded; the last monarch of the English world of literature was gathered to his fathers. The scepter which Dryden had handed down to Pope, and Pope to Johnson, fell to the ground, never to be raised again. The Declaration of Independence was read in the funeral service over the newly opened grave in Westminster Abbey.

High as Johnson still stands as a writer, his great reputation rests mainly on his talk and on his character as a man, full as it was of strange variety, rugged strength, great tenderness, dogged honesty and truthfulness, a willingness to believe what was incredible combined with "an obstinate rationality" which ever prevented him, and Toryism with the spirit of a rebel glowing beneath. He had in the highest degree "that element of manhood" (to quote Lowell's words) "which we call *character*. It is something distinct from genius — though all great geniuses are endowed with it. Hence we always think of Dante Alighieri, of Michael Angelo, of William Shakespeare, of John Milton; while of such men as Gibbon and Hume we merely recall the works, and think of them as the author of this or that." This holds more true of Samuel Johnson than even of the four mighty geniuses whom Lowell instances. It is in the pages of his friend and disciple that he lives for us as no other man has ever lived. Of all men he is best known. In his early manhood he set up an academy, and failed. The school which he founded in his later years still numbers its pupils by thousands and tens of thousands. "We are," said Sir Joshua Reynolds, "of Dr. Johnson's school. He may be said to have formed my mind, and to have brushed from it a great deal of rubbish. He qualified it to think justly." He still qualifies the mind to think; he still clears it of cant; he still brushes from it all that rubbish which is heaped up by affectation, false sentiment, exaggeration, credulity, and indolence in thinking. "All who were of his school," Reynolds added, "are distinguished for a love of truth and accuracy." "He taught me," wrote Boswell, "to cross-question in common life." The great master still finds many apt scholars.

"He spoke as he wrote," his hearers commonly asserted. This was not altogether true. It might indeed be the case that "everything he said was as correct as a second edition"; nevertheless his talk was never so labored as the more ornate parts of his writings. Even in his lifetime his style was censured as "involved and turgid, and abounding with antiquated and hard words." Macaulay went so far as to pronounce it "systematically vicious." Johnson seems to have been aware of some of his failings. "If Robertson's style be faulty," he said, "he owes it to me; that is, having too many words, and those too big ones." As Goldsmith said of him, "If he were to make little fishes talk [in a fable], they would talk like whales." In the structure of his sentences he is as often at fault as in the use of big words. He praised Temple for giving a cadence to English prose, and he blamed Warburton for having "his sentences unmeasured." His own prose is too measured and has too much cadence. It is in his *Ramblers* that he is seen at his worst, and in his *'Lives of the Poets'* at his best. In his *Ramblers* he was under the temptation to expand his words beyond the thoughts they had to convey, which besets every writer who has on stated days to fill up a certain number of columns. In the *Lives*, out of the fullness of his mind he gave far more than he had undertaken in his agreement with the booksellers. With all its faults, his style has left a permanent and a beneficial mark on the English language. It was not without reason that, speaking of what he had done, he said: "Something perhaps I have added to the elegance of its construction, and something to the harmony of its cadence." If he was too fond of words of foreign origin, he resisted the inroad of foreign idioms. No one could say of him what he said of Hume: "The structure of his sentences is French." He sturdily withstood "the license of translators who were reducing to babble a dialect of France." Lord Monboddo complained of his frequent use of metaphors. In this he was unlike Swift, in whose writings, it was asserted, not a single one can be found. If, however, he used them profusely, he used them as accurately as Burke; of whom, as he was speaking one day in Parliament, a bystander said, "How closely that fellow reasons in metaphors!" Johnson's writings are always clear. To him might be applied the words he used of Swift: "He always understands himself, and his readers always understand him." "He never hovers on the brink of meaning." If he falls short of Swift in simplicity, he rises far above him in eloquence. He cares for something more than "the easy and safe conveyance of meaning." His task it was not only to instruct, but to persuade; not only to impart truth, but to awaken "that inattention by which known truths are suffered to be neglected." He was "the great moralist." He was no unimpassioned teacher, as correct as he is cold. His mind was ever swayed to the mood of what it liked or loathed, and as it was swayed, so it gave harmonious utterance. Who would look to find tenderness in the preface to a dictionary? Nevertheless Horne Tooke, "the ablest and most malevolent of all the enemies of his fame," could never read Johnson's preface without shedding a tear. He often rose to noble

heights of eloquence; while in the power of his honest scorn he has scarcely a rival. His letters to Lord Chesterfield and James Macpherson are not surpassed by any in our language. In his criticisms he is admirably clear. Whether we agree with him or not, we know at once what he means; while his meaning is so strongly supported by argument that we can neither neglect it nor despise it. He may put his reader into a rage, but he sets him thinking.

Of his original works, 'Irene' was the first written, though not the first published. It is a declamatory tragedy. He had little dramatic power, and he followed a bad model, for he took Addison as his master. The criticism which in his old age he passed on that writer's 'Cato' equally well fits his own 'Irene.' "It is rather a poem in dialogue than a drama, rather a succession of just sentiments in elegant language than a representation of natural affections, or of any state probable or possible in human life." It was in his two imitations of Juvenal's Satires, 'London' and 'The Vanity of Human Wishes,' that he first showed his great powers; of their kind they are masterpieces. Pope quickly discovered the genius of the unknown author. Sir Walter Scott "had more pleasure in reading them than any other poetical composition he could mention." The last line of manuscript he sent to press was a quotation from 'The Vanity of Human Wishes.' "'Tis a grand poem," said Byron, "and so true! — true as the truth of Juvenal himself." Johnson had planned further imitations of the Roman satirist, but he never executed them. What he has done in these two longer poems and in many of his minor pieces is so good that we may well grieve that he left so little in verse. Like his three contemporaries Collins, Gray, and Goldsmith, as a poet he died in debt to the world.

In the *Rambler* he teaches the same great lesson of life as in his serious poems. He gave variety, however, by lighter papers modeled on the *Spectator*, and by critical pieces. Admirable as was his humor in his talk — "in the talent of humor," said Hawkins, "there hardly ever was his equal" — yet in his writings he fell immeasurably short of Addison. His criticisms are acute; but it is when "he reasons of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come" that he is seen at his strongest.

'*Rasselas*,' struck off at a heat when his mother lay dying, tells in prose what 'The Vanity of Human Wishes' tells in verse. It is little known to the modern reader, who is not easily reconciled to its style. At no time could it have been a favorite with the young and thoughtless. Nevertheless, as years steal over us, we own, as we lay it down with a sigh, that it gives a view of life as profound and true as it is sad.

His Dictionary, faulty as it is in its etymologies, is a very great performance. Its definitions are admirable; while the quotations are so happily selected that they would afford the most pleasant reading were it possible to read a heavy folio with pleasure. That it should be the work of one man is a marvel. He had hoped to finish it in three years; it took him more than seven. To quote his own words, "He that runs against time has an antagonist not subject to casu-

alties." He was hindered by ill health, by his wife's long and fatal illness, and by the need that he was under of "making provision for the day that was passing over him." During two years of the seven years he was writing three *Ramblers* a week.

Of his Shakespeare, Macaulay said: "It would be difficult to name a more slovenly, a more worthless edition of any great classic." I doubt whether when he passed this sweeping judgment, Macaulay had read much more than those brief passages in which Johnson sums up the merits of each play. The preface, Adam Smith, no friend of Johnson's fame, described as "the most manly piece of criticism that was ever published in any country." In the notes the editor anticipated modern critics in giving great weight to early readings. Warburton, in the audacity of his conjectural emendations, almost rivaled Bentley in his dealings with Milton. He floundered, but this time he did not flounder well. Johnson was unwilling to meddle with the text so long as it gave a meaning. Many of his corrections are ingenious, but in this respect he came far behind Theobald. His notes on character are distinguished by that knowledge of mankind in which he excelled. The best are those on Falstaff and Polonius. The booksellers who had employed him did their part but ill. There are numerous errors which the corrector of the press should have detected, while the work is ill printed and on bad paper.

His four political tracts were written at the request of government. In one of them, in a final passage, he shows the misery and suffering which are veiled from men's sight by the dazzle of the glory of war. In the struggle between England and her colonies he with Gibbon stood by George III, while Burke, Hume, and Adam Smith were on the side of liberty.

In his 'Journey to the Western Islands' he describes the tour which he made with Boswell in 1773. In this work he took the part of the oppressed tenants against their chiefs, who were, he wrote, "gradually degenerating from patriarchal rulers to rapacious landlords." His narrative is interesting; while the facts which he gathered about a rapidly changing society are curious. "Burke thought well of the philosophy of the book."

His last work was the 'Lives of the English Poets.' It was undertaken at the request of the chief London booksellers, "who had determined to publish a body of English poetry," for which he was to furnish brief prefaces. These prefaces swelled into Lives. "I have," he wrote, "been led beyond my intention, I hope by the honest desire of giving useful pleasure." For payment he had required only two hundred guineas. "Had he asked one thousand, or even fifteen hundred," said Malone, "the booksellers would doubtless readily have given it." In this great work he traveled over the whole field of English poetry, from Milton who was born in 1608 to Lyttleton who died in 1773. To such a task no man ever came better equipped. He brought to it wide reading, a strong memory, traditional knowledge gathered from the companions of his early manhood, his own long acquaintance with the literary world of London,

and the fruits of years of reflection and discussion. He had studied criticism deeply, and he dared to think for himself. No man was ever more fearless in his judgments. He was overpowered by no man's reputation. His criticisms of Milton's 'Lycidas' and of Gray show him at his worst, although they are not wholly without foundation. Scarcely less valuable than Johnson's critical remarks are the anecdotes which he collected and the reflections which he made. In these Lives, and in his own Life as told by Boswell, we have given us an admirable view of literature and literary men, from the end of the age of Elizabeth to Johnson's own time.

GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL

### FROM 'THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES'

LET observation, with extensive view,  
 Survey mankind, from China to Peru:  
 Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,  
 And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;  
 Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,  
 O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,  
 Where wavering man, betrayed by venturous pride  
 To tread the dreary paths without a guide,  
 As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,  
 Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good;  
 How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,  
 Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice,  
 How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed,  
 When vengeance listens to the fool's request.  
 Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart,  
 Each gift of nature, and each grace of art;  
 With fatal heat impetuous courage grows,  
 With fatal sweetness elocution flows,  
 Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,  
 And restless fire precipitates on death. . . .

Let history tell where rival kings command,  
 And dubious title shakes the maddened land.  
 When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,  
 How much more safe the vassal than the lord!  
 Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of power,  
 And leaves the wealthy traitor in the tower;  
 Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers sound,  
 Though confiscation's vultures hover round. . . .

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,  
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide:  
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;  
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,  
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.  
No joys to him pacific scepters yield —  
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;  
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,  
And one capitulate, and one resign;  
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain:  
"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught remain,  
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,  
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."  
The march begins in military state,  
And nations on his eye suspended wait;  
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,  
And winter barricades the realms of frost.  
He comes — nor want nor cold his course delay:  
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day!  
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands.  
And shows his miseries in distant lands;  
Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,  
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.  
But did not chance at length her error mend?  
Did no subverted empire mark his end?  
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,  
Or hostile millions press him to the ground? —  
His fall was destined to a barren strand,  
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;  
He left the name at which the world grew pale  
To point a moral, or adorn a tale. . . .

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,  
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?  
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,  
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?  
Inquirer, cease: petitions yet remain,  
Which Heaven may hear; nor deem religion vain.  
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,  
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.  
Safe in His power, whose eyes discern afar  
The secret ambush of a specious prayer,  
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest —

Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.  
 Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,  
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,  
 Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,  
 Obedient passions, and a will resigned:  
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill;  
 For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;  
 For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,  
 Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:  
 These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,  
 These goods He grants who grants the power to gain;  
 With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,  
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD AS TO THE  
 'DICTIONARY'

My Lord:

FEBRUARY 7, 1755

I HAVE been lately informed by the proprietor of the World that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor, which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre* [the conqueror of the conqueror of the world] — that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Vergil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, incumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early had been kind: but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long awakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord,

Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAM. JOHNSON

#### DR. JOHNSON'S LAST LETTER TO HIS AGED MOTHER

*Dear Honored Mother:*

**N**EITHER your condition nor your character make it fit for me to say much. You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman, in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and all that I have omitted to do well. God grant you his Holy Spirit, and receive you to everlasting happiness, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. Lord Jesus receive your spirit. Amen.

I am, dear, dear Mother,

Your dutiful Son

JAN. 20, 1759

SAM. JOHNSON

#### DR. JOHNSON'S FAREWELL TO HIS MOTHER'S AGED SERVANT

**S**UNDAY, Oct. 18, 1767. — Yesterday, Oct. 17, at about ten in the morning, I took my leave forever of my dear old friend Catherine Chambers, who came to live with my mother about 1724, and has been but little parted from us since. She buried my father, my brother, and my mother. She is now fifty-eight years old.

I desired all to withdraw, then told her that we were to part forever; that as Christians, we should part with prayer, and that I would, if she was willing,

say a short prayer beside her. She expressed great desire to hear me; and held up her poor hands, as she lay in bed, with great fervor while I prayed, kneeling by her, nearly in the following words: —

“Almighty and most merciful Father, whose loving kindness is over all thy works, behold, visit, and relieve this thy servant, who is grieved with sickness. Grant that the sense of her weakness may add strength to her faith, and seriousness to her repentance. And grant that by the help of thy Holy Spirit, after the pains and labors of this short life, we may all obtain everlasting happiness through Jesus Christ our Lord; for whose sake hear our prayers. Amen. Our Father,” etc.

I then kissed her. She told me that to part was the greatest pain that she had ever felt, and that she hoped we should meet again in a better place. I expressed, with swelled eyes and great emotion of tenderness, the same hopes. We kissed and parted, I humbly hope to meet again and to part no more.

#### TO MRS. LUCY PORTER IN LICHFIELD

*Dear Madam:*

**L**IFE is full of troubles. I have just lost my dear friend Thrale. I hope he is happy; but I have had a great loss. I am otherwise pretty well. I require some care of myself, but that care is not ineffectual; and when I am out of order I think it often my own fault.

The spring is now making quick advances. As it is the season in which the whole world is enlivened and invigorated, I hope that both you and I shall partake of its benefits. My desire is to see Lichfield; but being left executor to my friend, I know not whether I can be spared; but I will try, for it is now long since we saw one another; and how little we can promise ourselves many more interviews, we are taught by hourly examples of mortality. Let us try to live so as that mortality may not be an evil. Write to me soon, my dearest; your letters will give me great pleasure.

I am sorry that Mr. Porter has not had his box; but by sending it to Mr. Mathias, who very readily undertook its conveyance, I did the best I could, and perhaps before now he has it.

Be so kind as to make my compliments to my friends: I have a great value for their kindness, and hope to enjoy it before summer is past. Do write to me.

I am, dearest love,

Your most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON

LONDON, April 12, 1781

## TO MR. PERKINS

*Dear Sir:*

I AM much pleased that you are going a very long journey, which may, by proper conduct, restore your health and prolong your life.

Observe these rules: —

1. Turn all care out of your head as soon as you mount the chaise.
2. Do not think about frugality: your health is worth more than it can cost.
3. Do not continue any day's journey to fatigue.
4. Take now and then a day's rest.
5. Get a smart sea-sickness if you can.
6. Cast away all anxiety, and keep your mind easy.

This last direction is the principal; with an unquiet mind neither exercise, nor diet, nor physic can be of much use.

I wish you, dear Sir, a prosperous journey, and a happy recovery.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON

JULY 28, 1782

## FROM A LETTER TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

LIFE, as Cowley seems to say, ought to resemble a well-ordered poem; of which one rule generally received is, that the exordium should be simple, and should promise little. Begin your new course of life with the least show and the least expense possible: you may at pleasure increase both, but you cannot easily diminish them. Do not think your estate your own while any man can call upon you for money which you cannot pay; therefore begin with timorous parsimony. Let it be your first care not to be in any man's debt.

When the thoughts are extended to a future state, the present life seems hardly worthy of all those principles of conduct and maxims of prudence which one generation of men has transmitted to another; but upon a closer view, when it is perceived how much evil is produced and how much good is impeded by embarrassment and distress, and how little room the expedients of poverty leave for the exercise of virtue, it grows manifest that the boundless importance of the next life enforces some attention to the interests of this.

Be kind to the old servants, and secure the kindness of the agents and factors; do not disgust them by asperity, or unwelcome gaiety, or apparent sus-

picion. From them you must learn the real state of your affairs, the characters of your tenants, and the value of your lands.

Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell: I think her expectations from air and exercise are the best that she can form. I hope she will live long and happily.

### TO MRS. THRALE

ON Monday the 16th I sat for my picture, and walked a considerable way with little inconvenience. In the afternoon and evening I felt myself light and easy, and began to plan schemes of life. Thus I went to bed, and in a short time waked and sat up, as has been long my custom; when I felt a confusion and indistinctness in my head, which lasted I suppose about half a minute. I was alarmed, and prayed God that however he might afflict my body, he would spare my understanding. This prayer, that I might try the integrity of my faculties, I made in Latin verse. The lines were not very good, but I knew them not to be very good; I made them easily, and concluded myself to be unimpaired in my faculties.

Soon after, I perceived that I had suffered a paralytic stroke, and that my speech was taken from me. I had no pain, and so little dejection in this dreadful state, that I wondered at my own apathy; and considered that perhaps death itself, when it should come, would excite less horror than seems now to attend it.

In order to rouse the vocal organs, I took two drams. Wine has been celebrated for the production of eloquence. I put myself into violent motion, and I think repeated it; but all was vain. I then went to bed, and strange as it may seem, I think slept. When I saw light, it was time to contrive what I should do. Though God stopped my speech, he left me my hand; I enjoyed a mercy which was not granted to my dear friend Lawrence, who now perhaps overlooks me as I am writing, and rejoices that I have what he wanted. My first note was necessarily to my servant, who came in talking, and could not immediately comprehend why he should read what I put into his hands.

I then wrote a card to Mr. Allen, that I might have a discreet friend at hand, to act as occasion should require. In penning this note I had some difficulty: my hand, I knew not how nor why, made wrong letters. I then wrote to Dr. Taylor to come to me, and bring Dr. Heberden; and I sent to Dr. Brocklesby, who is my neighbor. My physicians are very friendly, and give me great hopes; but you may imagine my situation. I have so far recovered my vocal powers as to repeat the Lord's Prayer with no imperfect articulation. My memory, I hope, yet remains as it was; but such an attack produces solicitude for the safety of every faculty.

## A PRIVATE PRAYER BY DR. JOHNSON

**O** GOD, giver and preserver of all life, by whose power I was created, and by whose providence I am sustained, look down upon me with tenderness and mercy; grant that I may not have been created to be finally destroyed; that I may not be preserved to add wickedness to wickedness.

O Lord, let me not sink into total depravity: look down upon me, and rescue me at last from the captivity of sin.

Almighty and most merciful Father, who has continued my life from year to year, grant that by longer life I may become less desirous of sinful pleasures, and more careful of eternal happiness.

Let not my years be multiplied to increase my guilt; but as my age advances, let me become more pure in my thoughts, more regular in my desires, and more obedient to thy laws.

Forgive, O merciful Lord, whatever I have done contrary to thy laws. Give me such a sense of my wickedness as may produce true contrition and effectual repentance: so that when I shall be called into another state, I may be received among the sinners to whom sorrow and reformation have obtained pardon, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

## WEALTH

From the Rambler, No. 58, October 6, 1750

**A**S the love of money has been, in all ages, one of the passions that have given great disturbance to the tranquillity of the world, there is no topic more copiously treated by the ancient moralists than the folly of devoting the heart to the accumulation of riches. They who are acquainted with these authors need not be told how riches excite pity, contempt, or reproach whenever they are mentioned; with what numbers of examples the danger of large possessions is illustrated; and how all the powers of reason and eloquence have been exhausted in endeavors to eradicate a desire which seems to have intrenched itself too strongly in the mind to be driven out, and which perhaps had not lost its power even over those who declaimed against it, but would have broken out in the poet or the sage, if it had been excited by opportunity, and invigorated by the approximation of its proper object.

Their arguments have been indeed so unsuccessful, that I know not whether it can be shewn that by all the wit and reason which this favorite cause has called forth, a single convert was ever made; that even one man has refused to

be rich, when to be rich was in his power, from the conviction of the greater happiness of a narrow fortune; or disburthened himself of wealth when he had tried its inquietudes, merely to enjoy the peace and leisure and security of a mean and unenvied state.

It is true, indeed, that many have neglected opportunities of raising themselves to honors and to wealth, and rejected the kindest offers of fortune: but however their moderation may be boasted by themselves, or admired by such as only view them at a distance, it will be perhaps seldom found that they value riches less, but that they dread labor or danger more than others; they are unable to rouse themselves to action, to strain in the race of competition, or to stand the shock of contest: but though they therefore decline the toil of climbing, they nevertheless wish themselves aloft, and would willingly enjoy what they dare not seize.

Others have retired from high stations, and voluntarily condemned themselves to privacy and obscurity. But even these will not afford many occasions of triumph to the philosopher: for they have commonly either quitted that only which they thought themselves unable to hold, and prevented disgrace by resignation; or they have been induced to try new measures by general inconsistency, which always dreams of happiness in novelty, or by a gloomy disposition, which is disgusted in the same degree with every state, and wishes every scene of life to change as soon as it is beheld. Such men found high and low stations equally unable to satisfy the wishes of a distempered mind, and were unable to shelter themselves in the closest retreat from disappointment, solitude, and misery.

Yet though these admonitions have been thus neglected by those who either enjoyed riches or were able to procure them, it is not rashly to be determined that they are altogether without use; for since far the greatest part of mankind must be confined to conditions comparatively mean, and placed in situations from which they naturally look up with envy to the eminences placed before them, those writers cannot be thought ill employed that have administered remedies to discontent almost universal, by shewing that what we cannot reach may very well be forborne, that the inequality of distribution at which we murmur is for the most part less than it seems, and that the greatness which we admire at a distance has much fewer advantages and much less splendor when we are suffered to approach it.

It is the business of moralists to detect the frauds of fortune, and to shew that she imposes upon the careless eye by a quick succession of shadows, which will shrink to nothing in the gripe; that she disguises life in extrinsic ornaments, which serve only for show, and are laid aside in the hours of solitude and of pleasure; and that when greatness aspires either to felicity or wisdom, it shakes off those distinctions which dazzle the gazer and awe the suppliant.

It may be remarked that they whose condition has not afforded them the light of moral or religious instruction, and who collect all their ideas by their

own eyes and digest them by their own understandings, seem to consider those who are placed in ranks of remote superiority as almost another and higher species of beings. As themselves have known little other misery than the consequences of want, they are with difficulty persuaded that where there is wealth there can be sorrow, or that those who glitter in dignity and glide along in affluence can be acquainted with pains and cares like those which lie heavy upon the rest of mankind.

This prejudice is indeed confined to the lowest meanness and the darkest ignorance; but it is so confined only because others have been shewn its folly and its falsehood, because it has been opposed in its progress by history and philosophy, and hindered from spreading its infection by powerful preservatives.

The doctrine of the contempt of wealth, though it has not been able to extinguish avarice or ambition, or suppress that reluctance with which a man passes his days in a state of inferiority, must at least have made the lower conditions less grating and wearisome, and has consequently contributed to the general security of life, by hindering that fraud and violence, rapine and circumvention which must have been produced by an unbounded eagerness of wealth, arising from an unshaken conviction that to be rich is to be happy.

Whoever finds himself incited, by some violent impulse of passion, to pursue riches as the chief end of being, must surely be so much alarmed by the successive admonitions of those whose experience and sagacity have recommended them as the guides of mankind, as to stop and consider whether he is about to engage in an undertaking that will reward his toil, and to examine before he rushes to wealth, through right and wrong, what it will confer when he has acquired it; and this examination will seldom fail to repress his ardor and retard his violence.

Wealth is nothing in itself; it is not useful but when it departs from us; its value is found only in that which it can purchase — which if we suppose it put to its best use by those that possess it, seems not much to deserve the desire or envy of a wise man. It is certain that with regard to corporal enjoyment, money can neither open new avenues to pleasure nor block up the passages of anguish. Disease and infirmity still continue to torture and enfeeble, perhaps exasperated by luxury or promoted by softness. With respect to the mind, it has rarely been observed that wealth contributes much to quicken the discernment, enlarge the capacity, or elevate the imagination; but may, by hiring flattery or laying diligence asleep, confirm error and harden stupidity.

Wealth cannot confer greatness; for nothing can make that great which the decree of nature has ordained to be little. The bramble may be placed in a hotbed, but can never become an oak. Even royalty itself is not able to give that dignity which it happens not to find, but oppresses feeble minds, though it may elevate the strong. The world has been governed in the name of kings

whose existence has scarcely been perceived by any real effects beyond their own palaces.

When therefore the desire of wealth is taking hold of the heart, let us look round and see how it operates upon those whose industry or fortune has obtained it. When we find them oppressed with their own abundance, luxurious without pleasure, idle without ease, impatient and querulous in themselves, and despised or hated by the rest of mankind, we shall soon be convinced that if the real wants of our condition are satisfied, there remains little to be sought with solicitude or desired with eagerness.

## OLD AGE AND DEATH

From the Rambler, No. 69, November 13, 1750

**A**N old Greek epigrammatist, intending to shew the miseries that attend the last stage of man, imprecates upon those who are so foolish as to wish for long life, the calamity of continuing to grow old from century to century. He thought that no adventitious or foreign pain was requisite; that decrepitude itself was an epitome of whatever is dreadful; and nothing could be added to the curse of age, but that it should be extended beyond its natural limits.

The most indifferent or negligent spectator can indeed scarcely retire without heaviness of heart from a view of the last scenes of the tragedy of life, in which he finds those who in the former parts of the drama were distinguished by opposition of conduct, contrariety of designs, and dissimilitude of personal qualities, all involved in one common distress, and all struggling with affliction which they cannot hope to overcome.

The other miseries which waylay our passage through the world, wisdom may escape and fortitude may conquer: by caution and circumspection we may steal along with very little to obstruct or incommode us; by spirit and vigor we may force a way, and reward the vexation of contest by the pleasures of victory. But a time must come when our policy and bravery shall be equally useless; when we shall all sink into helplessness and sadness, without any power of receiving solace from the pleasures that have formerly delighted us, or any prospect of emerging into a second possession of the blessings that we have lost.

The industry of man has indeed not been wanting in endeavors to procure comforts for these hours of dejection and melancholy, and to gild the dreadful gloom with artificial light. The most usual support of old age is wealth. He whose possessions are large and whose chests are full imagines himself always fortified against invasions on his authority. If he has lost all other means of government, if his strength and his reason fail him, he can at last alter his

will; and therefore all that have hopes must likewise have fears, and he may still continue to give laws to such as have not ceased to regard their own interest.

This is indeed too frequently the citadel of the dotard; the last fortress to which age retires, and in which he makes the stand against the upstart race that seizes his domains, disputes his commands, and cancels his prescriptions. But here, though there may be safety, there is no pleasure; and what remains is but a proof that more was once possessed.

Nothing seems to have been more universally dreaded by the ancients than orbity, or want of children; and indeed to a man who has survived all the companions of his youth — all who have participated his pleasures and his cares, have been engaged in the same events and filled their minds with the same conceptions — this full-peopled world is a dismal solitude. He stands forlorn and silent, neglected or insulted, in the midst of multitudes animated with hopes which he cannot share and employed in business which he is no longer able to forward or retard; nor can he find any to whom his life or his death are of importance, unless he has secured some domestic gratifications, some tender employments, and endeared himself to some whose interest and gratitude may unite them to him.

So different are the colors of life as we look forward to the future or backward to the past, and so different the opinions and sentiments which this contrariety of appearance naturally produces, that the conversation of the old and young ends generally with contempt or pity on either side. To a young man entering the world with fullness of hope and ardor of pursuit, nothing is so unpleasing as the cold caution, the faint expectations, the scrupulous diffidence, which experience and disappointments certainly infuse: and the old man wonders in his turn that the world never can grow wiser; that neither precepts nor testimonies can cure boys of their credulity and sufficiency; and that no one can be convinced that snares are laid for him, till he finds himself entangled.

Thus one generation is always the scorn and wonder of the other; and the notions of the old and young are like liquors of different gravity and texture, which never can unite. The spirits of youth, sublimed by health and volatilized by passion, soon leave behind them the phlegmatic sediment of weariness and deliberation, and burst out in temerity and enterprise. The tenderness therefore which nature infuses, and which long habits of beneficence confirm, is necessary to reconcile such opposition; and an old man must be a father, to bear with patience those follies and absurdities which he will perpetually imagine himself to find in the schemes and expectations, the pleasures and the sorrows, of those who have not yet been hardened by time and chilled by frustration.

Yet it may be doubted whether the pleasure of seeing children ripening into strength be not overbalanced by the pain of seeing some fall in the blos-

som, and others blasted in their growth; some shaken down with storms, some tainted with cankers, and some shriveled in the shade: and whether he that extends his care beyond himself does not multiply his anxieties more than his pleasures, and weary himself to no purpose by superintending what he cannot regulate.

But though age be to every order of human beings sufficiently terrible, it is particularly to be dreaded by fine ladies, who have no other end or ambition than to fill up the day and the night with dress, diversions, and flattery; and who, having made no acquaintance with knowledge or with business, have constantly caught all their ideas from the current prattle of the hour, and been indebted for all their happiness to compliments and treats. With these ladies age begins early, and very often lasts long: it begins when their beauty fades, when their mirth loses its sprightliness and their motion its ease. From that time all which gave them joy vanishes from about them. They hear the praises bestowed on others, which used to swell their bosoms with exultation. They visit the seats of felicity, and endeavor to continue the habit of being delighted. But pleasure is only received when we believe that we give it in return. Neglect and petulance inform them that their power and their value are past; and what then remains but a tedious and comfortless uniformity of time, without any motion of the heart or exercise of the reason?

Yet however age may discourage us by its appearance from considering it in prospect, we shall all by degrees certainly be old; and therefore we ought to inquire what provision can be made against that time of distress? what happiness can be stored up against the winter of life? and how we may pass our latter years with serenity and cheerfulness?

It has been found by the experience of mankind that not even the best seasons of life are able to supply sufficient gratifications, without anticipating uncertain felicities; it cannot surely be supposed that old age, worn with labors, harassed with anxieties, and tortured with diseases, should have any gladness of its own, or feel any satisfaction from the contemplation of the present. All the comfort that can now be expected must be recalled from the past, or borrowed from the future: the past is very soon exhausted, all the events or actions of which the memory can afford pleasure are quickly recollected; and the future lies beyond the grave, where it can be reached only by virtue and devotion.

Piety is the only proper and adequate relief of decaying man. He that grows old without religious hopes, as he declines into imbecility, and feels pains and sorrows incessantly crowding upon him, falls into a gulf of bottomless misery, in which every reflection must plunge him deeper, and where he finds only new gradations of anguish and precipices of horror.

## JAMES BOSWELL

JAMES BOSWELL was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1740. His family was of ancient origin and some social pretension, but the name derives its real distinction from him. He attended the University of Edinburgh and was admitted to the Scotch bar. He was, however, of a socially excitable and adventurous spirit, which impelled him out of the humdrum life of a petty Scotch laird into the broad currents of the world, and led him to attach himself to men of intellectual distinction. He was introduced to Dr. Johnson in 1763, and scrupulously sought his society till Johnson's death, making at least nine journeys to London for the purpose, and recording his conversation with painstaking assiduity. To this enthusiastic industry we owe the 'Life,' published in 1791, a book allowed on all hands to fulfil the purpose of a biography, in giving an exact and lively picture of the central figure and of his environment better than any other ever written. Previous to this, Boswell had spent some time on the Continent, and, driven by the peculiar form of hero-worship which was his overmastering impulse, he visited Corsica and became intimate with Pascal Paoli, the patriot who freed the island from the Genoese, but was subsequently conquered by the French. In 1768 Boswell published 'An Account of Corsica, Memoirs of Pascal Paoli, and a Journal of a Tour to the Island.' Of this Johnson said, "The history is like other histories, but the journal is in a high degree delightful and curious." Gray said the journal was "a dialogue between a green goose and a hero."

In 1773 Boswell was admitted a member of the famous "Literary Club," and soon after persuaded Dr. Johnson to make a tour of the Hebrides, a journey at that time presenting almost as many difficulties as a trip to Labrador does now. His journal, a book quite as entertaining as the 'Life,' was not published till 1786, two years after Johnson's death. Boswell himself died in 1795, four years after the publication of the 'Life.'

The position of James Boswell as a classic author is as well established as it is unique. It depends almost entirely on the two books mentioned: 'The Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson' and the 'Journal of a Tour of the Hebrides,' which may be considered as one, and indeed were amalgamated into one in Croker's edition. Further, the interest of these books depends more on the subject-matter than on the style. No books are better known than these, and none are buried deeper in oblivion than his other productions, with the exception of the Corsican journal. One is as obscure as the other is immortal, though from the artistic standpoint they do not differ greatly in literary merit. But it is not just to say that the value of Boswell's 'Life of Johnson'

depends entirely on the subject-matter. It depends rather on a happy relation or co-ordination between the subject and the author. In consequence, it is hardly possible to consider Boswell as a writer without some reference to Samuel Johnson. Not only is Johnson the central figure in the book, but in a sense he is a joint author of it. About one-third of the book is in Johnson's words, and this third is decidedly the best part. Boswell's reputation as a great writer is unique in that it depends upon greatness as an interviewer and reporter.

Macaulay says, "If Boswell had not been a great fool he never would have been a great writer." This is one of those paradoxical statements to which Macaulay likes to give a glittering plausibility. It is true that Boswell wrote a great book, and it is also true that in some regards he was what we are accustomed to designate as a fool; but to connect the two as cause and effect is like saying that a man was a great athlete because he was lame, or that Lord Byron had a beautiful face because he had a club-foot, or that Demosthenes was a great orator because he stammered. Men have been made by their foibles, but in those cases weakness in some directions has been more than compensated for by strength in others. Boswell lacked some of the great literary powers, but he possessed others, and those that he did possess happened to be precisely the ones necessary to the writer of the life of Samuel Johnson. Boswell had no imagination, no moral elevation, no decided wit or power or phrase, no deep insight, no invention. But he had one power which lies behind all great realistic literary work; and that is observation. Johnson furnished the power of phrase, in which he was as eminent as any Frenchman between Shakespeare and Charles Lamb. The higher powers are not needed in a transcript of fact. Boswell possessed, too, an eye for the externals which indicate character, and — a quality rare in the eighteenth century — absolute accuracy. Sir Joshua Reynolds said, "Every word of the 'Life' might be depended on as if it were given on oath."

It was this habit of painstaking accuracy, rather than good taste, which led him to avoid the vice of rhetorical amplification. It also prevented him from missing the point of a joke of which he was unconscious. As a rule, his 'Johnsoniana' are better than those of Sir John Hawkins or Mrs. Piozzi, because they are more literal. In one or two instances an embellishment which improved a story was rejected by him because it was not true. These powers — observation, scrupulous accuracy and industry, and enthusiastic admiration of his hero — were all that he needed for the production of a great book; for Dr. Johnson was so unaffected, so outspoken, and so entertaining a man, and every sentence he uttered was so characteristic, that realism was a far better method for his biographer than analysis. Perhaps it is always better when the subject is strongly marked. That Dr. Johnson was a good subject is so evident that the mere statement is sufficient. Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi's and even Sir John Hawkins' books are entertaining simply because they are about him.

The eighteenth-century man presents a number of excellent features for literary portraiture, because he is a compound of formality and explosiveness. The formal manners and dress and ponderous courtesy of the eighteenth century, combined with an outspoken way of calling things by their right names and a boyish petulance and quickness of temper, make a contrast that is essentially humorous, and more attractive than the philosophic and broad-minded temper of earlier times or the reticence and indifference of our own day. Dr. Johnson was a typical eighteenth-century man, and epitomized these contrasts. Personally, too, he was a man for whom we must feel the most profound regard and respect. He represents the normal Englishman, a compound of moral integrity, rooted prejudice, and hatred of shams, with a mind which works mechanically and a kind heart. We instinctively recognize this compound as the ancestral type of our race, and are drawn to it. The real power of our race depends upon the simplicity and solid humanity of this central type, the heavy-armed and disciplined infantry about which are grouped the more gifted and erratic types, the scouts and light-horse of civilization. For these general reasons Samuel Johnson seems to us the best sitter for a literary portrait that ever fell into the hands of a literary painter, and the excellence of his biography to depend quite as much upon the fact that it is a life of Samuel Johnson as upon the fact that it is a life by James Boswell.

Boswell's private character is outside the question in a consideration of his writings. Macaulay calls him a drunkard. If this be true, it seems a little severe to call a Scotchman to account for being intoxicated in the eighteenth century. He also speaks of him as a toady; but he was a friend of Johnson, whose detestation of sycophancy was a positive principle. Hume speaks of him as a "friend of mine, very good-humored, very agreeable, and very mad." Macaulay's and Carlyle's essays may be considered as mutually corrective. The truth is that Boswell was absolutely frank, and if a man is frank about himself on paper he must write himself down a fool, unless he belongs to a higher type than Boswell or his critics.

CHARLES F. JOHNSON

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE — The publication by Chauncey B. Tinker of a number of new letters by Boswell, and his discussion of the author's early life (1922) have shed some fresh and on the whole favorable light upon his character and career. A quantity of hitherto unpublished material relating to Boswell and the Johnson circle found its way to America in 1927.

## A DISTINGUISHED CORSICAN

From 'An Account of Corsica'

HAVING said so much of the genius and character of the Corsicans, I must beg leave to present my readers with a very distinguished Corsican character, that of Signor Clemente de' Paoli, brother of the General.

This gentleman is the eldest son of the old General Giacinto Paoli. He is about fifty years of age, of a middle size and dark complexion; his eyes are quick and piercing, and he has something in the form of his mouth which renders his appearance very particular. His understanding is of the first rate, and he has by no means suffered it to lie neglected. He was married, and has an only daughter, the wife of Signor Barbaggi, one of the first men in the island.

For these many years past, Signor Clemente, being in a state of widowhood, has resided at Rostino, from whence the family of Paoli comes. He lives there in a very retired manner. He is of a saturnine disposition, and his notions of religion are rather gloomy and severe. He spends his whole time in study, except what he passes at his devotions. These generally take up six or eight hours every day; during all which time he is in church, and before the altar, in a fixed posture, with his hands and eyes lifted up to heaven with solemn fervor.

He prescribes to himself an abstemious rigid course of life, as if he had taken the vows of some of the religious orders. He is much with the Franciscans, who have a convent at Rostino. He wears the common coarse dress of the country, and it is difficult to distinguish him from one of the lowest of the people.

When he is in company he seldom speaks, and except upon important occasions, never goes into public, or even to visit his brother at Corte. When danger calls, however, he is the first to appear in the defense of his country. He is then foremost in the ranks, and exposes himself to the hottest action; for religious fear is perfectly consistent with the greatest bravery, according to the famous line of the pious Racine,

I fear my God, and know no other fear.

In the beginning of an engagement he is generally calm; and will frequently offer up a prayer to heaven for the person at whom he is going to fire; saying he is sorry to be under the necessity of depriving him of life, but that he is an enemy to Corsica, and Providence has sent him in his way in order that he may be prevented from doing any further mischief; that he hopes God will pardon his crimes and take him to Himself. After he has seen

two or three of his countrymen fall at his side, the case alters. His eyes flame with grief and indignation, and he becomes like one furious, dealing vengeance everywhere around him. His authority in the council is not less than his valor in the field. His strength of judgment and extent of knowledge, joined to the singular sanctity of his character, give him great weight in all the public consultations; and his influence is of considerable service to his brother the General.

### A VILLAGE CORSICAN

WHILE I stopped to refresh my mules at a little village, the inhabitants came crowding about me as an ambassador going to their General. When they were informed of my country, a strong black fellow among them said, "English! they are barbarians; they don't believe in the great God." I told him, "Excuse me, sir. We do believe in God, and Jesus Christ, too." — "And in the Pope?" — "No." — "And why?" This was a puzzling question in these circumstances; for there was a great audience to the controversy. I thought I would try a method of my own, and very gravely replied, "Because we are too far off" — a very new argument against the universal infallibility of the Pope. It took, however; for my opponent mused a while, and then said, "Too far off! Why, Sicily is as far off as England. Yet in Sicily they believe in the Pope." — "Oh," said I, "we are ten times further off than Sicily." — "Aha!" said he, and seemed quite satisfied. In this manner I got off very well. I question much whether any of the learned reasonings of our Protestant divines would have had so good an effect.

### THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

IT seems to me in my moments of self-complacency that this extensive biographical Work, however inferior in its nature, may in one respect be assimilated to the 'Odyssey.' Amidst a thousand entertaining and instructive episodes the *Hero* is never long out of sight; for they are all in some degree connected with him; and *He*, in the whole course of the History, is exhibited by the author for the best advantage of his readers: —

Quid Virtus et quid sapientia possit,  
Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulyssen.

[What may by virtue be done, and what by wisdom accomplished, Homer affords in Ulysses for us a helpful example.]

Should there be any cold-blooded and morose mortals who really dislike this book, I will give them a story to apply. When the great Duke of Marlborough, accompanied by Lord Cadogan, was one day reconnoitering the army in Flanders, a heavy rain came on, and they both called for their cloaks. Lord Cadogan's servant, a good-humored, alert lad, brought his Lordship's in a minute. The Duke's servant, a lazy, sulky dog, was so sluggish that his Grace, being wet to the skin, reproved him, and had for answer with a grunt, "I came as fast as I could"; upon which the Duke calmly said, "Cadogan, I would not for a thousand pounds have that fellow's temper."

#### BOSWELL'S FIRST MEETING WITH DR. JOHNSON

Mr. Thomas Davies the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russell-street, Covent Garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us.

Mr. Thomas Davies was a man of good understanding and talents, with the advantage of a liberal education. Though somewhat pompous, he was an entertaining companion; and his literary performances have no inconsiderable share of merit. He was a friendly and very hospitable man. Both he and his wife (who has been celebrated for her beauty), though upon the stage for many years, maintained a uniform decency of character; and Johnson esteemed them, and lived in as easy an intimacy with them as with any family which he used to visit. Mr. Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner, while relating them. He increased my impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so peculiarly excellent.

At last, on Monday, May 16, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies' back-parlor, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing toward us, he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost — "Look, my lord, it comes." I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy-chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated, and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell

where I came from." — "From Scotland," cried Davies, roguishly. "Mr. Johnson" (said I), "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country; and as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when he had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: — "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play of Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "Oh, sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir" (said he, with a stern look), "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done; and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And in truth, had not my ardor been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited; and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation, of which I preserved the following short minute, without marking the questions and observations by which it was produced.

"People" (he remarked) "may be taken in once, who imagine that an author is greater in private life than other men. Uncommon parts require uncommon opportunities for their exertion."

"In barbarous society, superiority of parts is of real consequence. Great strength or great wisdom is of much value to an individual. But in more polished times there are people to do everything for money; and then there are a number of other superiorities, such as those of birth and fortune and rank, that dissipate men's attention and leave no extraordinary share of respect for personal and intellectual superiority. This is wisely ordered by Providence, to preserve some equality among mankind."

"Sir, this book" ('The Elements of Criticism,' which he had taken up) "is a pretty essay, and deserves to be held in some estimation, though much of it is chimerical."

Speaking of one who with more than ordinary boldness attacked public measures and the royal family, he said, "I think he is safe from the law, but

he is an abusive scoundrel; and instead of applying to my Lord Chief Justice to punish him, I would send half a dozen footmen and have him well ducked."

"The notion of liberty amuses the people of England, and helps to keep off the *tædium vitæ*. When a butcher tells you that 'his heart bleeds for his country,' he has in fact no uneasy feeling."

"Sheridan will not succeed at Bath with his oratory. Ridicule has gone down before him, and I doubt Derrick is his enemy."

"Derrick may do very well, as long as he can outrun his character; but the moment his character gets up with him, it is all over."

It is, however, but just to record that some years afterwards, when I reminded him of this sarcasm, he said, "Well, but Derrick has now got a character that he need not run away from."

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigor of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had for a part of the evening been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so that I was satisfied that though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, "Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well."

#### MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN

A few days afterwards I called on Davies, and asked him if he thought I might take the liberty of waiting on Mr. Johnson at his chambers in the Temple. He said I certainly might, and that Mr. Johnson would take it as a compliment. So on Tuesday, May 24, after having been enlivened by the witty sallies of Messieurs Thornton, Wilkes, Churchill, and Lloyd, with whom I had passed the morning, I boldly repaired to Johnson. His chambers were on the first floor of No. 1, Inner-Temple-lane, and I entered them with an impression given me by the Reverend Dr. Blair, of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to him not long before, and described his having "found the giant in his den"; an expression which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself. Dr. Blair had been presented to him by Dr. James Fordyce. At this time the controversy concerning the pieces published by Mr. James Macpherson as translations of Ossian was at its height. Johnson had all along denied their authenticity; and what was still more provoking to their admirers, maintained that they had no merit. The subject having been introduced by Dr. Fordyce, Dr. Blair, relying on the internal evidence of their antiquity, asked Dr. Johnson whether he thought any man of a modern age could have written such poems. Johnson replied, "Yes, sir, many men, many women, and many

children." Johnson, at this time, did not know that Dr. Blair had just published a Dissertation, not only defending their authenticity, but seriously ranking them with the poems of Homer and Vergil; and when he was afterwards informed of this circumstance, he expressed some displeasure at Dr. Fordyce's having suggested the topic, and said, "I am not sorry that they got thus much for their pains. Sir, it was like leading one to talk of a book when the author is concealed behind the door."

He received me very courteously; but it must be confessed that his apartment and furniture and morning dress were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little shriveled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and the knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment that he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him; and when they went away, I also rose; but he said to me, "Nay, don't go." — "Sir" (said I), "I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you." He seemed pleased with this compliment, which I sincerely paid him, and answered, "Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me."

#### DR. JOHNSON TALKS WITH GEORGE III

In February, 1767, there happened one of the most remarkable incidents of Johnson's life, which gratified his monarchical enthusiasm, and which he loved to relate with all its circumstances, when requested by his friends. This was his being honored by a private conversation with his Majesty, in the library at the Queen's house. He had frequently visited those splendid rooms and noble collection of books, which he used to say was more numerous and curious than he supposed any person could have made in the time which the King had employed. Mr. Barnard, the librarian, took care that he should have every accommodation that could contribute to his ease and convenience, while indulging his literary taste in that place; so that he had here a very agreeable resource at leisure hours.

His Majesty, having been informed of his occasional visits, was pleased to signify a desire that he should be told when Dr. Johnson came next to the library. Accordingly, the next time that Johnson did come, as soon as he was fairly engaged with the book, on which, while he sat by the fire, he seemed quite intent, Mr. Barnard stole round to the apartment where the King was, and in obedience to his Majesty's commands mentioned that Dr. Johnson was then in the library. His Majesty said that he was at leisure, and would go to him; upon which Mr. Barnard took one of the candles that stood on the King's table and lighted his Majesty through a suite of rooms, till they came to a private door into the library of which his Majesty had the key. Being entered,

Mr. Barnard stepped forward hastily to Dr. Johnson, who was still in a profound study, and whispered him, "Sir, here is the King." Johnson started up, and stood still. His Majesty approached him, and at once was courteously easy.

His Majesty began by observing that he understood he came sometimes to the library; and then mentioned his having heard that the Doctor had been lately at Oxford, and asked him if he was not fond of going thither. To which Johnson answered that he was indeed fond of going to Oxford sometimes, but was likewise glad to come back again. The King then asked him what they were doing at Oxford. Johnson answered, he could not much commend their diligence, but that in some respect they were mended, for they had put their press under better regulations, and at that time were printing Polybius. He was then asked whether there were better libraries at Oxford or Cambridge. He answered, he believed the Bodleian was larger than any they had at Cambridge; at the same time adding, "I hope, whether we have more books or not than they have at Cambridge, we shall make as good use of them as they do." Being asked whether All Souls or Christ Church library was the largest, he answered, "All Souls library is the largest we have, except the Bodleian." "Ay" (said the King), "that is the public library."

His Majesty inquired if he was then writing anything. He answered he was not, for he had pretty well told the world what he knew, and must now read to acquire more knowledge. The King, as it should seem with a view to urge him to rely on his own stories as an original writer, and to continue his labors, then said, "I do not think you borrow much from anybody."

Johnson said he thought he had already done his part as a writer. "I should have thought so too" (said the King), "if you had not written so well." — Johnson observed to me, upon this, that "No man could have paid a handsomer compliment; and it was fit for a King to pay. It was decisive." When asked by another friend, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, whether he made any reply to this high compliment, he answered, "No, sir. When the King had said it, it was to be so. It was not for me to bandy civilities with my Sovereign." Perhaps no man who had spent his whole life in courts could have shown a more nice and dignified sense of true politeness than Johnson did in this instance.

His Majesty having observed to him that he supposed he must have read a good deal, Johnson answered that he thought more than he read; that he had read a great deal in the early part of his life, but having fallen into ill health, he had not been able to read much compared with others: for instance, he said, he had not read much compared with Dr. Warburton. Upon which the King said that he heard Dr. Warburton was a man of much general knowledge; that you could scarce talk with him on any subject on which he was not qualified to speak: and that his learning resembled Garrick's acting in its universality. His Majesty then talked of the controversy between Warburton and Lowth, which he seemed to have read, and asked Johnson what he thought of it. Johnson answered, "Warburton has the most general, most scholastic

learning; Lowth is the more correct scholar. I do not know which of them calls names best." The King was pleased to say he was of the same opinion: adding, "You do not think then, Dr. Johnson, that there was much argument in the case?" Johnson said he did not think there was. "Why, truly" (said the King), "when once it comes to calling names, argument is pretty well at an end."

His Majesty then asked him what he thought of Lord Lyttelton's history, which was just then published. Johnson said he thought his style pretty good, but that he had blamed Henry the Second rather too much. "Why" (said the King), "they seldom do these things by halves." "No, sir" (answered Johnson), "not to kings." But fearing to be misunderstood, he proceeded to explain himself; and immediately subjoined, "That for those who spoke worse of kings than they deserved, he could find no excuse; but that he could more easily conceive how some one might speak better of them than they deserved, without any ill intention: for as kings had much in their power to give, those who were favored by them would frequently, from gratitude, exaggerate their praises; and as this proceeded from a good motive, it was certainly excusable as far as error could be excusable."

The King then asked him what he thought of Dr. Hill. Johnson answered that he was an ingenious man, but had no veracity; and immediately mentioned as an instance of it an assertion of that writer, that he had seen objects magnified to a much greater degree by using three or four microscopes at a time than by using one. "Now" (added Johnson), "every one acquainted with microscopes knows that the more of them he looks through, the less the object will appear." "Why" (replied the King), "this is not only telling an untruth, but telling it clumsily; for if that be the case, every one who can look through a microscope will be able to detect him."

"I now" (said Johnson to his friends, when relating what had passed) "began to consider that I was depreciating this man in the estimation of his Sovereign, and thought it was time for me to say something that might be more favorable." He added, therefore, that Dr. Hill was notwithstanding a very curious observer; and if he would have been contented to tell the world no more than he knew, he might have been a very considerable man, and needed not to have recourse to such mean expedients to raise his reputation.

The King then talked of literary journals, mentioned particularly the *Journal des Savants*, and asked Johnson if it was well done. Johnson said it was formerly very well done, and gave some account of the persons who began it, and carried it on for some years; enlarging at the same time on the nature and use of such works. The King asked him if it was well done now. Johnson answered he had no reason to think that it was. The King then asked him if there were any other literary journals published in this kingdom except the *Monthly and Critical Reviews*; and on being answered there was no other, his Majesty asked which of them was the best. Johnson answered that the

Monthly Review was done with most care, the Critical upon the best principles; adding that the authors of the Monthly Review were enemies to the Church. This the King said he was sorry to hear.

The conversation next turned on the Philosophical Transactions, when Johnson observed that they had now a better method of arranging their materials than formerly. "Ay" (said the King), "they are obliged to Dr. Johnson for that"; for his Majesty had heard and remembered the circumstance, which Johnson himself had forgot.

His Majesty expressed a desire to have the literary biography of this country ably executed, and proposed to Dr. Johnson to undertake it. Johnson signified his readiness to comply with his Majesty's wishes.

During the whole of this interview, Johnson talked to his Majesty with profound respect, but still in his firm, manly manner, with a sonorous voice, and never in that subdued tone which is commonly used at the levee and in the drawing-room. After the King withdrew, Johnson showed himself highly pleased with his Majesty's conversation and gracious behavior. He said to Mr. Barnard, "Sir, they may talk of the King as they will; but he is the finest gentleman that I have ever seen." And he afterwards observed to Mr. Langton, "Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman as we may suppose Lewis the Fourteenth or Charles the Second."

At Sir Joshua Reynolds's, where a circle of Johnson's friends were collected round him to hear his account of this memorable conversation, Dr. Joseph Warton, in his frank and lively manner, was very active in pressing him to mention the particulars. "Come now, sir, this is an interesting matter; do favor us with it." Johnson, with great good humor, complied.

He told them: — "I found his Majesty wished I should talk, and I made it my business to talk. I find it does a man good to be talked to by his Sovereign. In the first place, a man cannot be in a passion —" Here some question interrupted him; which is to be regretted, as he certainly would have pointed out and illustrated many circumstances of advantage, from being in a situation where the powers of the mind are at once excited to vigorous exertion and tempered by reverential awe.

#### JOHNSON'S PERSONAL COURAGE

Mr. Macpherson little knew the character of Dr. Johnson if he supposed that he could be easily intimidated; for no man was ever more remarkable for personal courage. He had indeed an awful dread of death, or rather "of something after death"; and what rational man, who seriously thinks of quitting all that he has ever known and going into a new and unknown state of being, can be without that dread? But his fear was from reflection; his courage natural. His fear, in that one instance, was the result of philosophical and religious consideration. He feared death, but he feared nothing else, not

even what might occasion death. Many instances of his resolution may be mentioned. One day, at Mr. Beauclerk's house in the country, when two large dogs were fighting, he went up to them and beat them till they separated; and at another time, when told of the danger there was that a gun might burst if charged with many balls, he put in six or seven and fired it off against a wall. Mr. Langton told me that when they were swimming together near Oxford, he cautioned Dr. Johnson against a pool which was reckoned particularly dangerous; upon which Johnson directly swam into it. He told me himself that one night he was attacked in the street by four men, to whom he would not yield, but kept them all at bay till the watch came up and carried both him and them to the round-house. In the play-house at Lichfield, as Mr. Garrick informed me, Johnson having for a moment quitted a chair which was placed for him between the side-scenes, a gentleman took possession of it, and when Johnson on his return civilly demanded his seat, rudely refused to give it up; upon which Johnson laid hold of it and tossed him and the chair into the pit. Foote, who so successfully revived the old comedy by exhibiting living characters, had resolved to imitate Johnson on the stage, expecting great profits from his ridicule of so celebrated a man. Johnson being informed of his intention, and being at dinner at Mr. Thomas Davies's the bookseller, from whom I had the story, he asked Mr. Davies "what was the common price of an oak stick"; and being answered sixpence, "Why then, sir" (said he), "give me leave to send your servant to purchase a shilling one. I'll have a double quantity; for I am told Foote means to *take me off*, as he calls it, and I am determined the fellow shall not do it with impunity." Davies took care to acquaint Foote of this, which effectually checked the wantonness of the mimic. Mr. Macpherson's menaces made Johnson provide himself with the same implement of defense; and had he been attacked, I have no doubt that, old as he was, he would have made his corporal prowess be felt as much as his intellectual.

#### JOHNSON'S FIRST LOVE

Mr. Hector was so good as to accompany me to see the great works of Mr. Bolton [Boulton], at a place which he has called Soho, about two miles from Birmingham, which the very ingenious proprietor showed me himself to the best advantage. I wished Johnson had been with us; for it was a scene which I should have been glad to contemplate by his light. The vastness and the contrivance of some of the machinery would have "matched his mighty mind." I shall never forget Mr. Bolton's expression to me, "I sell here, sir, what all the world desires to have — power." He had about seven hundred people at work. I contemplated him as an *iron chieftain*, and he seemed to be a father to his tribe. One of them came to him, complaining grievously of his landlord for having distrained his goods. "Your landlord is in the right, Smith" (said Bolton). "But I'll tell you what: find you a friend who will lay down one-half

of your rent, and I'll lay down the other half; and you shall have your goods again."

From Mr. Hector I now learned many particulars of Dr. Johnson's early life, which, with others that he gave me at different times since, have contributed to the formation of this work.

Dr. Johnson said to me in the morning, "You will see, sir, at Mr. Hector's, his sister Mrs. Careless, a clergyman's widow. She was the first woman with whom I was in love. It dropped out of my head imperceptibly; but she and I will always have a kindness for each other." He laughed at the notion that a man can never really be in love but once, and considered it as a mere romantic fancy.

On our return from Mr. Bolton's, Mr. Hector took me to his house, where we found Johnson sitting placidly at tea with his first love; who, though now advanced in years, was a genteel woman, very agreeable and well-bred.

Johnson lamented to Mr. Hector the state of one of their schoolfellows, Mr. Charles Congreve, a clergyman, which he thus described: — "He obtained, I believe, considerable preferment in Ireland, but now lives in London, quite as a valetudinarian, afraid to go into any house but his own. He takes a short airing in his post-chaise every day. He has an elderly woman, whom he calls cousin, who lives with him, and jogs his elbow when his glass has stood too long empty, and encourages him in drinking, in which he is very willing to be encouraged; not that he gets drunk, for he is a very pious man, but he is always muddled. He confesses to one bottle of port every day, and he probably drinks more. He is quite unsocial; his conversation is quite monosyllabical; and when at my last visit I asked him what o'clock it was, that signal of my departure had so pleasing an effect upon him that he sprung up to look at his watch like a greyhound bounding at a hare." When Johnson took leave of Mr. Hector, he said, "Don't grow like Congreve; nor let me grow like him, when you are near me."

When he talked again of Mrs. Careless tonight, he seemed to have had his affection revived; for he said, "If I had married her, it might have been as happy for me."

*Boswell.* Pray, sir, do you not suppose that there are fifty women in the world, with any of whom a man may be as happy as with any one woman in particular?

*Johnson.* Ay, sir, fifty thousand.

*Boswell.* Then, sir, you are not of opinion with some that imagine that certain men and certain women are made for each other; and that they cannot be happy if they miss their counterparts.

*Johnson.* To be sure not, sir. I believe marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor, upon a due consideration of the characters and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter.

## JOHNSON AND WILKES

I am now to record a very curious incident in Dr. Johnson's life which fell under my own observation; of which *pars magna fui* [I was a large part], and which I am persuaded will, with the liberal-minded, be much to his credit.

My desire of being acquainted with celebrated men of every description had made me, much about the same time, obtain an introduction to Dr. Samuel Johnson and to John Wilkes, Esq. Two men more different could perhaps not be selected out of all mankind. They had even attacked one another with some asperity in their writings; yet I lived in habits of friendship with both. I could fully relish the excellence of each; for I have ever delighted in that intellectual chymistry which can separate good qualities from evil in the same person.

Sir John Pringle, "mine own friend and my father's friend," between whom and Dr. Johnson I in vain wished to establish an acquaintance, as I respected and lived in intimacy with both of them, observed to me once very ingeniously, "It is not in friendship as in mathematics, where two things, each equal to a third, are equal between themselves. You agree with Johnson as a middle quality, and you agree with me as a middle quality; but Johnson and I should not agree." Sir John was not sufficiently flexible, so I desisted: knowing indeed that the repulsion was equally strong on the part of Johnson; who, I know not from what cause unless his being a Scotchman, had formed a very erroneous opinion of Sir John. But I conceived an irresistible wish, if possible, to bring Dr. Johnson and Mr. Wilkes together. How to manage it, was a nice and difficult matter.

My worthy booksellers and friends, Messieurs Dilly in the Poultry, at whose hospitable and well-covered table I have seen a greater number of literary men than at any other except that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, had invited me to meet Mr. Wilkes and some more gentlemen on Wednesday, May 15th. "Pray" (said I), "let us have Dr. Johnson." — "What, with Mr. Wilkes? not for the world" (said Mr. Edward Dilly): "Dr. Johnson would never forgive me." — "Come" (said I), "if you'll let me negotiate for you, I will be answerable that all shall go well."

Dilly. Nay, if you will take it upon you, I am sure I shall be very happy to see them both here.

Notwithstanding the high veneration which I entertained for Dr. Johnson, I was sensible that he was sometimes a little actuated by the spirit of contradiction, and by means of that I hoped I should gain my point. I was persuaded that if I had come upon him with a direct proposal, "Sir, will you dine in company with Jack Wilkes?" he would have flown into a passion, and would probably have answered, "Dine with Jack Wilkes, sir! I'd as soon dine with Jack Ketch." I therefore, while we were sitting quietly by ourselves at his house in an evening, took occasion to open my plan thus: —

"Mr. Dilly, sir, sends his respectful compliments to you, and would be

happy if you would do him the honor to dine with him on Wednesday next along with me, as I must soon go to Scotland."

*Johnson.* Sir, I am obliged to Mr. Dilly. I will wait upon him —

*Boswell.* Provided, sir, I suppose, that the company which he is to have is agreeable to you.

*Johnson.* What do you mean, sir? What do you take me for? Do you think I am so ignorant of the world as to imagine that I am to prescribe to a gentleman what company he is to have at his table?

*Boswell.* I beg your pardon, sir, for wishing to prevent you from meeting people whom you might not like. Perhaps he may have some of what he calls his patriotic friends with him.

*Johnson.* Well, sir, and what then? What care I for his *patriotic friends*? Poh!

*Boswell.* I should not be surprised to find Jack Wilkes there.

*Johnson.* And if Jack Wilkes *should* be there, what is that to *me*, sir? My dear friend, let us have no more of this. I am sorry to be angry with you; but really it is treating me strangely to talk to me as if I could not meet any company whatever, occasionally.

*Boswell.* Pray forgive me, sir: I meant well. But you shall meet whoever comes, for me.

Thus I secured him, and told Dilly that he would find him very well pleased to be one of his guests on the day appointed.

Upon the much-expected Wednesday I called on him about half an hour before dinner, as I often did when we were to dine out together, to see that he was ready in time, and to accompany him. I found him buffeting his books, as upon a former occasion, covered with dust, and making no preparation for going abroad. "How is this, sir?" (said I). "Don't you recollect that you are to dine at Mr. Dilly's?"

*Johnson.* Sir, I did not think of going to Dilly's: it went out of my head. I have ordered dinner at home with Mrs. Williams.

*Boswell.* But, my dear sir, you know you were engaged to Mr. Dilly, and I told him so. He will expect you, and will be much disappointed if you don't come.

*Johnson.* You must talk to Mrs. Williams about this.

Here was a sad dilemma. I feared that what I was so confident I had secured, would yet be frustrated. He had accustomed himself to show Mrs. Williams such a degree of humane attention as frequently imposed some restraint upon him; and I knew that if she should be obstinate, he would not stir. I hastened downstairs to the blind lady's room, and told her I was in great uneasiness, for Dr. Johnson had engaged to me to dine this day at Mr. Dilly's, but that he had told me he had forgotten his engagement, and had ordered dinner at home. "Yes, sir" (said she, pretty peevishly), "Dr. Johnson is to dine at home." "Madam" (said I), "his respect for you is such that I

know he will not leave you, unless you absolutely desire it. But as you have so much of his company, I hope you will be good enough to forego it for a day; as Mr. Dilly is a very worthy man, has frequently had agreeable parties at his house for Dr. Johnson, and will be vexed if the Doctor neglects him today. And then, madam, be pleased to consider my situation: I carried the message, and I assured Mr. Dilly that Dr. Johnson was to come; and no doubt he has made a dinner, and invited a company, and boasted of the honor he expected to have. I shall be quite disgraced if the Doctor is not there."

She gradually softened to my solicitations, which were certainly as earnest as most entreaties to ladies upon any occasion, and was graciously pleased to empower me to tell Dr. Johnson "that, all things considered, she thought he should certainly go." I flew back to him, still in dust, and careless of what should be the event, "indifferent in his choice to go or stay"; but as soon as I had announced to him Mrs. Williams's consent, he roared, "Frank, a clean shirt," and was very soon dressed. When I had him fairly seated in a hackney-coach with me, I exulted as much as a fortune-hunter who has got an heiress into a post-chaise with him to set out for Gretna Green.

When we entered Mr. Dilly's drawing-room, he found himself in the midst of a company he did not know. I kept myself snug and silent, watching how he would conduct himself. I observed him whispering to Mr. Dilly, "Who is that gentleman, sir?" "Mr. Arthur Lee." *Johnson* — "Too, too, too" (under his breath), which was one of his habitual mutterings. Mr. Arthur Lee could not but be very obnoxious to Johnson, for he was not only a *patriot* but an *American*. He was afterwards minister from the United States at the court of Madrid. "And who is the gentleman in lace?" "Mr. Wilkes, sir." This information confounded him still more; he had some difficulty to restrain himself, and taking up a book, sat down upon a window-seat and read, or at least kept his eye upon it intently for some time, till he composed himself. His feelings, I dare say, were awkward enough. But he no doubt recollected his having rated me for supposing that he could be at all disconcerted by any company, and he therefore resolutely set himself to behave quite as an easy man of the world, who could adapt himself at once to the disposition and manners of those whom he might chance to meet.

The cheering sound of "Dinner is upon the table" dissolved his reverie, and we all sat down without any symptom of ill-humor. There were present, besides Mr. Wilkes, and Mr. Arthur Lee, who was an old companion of mine when he studied physics at Edinburgh, Mr. (now Sir John) Miller, Dr. Lettson, and Mr. Slater the druggist. Mr. Wilkes placed himself next to Dr. Johnson, and behaved to him with so much attention and politeness that he gained upon him insensibly. No man eat more heartily than Johnson, or loved better what was nice and delicate. Mr. Wilkes was very assiduous in helping him to some fine veal. "Pray give me leave, sir — It is better here — A little of the brown — Some fat, sir — A little of the stuffing — Some gravy — Let me have the

pleasure of giving you some butter — Allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange; or the lemon, perhaps, may have more zest." "Sir, sir, I am obliged to you, sir," cried Johnson, bowing, and turning his head to him with a look for some time of "surly virtue," but in a short while of complacency.

#### JOHNSON'S APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER

The character of Samuel Johnson has, I trust, been so developed in the course of this work that they who have honored it with a perusal may be considered as well acquainted with him. As, however, it may be expected that I should collect into one view the capital and distinguishing features of this extraordinary man, I shall endeavor to acquit myself of that part of my biographical undertaking, however difficult it may be to do that which many of my readers will do better for themselves.

His figure was large and well formed, and his countenance of the cast of an ancient statue; yet his appearance was rendered strange and somewhat uncouth by convulsive cramps, by the scars of that distemper which it was once imagined the royal touch could cure, and by a slovenly mode of dress. He had the use only of one eye; yet so much does mind govern and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his visual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate. So morbid was his temperament that he never knew the natural joy of a free and vigorous use of his limbs; when he walked, it was like the struggling gait of one in fetters; when he rode, he had no command or direction of his horse, but was carried as if in a balloon. That with his constitution and habits of life he should have lived seventy-five years, is a proof that an inherent *vivida vis* is a powerful preservative of the human frame.

Man is in general made up of contradictory qualities: and these will ever show themselves in strange succession where a consistency in appearance at least, if not in reality, has not been attained by long habits of philosophical discipline. In proportion to the native vigor of the mind, the contradictory qualities will be the more prominent, and more difficult to be adjusted; and therefore we are not to wonder that Johnson exhibited an eminent example of this remark which I have made upon human nature.

At different times he seemed a different man in some respects; not, however, in any great or essential article, upon which he had fully employed his mind and settled certain principles of duty, but only in his manners, and in the display of argument and fancy in his talk. He was prone to superstition, but not to credulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvelous and the mysterious, his vigorous reason examined the evidence with jealousy. He was a sincere and zealous Christian, of high Church-of-England and monarchical principles, which he would not tamely suffer to be questioned; and had perhaps at an early period narrowed his mind somewhat too much,

both as to religion and politics. His being impressed with the danger of extreme latitude in either, though he was of a very independent spirit, occasioned his appearing somewhat unfavorable to the prevalence of that noble freedom of sentiment which is the best possession of man. Nor can it be denied that he had many prejudices; which, however, frequently suggested many of his pointed sayings, that rather show a playfulness of fancy than any settled malignity. He was steady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of religion and morality, both from a regard for the order of society, and from a veneration for the Great Source of all order: correct — nay, stern — in his taste; hard to please, and easily offended; impetuous and irritable in his temper, but of a most humane and benevolent heart, which showed itself not only in a most liberal charity, as far as his circumstances would allow, but in a thousand instances of active benevolence. He was afflicted with a bodily disease which made him often restless and fretful; and with a constitutional melancholy, the clouds of which darkened the brightness of his fancy, and gave a gloomy cast to his whole course of thinking. We therefore ought not to wonder at his sallies of impatience and passion at any time, especially when provoked by obtrusive ignorance or presuming petulance; and allowance must be made for his uttering hasty and satirical sallies even against his best friends. And surely, when it is considered that “amidst sickness and sorrow” he exerted his faculties in so many works for the benefit of mankind, and particularly that he achieved the great and admirable Dictionary of our language, we must be astonished at his resolution.

The solemn text, “Of him to whom much is given, much is expected,” seems to have been ever present to his mind in a rigorous sense, and to have made him dissatisfied with his labors and acts of goodness, however comparatively great; so that the unavoidable consciousness of his superiority was in that respect a cause of disquiet. He suffered so much from this, and from the gloom which perpetually haunted him and made solitude frightful, that it may be said of him, “If in this life only he had hope, he was of all men most miserable.” He loved praise when it was brought to him, but was too proud to seek for it. He was somewhat susceptible of flattery. As he was general and unconfined in his studies, he cannot be considered as master of any one particular science; but he had accumulated a vast and various collection of learning and knowledge, which was so arranged in his mind as to be ever in readiness to be brought forth. But his superiority over other learned men consisted chiefly in what may be called the art of thinking, the art of using his mind; a certain continual power of seizing the useful substance of all that he knew, and exhibiting it in a clear and forcible manner; so that knowledge which we often see to be no better than lumber in men of dull understanding, was in him true, evident, and actual wisdom. His moral precepts are practical, for they are drawn from an intimate acquaintance with human nature. His maxims carry conviction, for they are founded on the basis of common-sense and a very

attentive and minute survey of real life. His mind was so full of imagery that he might have been perpetually a poet; yet it is remarkable that however rich his prose is in this respect, his poetical pieces, in general, have not much of that splendor, but are rather distinguished by strong sentiment and an acute observation, conveyed in harmonious and energetic verse, particularly in heroic couplets.

Though usually grave and even awful in his deportment, he possessed uncommon and peculiar powers of wit and humor; he frequently indulged himself in colloquial pleasantry; and the heartiest merriment was often enjoyed in his company, with this great advantage, that as it was entirely free from any poisonous tincture of vice or impiety, it was salutary to those who shared in it. He had accustomed himself to such accuracy in his common conversation, that he at all times expressed his thoughts with great force and an elegant choice of language, the effect of which was aided by his having a loud voice and a slow deliberate utterance. In him were united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him a most extraordinary advantage in arguing; for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best for the moment. Exulting in his intellectual strength and dexterity, he could when he pleased be the greatest sophist that ever contended in the lists of declamation; and from a spirit of contradiction, and a delight in showing his powers, he would often maintain the wrong side with equal warmth and ingenuity: so that when there was an audience, his real opinions could seldom be gathered from his talk; though when he was in company with a single friend, he would discuss a subject with genuine fairness; but he was too conscientious to make error permanent and pernicious by deliberately writing it; and in all his numerous works he earnestly inculcated what appeared to him to be the truth, his piety being constant and the ruling principle of all his conduct.

Such was Samuel Johnson; a man whose talents, acquirements, and virtues were so extraordinary, that the more his character is considered, the more he will be regarded by the present age and by posterity with admiration and reverence.

## DAVID HUME

**D**AVID HUME not only founded the literary school of English historical writing, and originated some of the more important doctrines of modern political economy, but also exercised a paramount influence on the philosophic thought of the eighteenth century.

He was the younger son of Joseph Hume, laird of Ninewells in Berwickshire; and was born at Edinburgh in 1711. He appears to have entered the University of Edinburgh at the age of twelve, and to have left at fourteen or fifteen without taking a degree. He began the study of law, but abandoned it in order to devote himself to the "pursuits of philosophy and learning." His first work, the 'Treatise of Human Nature,' was published partly in 1739 and partly in 1740; the books entitled 'Of the Understanding' and 'Of the Passions' appearing in the former, and that entitled 'Of Morals' in the latter year.

The 'Treatise of Human Nature' is the final and most complete exposition of the fundamental principles of the old school of empirical philosophy — the school to which belonged Bacon, Locke, and Berkeley. According to Hume, the contents of the mind are embraced in the term "perceptions." Perceptions consist of sensuous impressions and ideas. Ideas are merely images of sensuous impressions. Knowledge is the cognition of the relation between two perceptions. There is no necessary connection between cause and effect. The idea of cause depends on the habit of the mind which expects the event that usually follows another. Mind is but a series or succession of isolated impressions and ideas. As knowledge is dependent on experience derived through the senses, and as the senses frequently deceive, one can have no absolute knowledge of things, but only of one's impression of them. Hence, to give the conclusion later arrived at in the famous 'Essay on Miracles,' a miracle even if genuine is incapable of proof.

The 'Treatise of Human Nature' is clear, forcible, and untechnical. Its most striking characteristics are its spontaneity and individuality. Hume owed little to academic training, and wrote his earlier works at a distance from centers of learning, without access to large libraries. The literary beauties of the 'Treatise,' however, are marred by its structural defects. It is a series of brilliant fragments rather than a well-rounded whole, and is concerned more with criticism of metaphysical opinions from the point of view of Hume's theory of knowledge than with the construction of a complete system of philosophy.

In 1741 appeared the first volume of the 'Essays, Moral and Political,' the

second volume coming out in the following year. These essays, with some additions and omissions, were republished in 1748 under the expanded title, 'Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary,' which has been retained in the many subsequent editions. Hume's essays are models of their kind, full of sparkle, interest, and animation. As an essayist he has not been surpassed in purity of diction, and no English writer except Addison equals him in the sense of harmony. His essays are characterized by intellectual impartiality, and by a philosophical breadth of view coupled with critical acuteness in matters of detail. His 'Political Discourses,' which were written in the same vein as the 'Essays,' appeared in 1752.

The 'Essays' and the 'Political Discourses' achieved great popularity both in England and on the Continent. Since the publication of Montesquieu's 'Spirit of Laws' no work on politics had attracted so much attention as the 'Political Discourses.' In France particularly it was read by all classes, and was an important intellectual factor in the political agitation which preceded the French Revolution. In England Hume's views on money, trade, and government were generally accepted; and if the French Revolution had not occasioned a conservative reaction, free trade and electoral reform would probably have been adopted by Parliament in the eighteenth instead of in the nineteenth century.

The 'Political Discourses' has been called "the cradle of political economy." It advanced original views on the subject of commerce, on money, on interest, and on the balance of trade; views which were afterwards adopted by Hume's close friend, Adam Smith. Hume refutes the mercantilist error which confounded money with wealth. "Men and commodities," he says, "are the real strength of any community. . . . In the national stock of labor consists all real power and riches." He exposes the error of the theory that the rate of interest depends on the quantity of money in a country, and shows that the reduction of it must be the result of "the increase of industry and frugality, of arts and commerce." He condemns the "numberless bars, obstructions, and imposts which all nations of Europe, and none more than England, have put upon trade," and points out the international character of commerce. "Not only as a man, but as a British subject," he says, "I pray for the flourishing commerce of Germany, Spain, Italy, and even of France itself."

Till the age of forty, Hume's life was spent chiefly in the seclusion of Ninewells, the family estate; interrupted by a sojourn of three years in France from 1734 to 1737, by a few months' absence as companion to the Marquis of Anandale in 1745 and 1746, and by a short period of service as secretary to General St. Clair, whom he accompanied on the expedition against Port L'Orient in 1746 and on a military embassy to Vienna and Turin. In 1751 he removed to Edinburgh, where in the following year he was appointed keeper of the library of the Faculty of Advocates, a post which he occupied until 1757. The library of the Faculty was the largest in Scotland, and afforded him

an opportunity, long desired, of turning his attention to historical studies. In 1754 he published a volume on the reigns of James I and Charles I; followed in 1756 by a volume on the period from the execution of Charles to the Revolution of 1688, in 1759 by two volumes on the house of Tudor, and in 1761 by two more on the period from Julius Cæsar to Henry VII. Thus in the short space of ten years he wrote and published his famous 'History of Great Britain,' covering the entire period from the Roman conquest to the Revolution of 1688.

Until the advent of Hume as a historian, history cannot be said to have been cultivated in Great Britain as a branch of polite literature. His predecessors were laborious compilers of dates and facts, having no appreciation of the esthetic possibilities of historical composition. Hume brought to his task consummate literary skill, and a mind stored with the results of philosophical study and of economic and political investigations. He was the first Englishman to see that history is not merely a record of war and court intrigue, but that it is concerned also with the literature, the manners, and the conditions of life of the people. His profound psychological analysis of character, his insight into the complex social forces of history, and the grace and charm of his style, won the admiration of his contemporaries; and the 'History of Great Britain' has furnished a method to all subsequent English historical writers. In spite of a general air of impartiality, however, Hume's history is as much a Tory as Macaulay's is a Whig "pamphlet." Thus, for instance, he draws a very favorable picture of Charles I and depreciates Cromwell. The explanation is to be sought in the facts that he had no sympathy with the religious enthusiasm of the Roundhead sectaries, and that he conceived all intellectual culture and refinement to have been the property of the court and the Cavaliers. Later investigations have shown also that he used his authorities in an extremely careless manner, and that he neglected documentary evidence at his command. Since the rise of the modern critical school of history his work has in fact been largely superseded. Nevertheless, it stood for generations without a rival, and is even now almost unrivaled as a piece of literary composition.

In 1763 he accepted the post of secretary to Lord Hertford, then ambassador to France. In France Hume's reputation stood even higher than in Britain, and he immediately became a social lion in the Parisian world of fashion. Great nobles fêted him, and gatherings at noted salons were incomplete without his presence. He left France in 1766, and after a short term as Under-Secretary of State (1767-69) returned to Edinburgh, where he died in 1776.

Among his works of importance not hitherto mentioned are 'Philosophical Essays concerning Human Understanding'; 'An Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals'; and 'Dialogues concerning Natural Religion.'

Hume's personal character was thus described by himself in his Autobiography, written four months before his death: — "I am . . . a man of mild

disposition, of command of temper, of an open, social, and cheerful humor, capable of attachment but little susceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all my passions." The accuracy of this description is confirmed by the testimony of his contemporaries and the tone of his private correspondence. It was not until he had reached middle age that he was able to gratify his taste for intellectual society by removing from the country to the town, "the true scene for a man of letters." In his correspondence of 1751, the year in which he settled in Edinburgh, appeared a characteristic bit of domestic economy. "I might perhaps pretend as well as others to complain of fortune," he wrote to Michael Ramsay; "but I do not, and would condemn myself as unreasonable if I did. While interest remains as at present, I have £50 a year, £100 worth of books. . . . and near £100 in my pocket, along with order, frugality, a strong spirit of independency, good health, a contented humor, and an unabated love of study. In these circumstances I must esteem myself one of the happy and fortunate." His reason for taking a house in Edinburgh was that he might enjoy the companionship of his sister, who like himself was unmarried. "And as my sister can join £30 a year to my stock, and brings an equal love of order and frugality, we doubt not to make our revenues answer." It is pleasant to read in his Autobiography that later his income rose to £1,000, and that "the copy-money given me by the booksellers much exceeded anything formerly known in England." Slender as were his resources during his first years in the Scottish capital, he turned his salary as keeper of the Advocates' Library—£40 a year—over to the blind poet Blacklock. He afterwards befriended Rousseau, when the latter sought refuge in England from persecution. On this occasion, however, his kind offices plunged him into a disagreeable literary quarrel with the morbid and perhaps mentally irresponsible beneficiary.

Absence of jealousy was a noticeable trait in Hume's character. He gave assistance and encouragement to several of the younger generation of Scottish writers; and his magnanimity is further illustrated by the helpful letter to his chief adversary, Thomas Reid, which he wrote on returning the manuscript of the 'Enquiry into the Human Mind,' submitted by the younger philosopher for the elder's criticism. Hume was the first Scotsman to devote himself exclusively, and with conspicuous success, to literature. During the closing years of his life he had the satisfaction of seeing himself surrounded at Edinburgh by a brilliant company of men of letters—Adam Smith, Ferguson, Blair, Gilbert Elliot, Lord Kames, Mackenzie, and others—who whether accepting his philosophical opinions or not, derived inspiration from his genial companionship.

M. A. MIKKELSEN

## OF REFINEMENT IN THE ARTS

LUXURY is a word of an uncertain signification, and may be taken in a good as well as in a bad sense. In general it means great refinement in the gratification of the senses; and any degree of it may be innocent or blamable, according to the age or country or condition of the person. The bounds between the virtue and the vice cannot here be exactly fixed, more than in other moral subjects. To imagine that the gratifying of any sense, or the indulging of any delicacy in meat, drink, or apparel, is of itself a vice, can never enter into a head that is not disordered by the frenzies of enthusiasm. I have indeed heard of a monk abroad, who, because the windows of his cell opened upon a noble prospect, made a covenant with his eyes never to turn that way, or receive so sensual a gratification. And such is the crime of drinking champagne or Burgundy, preferable to small-beer or porter. These indulgences are only vices when they are pursued at the expense of some virtue, as liberality or charity; in like manner as they are follies when for them a man ruins his fortune, and reduces himself to want and beggary. Where they trench upon no virtue, but leave ample subject whence to provide for friends, family, and every proper object of generosity or compassion, they are entirely innocent, and have in every age been acknowledged such by almost all moralists. To be entirely occupied with the luxury of the table, for instance, without any relish for the pleasures of ambition, study, or conversation, is a mark of stupidity, and is incompatible with any vigor of temper or genius. To confine one's expense entirely to such a gratification, without regard to friends or family, is an indication of a heart destitute of humanity or benevolence. But if a man reserves time sufficient for all laudable pursuits, and money sufficient for all generous purposes, he is free from every shadow of blame or reproach.

Since luxury may be considered either as innocent or blamable, one may be surprised at those preposterous opinions which have been entertained concerning it: while men of libertine principles bestow praises even on vicious luxury, and represent it as highly advantageous to society; and on the other hand, men of severe morals blame even the most innocent luxury, and represent it as the source of all corruptions, disorders, and factions incident to civil government. We shall here endeavor to correct both these extremes, by proving, (1) that the ages of refinement are both the happiest and most virtuous; (2) that wherever luxury ceases to be innocent it also ceases to be beneficial; and when carried a degree too far, is a quality pernicious, though perhaps not the most pernicious, to political society.

To prove the first point, we need but consider the effects of refinement both on private and on public life. Human happiness, according to the most received notions, seems to consist in three ingredients—action, pleasure, and indolence; and though these ingredients ought to be mixed in different pro-

portions, according to the particular disposition of the person, yet no one ingredient can be entirely wanting, without destroying in some measure the relish of the whole composition. Indolence or repose, indeed, seems not of itself to contribute much to our enjoyment; but like sleep, is requisite as an indulgence to the weakness of human nature, which cannot support an uninterrupted course of business or pleasure. That quick march of the spirits which takes a man from himself, and chiefly gives satisfaction, does in the end exhaust the mind, and requires some intervals of repose, which though agreeable for a moment, yet if prolonged beget a languor and lethargy that destroy all enjoyment. Education, custom, and example have a mighty influence in turning the mind to any of these pursuits; and it must be owned that where they promote a relish for action and pleasure, they are so far favorable to human happiness. In times when industry and the arts flourish, men are kept in perpetual occupation, and enjoy as their reward the occupation itself, as well as those pleasures which are the fruit of their labor. The mind acquires new vigor; enlarges its powers and faculties; and by an assiduity in honest industry, both satisfies its natural appetites and prevents the growth of unnatural ones, which commonly spring up when nourished by ease and idleness. Banish those arts from society, you deprive men both of action and of pleasure; and leaving nothing but indolence in their place, you even destroy the relish of indolence, which never is agreeable but when it succeeds to labor, and recruits the spirits exhausted by too much application and fatigue.

Another advantage of industry and of refinements in the mechanical arts is, that they commonly produce some refinements in the liberal; nor can one be carried to perfection without being accompanied in some degree with the other. The same age which produces great philosophers and politicians, renowned generals and poets, usually abounds with skilful weavers and ship carpenters. We cannot reasonably expect that a piece of woollen cloth will be brought to perfection in a nation which is ignorant of astronomy, or where ethics are neglected. The spirit of the age affects all the arts; and the minds of men, being once roused from their lethargy and put into a fermentation, turn themselves on all sides and carry improvements into every art and science. Profound ignorance is totally banished, and men enjoy the privilege of rational creatures, to think as well as to act, to cultivate the pleasures of the mind as well as those of the body.

The more these refined arts advance, the more sociable men become. Nor is it possible that when enriched with science, and possessed of a fund of conversation, they should be contented to remain in solitude, or live with their fellow-citizens in that distant manner which is peculiar to ignorant and barbarous nations. They flock into cities; love to receive and communicate knowledge, to show their wit or their breeding, their taste in conversation or living, in clothes or furniture. Curiosity allures the wise, vanity the foolish, and pleasure both. Particular clubs and societies are everywhere formed. Both sexes meet in an

easy and sociable manner; and the tempers of men as well as their behavior refine apace. So that beside the improvements which they receive from knowledge and the liberal arts, it is impossible but they must feel an increase of humanity from the very habit of conversing together, and contributing to each other's pleasure and entertainment. Thus industry, knowledge, and humanity are linked together by an indissoluble chain; and are found, from experience as well as reason, to be peculiar to the more polished and what are commonly denominated the more luxurious ages.

Nor are these advantages attended with disadvantages that bear any proportion to them. The more men refine upon pleasure, the less will they indulge in excesses of any kind; because nothing is more destructive to true pleasure than such excesses. One may safely affirm that the Tartars are oftener guilty of beastly gluttony, when they feast on their dead horses, than European courtiers with all their refinements of cookery. And if [libertinism] be more frequent in polite ages, when it is often regarded only as a piece of gallantry, drunkenness on the other hand is much less common. . . .

But industry, knowledge, and humanity are not advantageous in private life alone: they diffuse their beneficial influence on the public, and render the government as great and flourishing as they make individuals happy and prosperous. The increase and consumption of all the commodities which serve to the ornament and pleasure of life are advantages to society; because, at the same time that they multiply those innocent gratifications to individuals, they are a kind of storehouse of labor, which in the exigencies of State may be turned to the public service. In a nation where there is no demand for such superfluities, men sink into indolence, lose all enjoyment of life, and are useless to the public, which cannot maintain or support its fleets and armies from the industry of such slothful members.

The bounds of all the European kingdoms are at present nearly the same as they were two hundred years ago. But what a difference is there in the power and grandeur of those kingdoms! which can be ascribed to nothing but the increase of art and industry. When Charles VIII of France invaded Italy, he carried with him about 20,000 men; yet this armament so exhausted the nation, as we learn from Guicciardin, that for some years it was not able to make so great an effort. The late King of France in time of war kept in pay above 400,000 men; though from Mazarine's death to his own he was engaged in a course of wars that lasted near thirty years.

This industry is much promoted by the knowledge inseparable from ages of art and refinement; as on the other hand this knowledge enables the public to make the best advantage of the industry of its subjects. Laws, order, police, discipline — these can never be carried to any degree of perfection before human reason has refined itself by exercise, and by an application to the more vulgar arts, at least, of commerce and manufacture. Can we expect that a government will be well modeled by a people who know not how to make a

spinning-wheel, or to employ a loom to advantage? Not to mention that all ignorant ages are infested with superstition, which throws the government off its bias, and disturbs men in the pursuit of their interest and happiness.

Knowledge in the arts of government naturally begets mildness and moderation, by instructing men in the advantages of humane maxims above rigor and severity, which drive subjects into rebellion, and make the return to submission impracticable by cutting off all hopes of pardon. When the tempers of men are softened as well as their knowledge improved, this humanity appears still more conspicuous, and is the chief characteristic which distinguishes a civilized age from times of barbarity and ignorance. Factions are then less inveterate, revolutions less tragical, authority less severe, and seditions less frequent. Even foreign wars abate of their cruelty; and after the field of battle, where honor and interest steel men against compassion as well as fear, the combatants divest themselves of the brute and resume the man.

Nor need we fear that men, by losing their ferocity, will lose their martial spirit, or become less undaunted and vigorous in defense of their country or their liberty. The arts have no such effect in enervating either the mind or body. On the contrary, industry, their inseparable attendant, adds new force to both. And if anger, which is said to be the whetstone of courage, loses somewhat of its asperity by politeness and refinement — a sense of honor, which is a stronger, more constant, and more governable principle, acquires fresh vigor by that elevation of genius which arises from knowledge and a good education. Add to this that courage can neither have any duration, nor be of any use, when not accompanied with discipline and martial skill, which are seldom found among a barbarous people. The ancients remarked that Datames was the only barbarian that ever knew the art of war. And Pyrrhus, seeing the Romans marshal their army with some art and skill, said with surprise, "These barbarians have nothing barbarous in their discipline!" It is observable that as the old Romans, by applying themselves solely to war, were almost the only uncivilized people that ever possessed military discipline, so the modern Italians are the only civilized people among Europeans that ever wanted courage and a martial spirit. Those who would ascribe this effeminacy of the Italians to their luxury, or politeness, or application to the arts, need but consider the French and English, whose bravery is as incontestable as their love for the arts and their assiduity in commerce. The Italian historians give us a more satisfactory reason for this degeneracy of their countrymen. They show us how the sword was dropped at once by all the Italian sovereigns: while the Venetian aristocracy was jealous of its subjects, the Florentine democracy applied itself entirely to commerce, Rome was governed by priests and Naples by women. War then became the business of soldiers of fortune, who spared one another, and to the astonishment of the world, could engage a whole day in what they called a battle and return at night to their camp without the least bloodshed.

What has chiefly induced severe moralists to declaim against refinement in the arts is the example of ancient Rome, which, joining to its poverty and rusticity virtue and public spirit, rose to such a surprising height of grandeur and liberty: but having learned from its conquered provinces the Asiatic luxury, fell into every kind of corruption; whence arose sedition and civil wars, attended at last with the total loss of liberty. All the Latin classics whom we peruse in our infancy are full of these sentiments, and universally ascribe the ruin of their State to the arts and riches imported from the East; insomuch that Sallust represents a taste for painting as a vice, no less than lewdness and drinking. And so popular were these sentiments during the latter ages of the republic, that this author abounds in praises of the old rigid Roman virtue, though himself the most egregious instance of modern luxury and corruption; speaks contemptuously of the Grecian eloquence, though the most elegant writer in the world; nay, employs preposterous digressions and declamations to this purpose, though a model of taste and correctness.

But it would be easy to prove that these writers mistook the cause of the disorders in the Roman State, and ascribed to luxury and the arts what really proceeded from an ill-modeled government, and the unlimited extent of conquests. Refinement on the pleasures and conveniences of life has no natural tendency to beget venality and corruption. The value which all men put upon any particular pleasure depends on comparison and experience; nor is a porter less greedy of money which he spends on bacon and brandy, than a courtier who purchases champagne and ortolans. Riches are valuable at all times and to all men, because they always purchase pleasures such as men are accustomed to and desire. Nor can anything restrain or regulate the love of money but a sense of honor and virtue; which, if it be not nearly equal at all times, will naturally abound most in ages of knowledge and refinement.

Of all European kingdoms, Poland seems the most defective in the arts of war as well as peace, mechanical as well as liberal; yet it is there that venality and corruption do most prevail. The nobles seem to have preserved their crown elective for no other purpose than regularly to sell it to the highest bidder. This is almost the only species of commerce with which that people are acquainted.

The liberties of England, so far from decaying since the improvements in the arts, have never flourished so much as during that period. And though corruption may seem to increase of late years, this is chiefly to be ascribed to our established liberty, when our princes have found the impossibility of governing without Parliaments, or of terrifying Parliaments by the phantom of prerogative. Not to mention that this corruption or venality prevails much more among the electors than the elected, and therefore cannot justly be ascribed to any refinements in luxury.

If we consider the matter in a proper light, we shall find that a progress in the art is rather favorable to liberty, and has a natural tendency to preserve if

not produce a free government. In rude unpolished nations, where the arts are neglected, all labor is bestowed on the cultivation of the ground; and the whole society is divided into two classes — proprietors of land, and their vassals or tenants. The latter are necessarily dependent and fitted for slavery and subjection, especially where they possess no riches and are not valued for their knowledge in agriculture; as must always be the case where the arts are neglected. The former naturally erect themselves into petty tyrants; and must either submit to an absolute master for the sake of peace and order, or if they will preserve their independency, like the ancient barons, they must fall into feuds and contests among themselves, and throw the whole society into such confusion as is perhaps worse than the most despotic government. But where luxury nourishes commerce and industry, the peasants, by a proper cultivation of the land, become rich and independent; while the tradesmen and merchants acquire a share of the property, and draw authority and consideration to that middling rank of men who are the best and firmest basis of public liberty. These submit not to slavery, like the peasants, from poverty and meanness of spirit; and having no hopes of tyrannizing over others, like the barons, they are not tempted for the sake of that gratification to submit to the tyranny of their sovereign. They covet equal laws, which may secure their property, and preserve them from monarchical as well as aristocratical tyranny.

The lower House is the support of our popular government; and all the world acknowledges that it owed its chief influence and consideration to the increase of commerce, which threw such a balance of property into the hands of the Commons. How inconsistent then is it to blame so violently a refinement in the arts, and to represent it as the bane of liberty and public spirit!

To declaim against present times, and magnify the virtue of remote ancestors, is a propensity almost inherent in human nature. And as the sentiments and opinions of civilized ages alone are transmitted to posterity, hence it is that we meet with so many severe judgments pronounced against luxury and even science; and hence it is that at present we give so ready an assent to them. But the fallacy is easily perceived by comparing different nations that are contemporaries; where we both judge more impartially, and can better set in opposition those manners with which we are sufficiently acquainted. Treachery and cruelty, the most pernicious and most odious of all vices, seem peculiar to uncivilized ages; and by the refined Greeks and Romans were ascribed to all the barbarous nations which surrounded them. They might justly therefore have presumed that their own ancestors, so highly celebrated, possessed no greater virtue, and were as much inferior to their posterity in honor and humanity as in taste and science. An ancient Frank or Saxon may be highly extolled. But I believe every man would think his life or fortune much less secure in the hands of a Moor or Tartar than those of a French or English gentleman, the rank of men the most civilized in the most civilized nations.

We come now to the second position which we proposed to illustrate: to wit,

that as innocent luxury, or a refinement in the arts and conveniences of life, is advantageous to the public, so wherever luxury ceases to be innocent it also ceases to be beneficial; and when carried a degree farther begins to be a quality pernicious, though perhaps not the most pernicious, to political society.

Let us consider what we call vicious luxury. No gratification, however sensual, can of itself be esteemed vicious. A gratification is only vicious when it engrosses all a man's expense, and leaves no ability for such acts of duty and generosity as are required by his situation and fortune. Suppose that he correct the vice, and employ part of his expense in the education of his children, in the support of his friends, and in relieving the poor — would any prejudice result to society? On the contrary, the same consumption would arise; and that labor which at present is employed only in producing a slender gratification to one man, would relieve the necessities and bestow satisfaction on hundreds. The same care and toil that raise a dish of pease at Christmas would give bread to a whole family during six months. To say that without a vicious luxury the labor would not have been employed at all, is only to say that there is some other defect in human nature, such as indolence, selfishness, inattention to others, for which luxury in some measure provides a remedy; as one poison may be an antidote for another. But virtue, like wholesome food, is better than poisons however corrected.

Suppose the same number of men that are at present in Great Britain, with the same soil and climate: I ask, is it not possible for them to be happier, by the most perfect way of life that can be imagined, and by the greatest reformation that Omnipotence itself could work in their temper and disposition? To assert that they cannot, appears evidently ridiculous. As the land is able to maintain more than all its present inhabitants, they could never in such a Utopian State feel any other ills than those which arise from bodily sickness; and these are not the half of human miseries. All other ills spring from some vice, either in ourselves or others; and even many of our diseases proceed from the same origin. Remove the vices, and the ills follow. You must only take care to remove all the vices. If you remove part, you may render the matter worse. By banishing *vicious* luxury, without curing sloth and an indifference to others, you only diminish industry in the State, and add nothing to men's charity or their generosity. Let us therefore rest contented with asserting that two opposite vices in a State may be more advantageous than either of them alone; but let us never pronounce vice in itself advantageous. Is it not very inconsistent for an author to assert in one page that moral distinctions are inventions of politicians for public interest, and in the next page maintain that vice is advantageous to the public? And indeed it seems, upon any system of morality, little less than a contradiction in terms to talk of a vice which is in general beneficial to society.

I thought this reasoning necessary in order to give some light to a philosophical question which has been much disputed in England. I call it a philosophical

question, not a political one. For whatever may be the consequence of such a miraculous transformation of mankind as would endow them with every species of virtue and free them from every species of vice, this concerns not the magistrate, who aims only at possibilities. He cannot cure every vice by substituting a virtue in its place. Very often he can only cure one vice by another; and in that case he ought to prefer what is least pernicious to society. Luxury when excessive is the source of many ills; but is in general preferable to sloth and idleness, which would commonly succeed in its place, and are more hurtful both to private persons and to the public. When sloth reigns, a mean uncultivated way of life prevails amongst individuals, without society, without enjoyment. And if the sovereign, in such a situation, demands the service of his subjects, the labor of the State suffices only to furnish the necessaries of life to the laborers, and can afford nothing to those who are employed in the public service.

## JAMES THOMSON

JAMES THOMSON occupies a significant position among English poets, less by virtue of his poetical gifts — although these are of no mean order — than by the wholesome influence of his recognition of nature in an artificial age. He was a contemporary of Pope, yet he struck a note in his poems which was to be amplified later in the works of Wordsworth and Coleridge, of Shelley and Keats. He was the father of the natural school, as opposed to the pseudo-classical school of which Pope was the complete embodiment.

When Thomson was growing up amid the wild scenery of the Scottish Border Country, literary England was dominated by an ideal of verse in contrast to which even Shakespeare's measures were held to be barbarous. The rhyming iambic pentameter, the favorite verse form, had been developed by Pope to such a point of polished perfection that imitation alone was possible. Moreover, it was employed only on a limited range of subjects. These might be either classical or urban: nothing so vulgar as nature or the common people was worthy of the Muse. The genius of poetry had been brought from the fresh air of the fields into the vitiated air of the drawing-rooms; had been laced and powdered and encased in stiff brocades, which hindered all freedom of motion.

But of this Thomson knew nothing. It was his good fortune to have been born far from London, and to have been brought up amid the simple influences of country life. He was born in 1700 in the parish of Ednam, in Roxburghshire, of which his father was minister. He received his early education at Jedburgh school. It was at Jedburgh that he met a Mr. Riccalton, who was accustomed to teach the boys Latin in the aisle of his church — and had written a poem on 'A Winter's Day,' from which Thomson obtained his first idea for the 'Seasons.' The future poet's education was received more from nature than from books. The magnificent panorama of the year was unrolled continually before him, and he was not indifferent to its beauties. It was with reluctance that he left his country home for Edinburgh, where he remained five years as a student of divinity. The ministry, however, had few attractions for him: in 1725 he abandoned his studies, and followed a fellow-student, Mallet, to London, to seek his fortune there. Through the influence of a friend, Lady Baillie, he obtained a tutorship in the family of Lord Binning; but he held this position only a short time. The following winter found him without money, without prospects, and almost without friends. The death of his mother had plunged him into deep melancholy: he gave vent to his feelings

at the approach of the unfriendly winter, by writing the first of his poems on the seasons. For several weeks after its publication no notice was taken of it; then a gentleman of some influence in the London world of letters ran across it, and immediately proclaimed its value in the coffee-houses. 'Winter' began to be widely read: its popularity was soon established.

Thomson enjoyed all the prestige of a man who has struck a new vein in literature. It is easy to understand how the jaded palates of the London circles, surfeited with Popian classicism, were refreshed by this simple poem of winter in the country. To the generations which know Wordsworth, Thomson's song of the bleak season seems well-nigh artificial; but it was Nature herself to the coffee-house coteries who had forgotten her existence. It contains indeed much that is sincere, wholesome, and beautiful. The pretty picture of bright-eyed robin-redbreast hopping across the cottage floor in quest of crumbs, the pathetic description of the peasant-shepherd dying in the snow, while his wife and children wait for him in vain, must have stirred unwonted emotions in the hearts of a generation accustomed to the jeweled artificialities of the 'Rape of the Lock.' Thomson's conception of nature was in no sense like that of Wordsworth: he never dissociated it from human interests; it is always the background for the human drama: but for this reason it was popular, and will always remain popular, with a class of persons to whom the Wordsworthian conception seems cold and unsympathetic.

'Winter' was also significant because it was written in blank verse of a noble order. The rhyming couplets of the classicists, the rocking-horse movement of their verse, had done much to destroy the exquisite musical sense which had reached its perfection in the Elizabethans. It was the mission of Thomson to revive this sense through his artistic use of blank verse.

'Summer' was published not long after 'Winter.' It was followed by an 'Ode to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton.' 'Spring' was published in 1728, and 'Autumn' in 1730. In this same year, the play of 'Sophonisba' also appeared; but Thomson never succeeded as a playwright. His 'Agamemnon,' his 'Tancred and Sigismunda,' his masque of 'Alfred,' which contains the song 'Rule, Britannia,' are stilted and dreary compositions. He had written 'Alfred' in conjunction with his friend Mallet. His poem 'Liberty,' published, the first part in 1734 and the second in 1736, was of no higher order of merit. It would seem that after writing the 'Seasons,' Thomson's energies declined, not again to be revived in full force until he wrote 'The Castle of Indolence,' shortly before his death. His income during these years was obtained partly from his books, and partly from sinecure positions. In 1744 he was appointed Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands, a position which he held until his death in 1748.

In the year of his death 'The Castle of Indolence' was published. It is a poem of great beauty and charm, whose richness of diction is suggestive of Keats. The sensuous Spenserian stanza employed is well adapted to the sub-

ject. The false enchanter, Indolence, holds many captive in his castle by his magic arts; but he is at last conquered by the Knights of the Arts and Industries. The slumberous atmosphere of the Castle and its environment is wonderfully communicated in the opening stanzas; and the poem in its entirety is worthy of the author of the 'Seasons' at his best.

What Wordsworth was to the nineteenth century, Thomson was to the eighteenth. With him began that outpouring of the poetical spirit which was to culminate one hundred years later.

### RULE, BRITANNIA!

From the Masque of 'Alfred'

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of the land,  
 And guardian angels sung this strain: —  
 "Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
 Britons never will be slaves."

The nations not so blest as thee,  
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall;  
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all.  
 "Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
 Britons never will be slaves."

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke;  
 As the loud blast that tears the skies  
 Serves but to root thy native oak.  
 "Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
 Britons never will be slaves."

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
 All their attempts to bend thee down  
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,  
 But work their woe, and thy renown.  
 "Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
 Britons never will be slaves."

To thee belongs the rural reign;  
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;  
 All thine shall be the subject main,  
 And every shore it circles thine.  
 "Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
 Britons never will be slaves."

The Muses, still with freedom found,  
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;  
 Blest isle! with matchless beauty crowned,  
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
 "Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
 Britons never will be slaves."

### THE SHEEP-WASHING

From the 'Seasons' — Summer

THE meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews,  
 At first faint gleaming in the dappled east;  
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow,  
 And from before the luster of her face,  
 White break the clouds away. With quickened step  
 Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,  
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.  
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,  
 Swell on the sight and brighten with the dawn. . . .  
 Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves  
 His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;  
 And from the crowded fold, in order, drives  
 His flock to taste the verdure of the morn. . . .

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:  
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,  
 Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose  
 Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,  
 Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all  
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek;  
 Even stooping age is here; and infant hands  
 Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load  
 O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll.


Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row  
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,  
They spread their breathing harvest to the sun,  
That throws refreshful round a rural smell;  
Or as they rake the green-appearing ground,  
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,  
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,  
In order gay: while heard from dale to dale,  
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice  
Of happy labor, love and social glee.

Or rushing thence in one diffusive band,  
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog  
Compelled to where the mazy-running brook  
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,  
And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.  
Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,  
The clamor much of men and boys and dogs,  
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood  
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,  
On some, impatient, seizing hurls them in:  
Emboldened then, nor hesitating more,  
Fast, fast they plunge amid the flashing wave,  
And panting, labor to the farther shore.  
Repeated this, till deep the well-washed fleece  
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt  
The trout is banished by the sordid stream.  
Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow  
Slow move the harmless race: where as they spread  
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,  
Inly disturbed, and wondering, what this wild  
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints  
The country fill; and tossed from rock to rock,  
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.  
At last of snowy white, the gathered flocks  
Are in the wattled pen, innumerable pressed,  
Head above head; and ranged in lusty rows  
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.  
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,  
With all her gay-drest maids attending round.  
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned,  
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays  
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;  
While the glad circle round them yield their souls

To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.  
 Meantime their joyous task goes on apace:  
 Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,  
 Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,  
 To stamp his master's cipher ready stand;  
 Others the unwilling wether drag along;  
 And glorying in his might, the sturdy boy  
 Holds by the twisted horns the indignant ram.  
 Behold where, bound and of its robe bereft  
 By needy man — that all-depending lord —  
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!  
 What softness in its melancholy face,  
 What dumb complaining innocence appears!  
 Fear not, ye gentle tribes — 'tis not the knife  
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved;  
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,  
 Who having now, to pay his annual care,  
 Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,  
 Will send you bounding to your hills again.

### THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE

From 'The Castle of Indolence'

 MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,  
 Do not complain of this thy hard estate;  
 That like an emmet thou must ever moil,  
 Is a sad sentence of an ancient date:  
 And certes, there is for it reason great;  
 For though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,  
 And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,  
 Withouten that would come a heavier bale —  
 Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,  
 With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,  
 A most enchanting wizard did abide,  
 Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.  
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;  
 And there a season atween June and May,  
 Half pranked with spring, with summer half embrowned,  
 A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,  
 No living wight could work, ne carèd even for play.

Was naught around but images of rest:  
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;  
And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest,  
From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green,  
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.  
Meantime, unnumbered glittering streamlets played,  
And hurlèd everywhere their waters sheen;  
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,  
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills  
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,  
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,  
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale;  
And now and then, sweet Philomel would wail  
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,  
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;  
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;  
Yet all these sounds yblent inclinèd all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,  
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;  
Where naught but shadowy forms was seen to move,  
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood:  
And up the hills, on either side, a wood  
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,  
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;  
And where this valley winded out below,  
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsihead it was,  
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;  
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,  
For ever flushing round a summer sky:  
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly  
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,  
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh;  
But whate'er smacked of noyance, or unrest,  
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,  
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)  
Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,  
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,

And made a kind of checkered day and night:  
 Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,  
     Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight  
 Was placed; and to his lute, of cruel fate  
 And labor harsh, complained, lamenting man's estate. . . .

Here freedom reigned, without the least alloy;  
     Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,  
 Nor saintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,  
     And with envenomed tongue our pleasures pall.  
 For why? there was but one great rule for all;  
 To wit, that each should work his own desire,  
     And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,  
 Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,  
 And carol what, unbid, the Muses might inspire.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,  
     Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;  
 Such as of old the rural poets sung,  
     Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:  
 Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,  
 Poured forth at large the sweetly tortured heart;  
     Or, sighing tender passion, swelled the gale,  
 And taught charmed echo to resound their smart;  
 While flocks, woods, streams around, repose and peace impart.

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning hand,  
     Depainted was the patriarchal age;  
 What time Dan Abram left the Chaldee land,  
     And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,  
 Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.  
 Toil was not then; of nothing took they heed,  
     But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,  
 And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:  
 Blest sons of Nature they! true golden age indeed!

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,  
     Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,  
 Or Autumn's varied shades embrown the walls:  
     Now the black tempest strikes the astonished eyes;  
     Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;

The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,  
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies:  
Whate'er Lorraine light-touched with softening hue,  
Or savage Rosa dashed, or learnèd Poussin drew.

Each sound, too, here to languishment inclined,  
Lulled the weak bosom, and inducèd ease:  
Aërial music in the warbling wind,  
At distance rising oft, by small degrees,  
Nearer and nearer came; till o'er the trees  
It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs,  
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:  
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,  
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,  
Here lulled the pensive, melancholy mind;  
Full easily obtained. Behoooves no more,  
But sidelong, to the gently waving wind,  
To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined;  
From which, with airy, flying fingers light,  
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,  
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight:  
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?  
Who up the lofty diapason roll  
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,  
Then let them down again into the soul:  
Now rising love they fanned; now pleasing dole  
They breathed in tender musings through the heart;  
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,  
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart:  
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

Such the gay splendor, the luxurious state,  
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tygris' shore,  
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,  
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;  
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore:  
When sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there,  
Cheered the lone midnight with the Muse's lore;  
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,  
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

## WILLIAM SHENSTONE

TURNING over the pages of a certain eighteenth-century annual, the reader comes upon a brown and yellow engraving of a landscape garden: of walks in undulating curves, miniature lakes, little white cascades, Greek temples, pines and cypresses cut in grotesque shapes. Aquatic birds peer from out the reeds, and doves flutter in the trees. Beneath the picture is written: —

Oh, may that genius which secures my rest,  
Preserve this villa for a friend that's near.  
Ne'er make my vintage glad the sordid breast,  
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be insincere.

The villa referred to, were it visible, would, according to the owner's biographer, prove to be "mean; for he did not improve it. When he came home from his walks, he might find the floors flooded by a shower through the broken roof, but could spare no money for its reparation."

Would that the artist of the engraving of Leasowes, famous in song and story, had introduced that biographer and his subject into the picture — Shenstone, "larger than the middle size, somewhat clumsy in his form, decked in crimson waistcoat and white breeches, his gray hair streaming on his shoulders," leading the wheezy, sneezing Johnson in front of some simpering Italian divinity set in a damp grotto, and bidding him admire her! But Shenstone, like most minor poets of whom Johnson wrote, was unfortunate in having Johnson for a critic. There was no possible sympathy between the two. Johnson hated the country, hated affectation, hated a *poseur*. Shenstone was the child of his time, whose literary progenitors were poets of fashionable society: the child of the time when the changes were rung on Damons, Melissas, Philomels, and Cynthias; when Phœbus was invoked, and Delia's eyebrows inspired a sonnet. Coming close on the heels of a generation of poetasters, Shenstone could think of no better way of realizing Pope's ideal in the 'Ode to Solitude' than to retire to his country seat, and seek the admiration of the world as an Arcadian hermit. He owes his distinction to his choice of subjects and his peculiarity of life, as much as to his verses. No poet of the same pretension is so well known by his residence. Without Leasowes, the 'Elegies' might have lain on the dustiest of book-shelves, and 'The Schoolmistress' have scarcely retained enough vitality to survive. But through Leasowes, Shenstone lives. In his day, landscape gardening was a novelty; and in adorning his little estate he gratified

his taste, his innocent vanity, and his indolence. The feet of his stanzas are as ingeniously varied as the walks through his domain. The flights of his Muse were bounded by the limits of his estate; but they were not less inventive and fantastic than the little surprises and turns of wood and waterfall, nor less musical than the songs of his birds. The deaths of his friends were commemorated by Grecian urns under weeping willows, and then by elegies inspired by the urns.

Johnson's criticism of the 'Pastoral Ballad' is not less interesting as betraying his notion of the province of poetry than as a criticism of Shenstone. "I cannot but regret that it is pastoral: an intelligent reader, acquainted with the scenes of real life, sickens at the mention of the crook, the pipe, the sheep, and the kids, which it is not necessary to bring forward to notice; for the poet's art is selection, and he ought to show the beauties without the grossness of country life."

But the volume Johnson scorned, beguiled many of Shenstone's cultivated contemporaries by its mellifluous seesaw, and its jingling resonance comes back to the reader of today.

I have found out a gift for my fair:  
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed.

The elegiac form and triple rhythm please the fancy in the still remembered

Yet time may diminish the pain.

Shenstone made no mean rank for himself, in the time when people were reading Pope's Homer, Addison's 'Cato,' and Dodsley's 'Economy of Human Life' — the 'Proverbial Philosophy' of his day. 'The Schoolmistress' is a sketch drawn from life, and in versification and style closely imitated Spenser. Goldsmith and Gray both knew it; and profited by its beauties and its faults when they wrote 'The Deserted Village' and 'The Elegy in a Country Churchyard.'

Shenstone's 'Essays' are quiet moralizings about Leasowes; though he could be playfully humorous now and then, as when he said: — "I have an alcove [his villa], six elegies, a seat, two eulogies (one on myself), four songs, and a serpentine river, to show you when you come."

He was born at Leasowes in 1714, and died there in 1763 of a "putrid fever" — as Dr. Johnson describes it, not without some satisfaction at a fit ending for so ill-regulated a life. The great man's opinion of our poet is, however, fairly just, and not unkindly.

"His good qualities are earnestness and simplicity. Had his mind been better stored with knowledge, whether he would have been a great man or not, I know not: he certainly would have been agreeable."

## PASTORAL BALLAD

SINCE Phyllis vouchsafed me a look,  
 I never once dreamt of my vine:  
 May I lose both my pipe and my crook,  
 If I knew of a kid that was mine!  
 I prized every hour that went by,  
 Beyond all that had pleased me before;  
 But now they are past, and I sigh;  
 And I grieve that I prize them no more.

But why do I languish in vain;  
 Why wander thus pensively here?  
 Oh! why did I come from the plain  
 Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?  
 They tell me my favorite maid,  
 The pride of that valley, is flown:  
 Alas! where with her I have strayed,  
 I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forced the fair nymph to forego,  
 What anguish I felt at my heart!  
 Yet I thought — but it might not be so —  
 'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.  
 She gazed as I slowly withdrew —  
 My path I could hardly discern:  
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,  
 I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day  
 To visit some far distant shrine,  
 If he bear but a relic away  
 Is happy, nor heard to repine.  
 Thus widely removed from the fair  
 Where my vows, my devotion, I owe —  
 Soft Hope is the relic I bear,  
 And my solace wherever I go.

## SONG

**I** TOLD my nymph, I told her true,  
 My fields were small, my flocks were few;  
 While faltering accents spoke my fear  
 That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroyed by vernal cold,  
 And vagrant sheep that left my fold —  
 Of these she heard, yet bore to hear:  
 And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, changed by Fortune's fickle wind,  
 The friends I loved became unkind,  
 She heard, and shed a generous tear:  
 And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, if she deigned my love to bless,  
 My Flavia must not hope for dress —  
 This too she heard, and smiled to hear:  
 And Flavia, sure, must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains!  
 Go reap the plenty of your plains;  
 Despoiled of all which you revere,  
 I know my Flavia's love sincere.

## DISAPPOINTMENT

From 'A Pastoral'

**Y**E shepherds! give ear to my lay,  
 And take no more heed of my sheep:  
 They have nothing to do but to stray,  
 I have nothing to do but to weep.

Yet do not my folly reprove:

She was fair — and my passion begun;  
 She smiled — and I could not but love;  
 She is faithless — and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;  
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee  
 That a nymph so complete would be sought  
 By a swain more engaging than me.  
 Ah! love every hope can inspire:  
 It banishes wisdom the while,  
 And the lip of the nymph we admire  
 Seems forever adorned with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone:  
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,  
 Let reason instruct you to shun  
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.  
 Beware how you loiter in vain  
 Amid nymphs of a higher degree:  
 It is not for me to explain  
 How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,  
 What hope of an end to my woes,  
 When I cannot endure to forget  
 The glance that undid my repose?  
 Yet time may diminish the pain;  
 The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,  
 Which I reared for her pleasure in vain,  
 In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,  
 The sound of a murmuring stream,  
 The peace which from solitude flows,  
 Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.  
 High transports are shown to the sight,  
 But we're not to find them our own:  
 Fate never bestowed such delight  
 As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace!  
 To your deepest recesses I fly;  
 I would hide with the beasts of the chase,  
 I would vanish from every eye.  
 Yet my reed shall resound through the grove  
 With the same sad complaint it begun:  
 How she smiled, and I could not but love!  
 Was faithless, and I am undone!

## FROM 'THE SCHOOLMISTRESS'

**A**RUSSET stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,  
 A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;  
 'Twas simple russet, but it was her own:  
 'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;  
 'Twas her own labor did the fleece prepare:  
 And sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,  
 Through pious awe did term it passing rare;  
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,  
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground!

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,  
 Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;  
 Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,  
 Or dame, the sole additions she did hear:  
 Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear;  
 Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,  
 Who should not honored eld with these revere:  
 For never title yet so mean could prove,  
 But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,  
 The plodding pattern of the busy dame;  
 Which ever and anon, impelled by need,  
 Into her school, begirt with chickens, came!  
 Such favor did her past deportment claim:  
 And if Neglect had lavished on the ground  
 Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;  
 For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,  
 What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak,  
 That in her garden sipped the silvery dew,  
 Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak;  
 But herbs for use and physic not a few,  
 Of gray renown, within these borders grew —  
 The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,  
 Fresh balm, and marygold of cheerful hue,  
 The lowly gill that never dares to climb:  
 And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,  
     That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;  
 And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;  
     And plantain ribbed, that heals the reaper's wound;  
     And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;  
 And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom  
     Shall be erewhile in arid bundles bound,  
     To lurk amid the labors of her loom,  
 And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crowned  
     The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,  
 Ere, driven from its envied site, it found  
     A sacred shelter for its branches here,  
     Where edged with gold its glittering skirts appear.  
 O wassel days! O customs meet and well!  
     Ere this was banished from its lofty sphere!  
     Simplicity then sought this humble cell,  
 Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

## WILLIAM COLLINS

THERE is much to inspire regretful sympathy in the short life of William Collins. He was born at Chichester in 1721, and received his education at Winchester College and at Magdalen College, Oxford. A delicate, bookish boy, he had every stimulus toward a literary career. With a fine appreciation of beauty in all forms of art, and a natural talent for versification, he wrote poems of much promise when very young. His 'Persian Eclogues' appeared when he was only seventeen. Then Collins showed his impatient spirit and fickleness of purpose by deserting his work at Oxford and going to London with the intention of authorship. His head was full of brilliant schemes — too full; for with him as with most people, conception was always easier than execution.

In 1746 he published the 'Odes, Descriptive and Allegorical,' his most characteristic work. They were never widely read, and it took the public some time to appreciate their lyric fervor, their exquisite imagery, and their musical verse. In spite of occasional obscurities due to carelessness, they are among the finest of English odes. His love for nature and sympathy with its calmer aspects is very marked. Speaking of the 'Ode to Evening,' Hazlitt says that "the sounds steal slowly over the ear like the gradual coming on of evening itself." According to Swinburne, the 'Odes' do not contain "a single false note." "Its grace and vigor, its vivid and pliant dexterity of touch," he says of the 'Ode to the Passions,' "are worthy of their long inheritance of praise."

But the inheritance did not come at once, although Collins has always received generous praise from fellow-poets. His mortified self-love resented lack of success. With an uncle's legacy he bought his book back from the publisher Millar, and burned it in "angry despair."

Meantime he went on planning works quite beyond his power of execution. He advertised 'Proposals for a History of the Revival of Learning,' which he never wrote. He began several tragedies, but his indolent genius would not advance beyond devising the plots. As he was always wasteful and dissipated, he was continually in debt. In spite of his unusual gifts, he had not the energy and self-control necessary for adequate literary expression. Dr. Johnson, who admired and tried to befriend him, found a bailiff prowling around the premises when he went to call. At his instigation a bookseller advanced money to get Collins out of London, for which in return he was to translate Aristotle's 'Poetics.' If he never fulfilled the agreement he had some excuse. "A man doubtful of his dinners, or trembling at a creditor, is not disposed to abstract meditation or remote inquiries," comments Dr. Johnson.

Collins was always weak of body, and when still a young man was seized by mental disease. Weary months of despondency were succeeded by madness, until he was, as Dr. Wharton describes it, with "every spark of imagination extinguished, and with only the faint traces of memory and reason left." Then the unhappy poet was taken to Chichester and cared for by a sister. There he who had loved music so passionately hated the cathedral organ in his madness, and when he heard it, howled in distress. He died in 1759.

### HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

**H**OW sleep the brave, who sink to rest  
 By all their country's wishes blest!  
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
 Returns to deck their hallowed mold,  
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,  
 And Freedom shall a while repair,  
 To dwell a weeping hermit there!

### THE PASSIONS

**W**HEN Music, heavenly maid! was young,  
 While yet in early Greece she sung,  
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
 Thronged around her magic cell.

Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
 Possest beyond the Muse's painting;  
 By turns they felt the glowing mind  
 Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:  
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,  
 Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,  
 From the supporting myrtles round  
 They snatched her instruments of sound,

And as they oft had heard apart  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
Each — for Madness ruled the hour —  
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewildered laid;  
And back recoiled, he knew not why,  
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed; his eyes on fire,  
In lightnings owned his secret stings:  
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair —  
Low solemn sounds — his grief beguiled,  
A sullen, strange, and mingled air;  
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes 'so fair,  
What was thy delighted measure?  
Still it whispered promised pleasure,  
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!  
Still would her touch the strain prolong,  
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
She called on Echo still through all the song;  
And where her sweetest theme she chose,  
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,  
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung — but with a frown,  
Revenge impatient rose;  
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,  
And with a withering look  
The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!  
And ever and anon he beat  
The doubling drum with furious heat;  
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
Dejected Pity, at his side,

Her soul-subduing voice applied,  
 Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,  
 While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed,  
 Sad proof of thy distressful state!  
 Of differing themes the veering song was mixed,  
 And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,  
 Pale Melancholy sat retired;  
 And from her wild sequestered seat,  
 In notes by distance made more sweet,  
 Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul:  
 And dashing soft from rocks around,  
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound.  
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,  
 Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,  
 Round an holy calm diffusing,  
 Love of peace and lonely musing,  
 In hollow murmers died away.

But oh, how altered was its sprightlier tone  
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
 Her bow across her shoulders flung,  
 Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,  
 Blew an inspiring air that dale and thicket rung!  
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.  
 The oak-crowned Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,  
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,  
 Peeping from forth their alleys green;  
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,  
 And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.  
 Last came Joy's ecstatic trial;  
 He with viny crown advancing,  
 First to the lively pipe his hand address;  
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,  
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.  
 They would have thought who heard the strain  
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,  
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,  
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing;  
 While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,  
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round;

Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;  
 And he, amidst his frolic play,  
 As if he would the charming air repay,  
 Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,  
 Friend of pleasure, Wisdom's aid!  
 Why, goddess, why, to us denied,  
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?  
 As in that loved Athenian bower,  
 You learned an all-commanding power,  
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared!  
 Can well recall what then it heard.  
 Where is that native simple heart,  
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?  
 Arise, as in that elder time,  
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!  
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,  
 Fill thy recording Sister's page.  
 'Tis said — and I believe the tale —  
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,  
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
 Than all which charms this laggard age;  
 E'en all at once together found  
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound.  
 Oh bid our vain endeavors cease,  
 Revive the just designs of Greece;  
 Return in all thy simple state!  
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!

## ODE ON THE DEATH OF THOMSON

**I**N yonder grave a Druid lies,  
 Where slowly winds the stealing wave!  
 The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,  
 To deck its poet's sylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whisp'ring reeds  
 His airy harp shall now be laid;  
 That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds  
 May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,  
 And while its sounds at distance swell,  
 Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear  
 To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore  
 When Thames in summer wreaths is drest;  
 And oft suspend the dashing oar  
 To bid his gentle spirit rest.

And oft as Ease and Health retire  
 To breezy lawn, or forest deep,  
 The friend shall view yon whitening spire,  
 And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,  
 Ah! what will every dirge avail!  
 Or tears which Love and Pity shed,  
 That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye  
 Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimm'ring near —  
 With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,  
 And Joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide  
 No sedge-crowned sisters now attend,  
 Now waft me from the green hill's side,  
 Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see, the fairy valleys fade,  
 Dun Night has veiled the solemn view!  
 Yet once again, dear parted shade,  
 Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads, assigned to bless  
 Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom!  
 There hinds and shepherd girls shall dress  
 With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay  
 Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:  
 "O vales and wild woods!" shall he say,  
 "In yonder grave your Druid lies!"

## THOMAS GRAY

THE fame of Thomas Gray is unique among English poets, in that, although world-wide and luminous, it springs from a single poem, a flawless masterpiece — the 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.' This is the one production by which he is known to the great mass of readers and will continue to be known to coming generations; yet in his own time his other poems were important factors, in establishing the high repute accorded to him then and still maintained in the esteem of critics. Nevertheless, living to be nearly fifty-five and giving himself exclusively to letters, the whole of the work that he left behind him amounted only to some fourteen hundred lines.

His value to literature and to posterity, therefore, is to be measured not by the quantity of his literary contributions or by any special variety in their scope, but by a certain wholesome and independent influence which he exerted upon the language of poetry, and by a rare quality of intense yet seemingly calm and almost repressed genius, which no one among his commentators has been able to define clearly. The most comprehensive thing ever written about him — wise, just, witty, yet sympathetic and penetrating — is the essay by James Russell Lowell in his final volume of criticism: —

"It is the rarest thing to find genius and dilettantism united in the same person (as for a time they were in Goethe): for genius implies always a certain fanaticism of temperament, which, if sometimes it seem fitful, is yet capable of intense energy on occasion; while the main characteristic of the dilettante is that sort of impartiality which springs from inertia of mind, admirable for observation, incapable of turning it to practical account. Yet we have, I think, an example of this rare combination of qualities in Gray; and it accounts both for the kind of excellence to which he attained, and for the way in which he disappointed expectation. . . . He is especially interesting as an artist in words and phrases, a literary type far less common among writers of English than it is in France or Italy, where perhaps the traditions of Latin culture were never wholly lost. . . . When so many have written so much, we shall the more readily pardon the man who has written too little or just enough."

He was born in London, December 26, 1716, the son of a money scrivener who had dissipated most of his inherited property, but was skilled in music, and perhaps transmitted to the son that musical element which gives beauty and strength to his poetry. Gray's mother was a woman of character, who with his aunt set up an India warehouse and supported herself; also sending the young man to St. Peter's College, Cambridge, after his studies at Eton. Leaving college without a degree, he traveled on the Continent of Europe with

Horace Walpole in 1739; then returned to Cambridge and passed the remainder of his life in the University, as a bachelor of civil law nominally — not practising, but devoting himself to study and to excursions through rural England. He had a profound and passionate love for nature, a kind of religious exaltation in the contemplation of it and in mountain worship, which was at variance with the prevailing eighteenth-century literary mood and prefigured the feeling of Wordsworth. His mother having retired to Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire, he often made visits there; and the churchyard of his deathless 'Elegy' is generally believed to be that of the parish church at Stoke Poges. It was here that he was laid to rest in the same tomb with his mother and his aunt, after his death, July 24, 1771.

The 'Elegy' was finished in 1749. He had begun writing it seven years before. This has sometimes been alluded to as an instance in point of Horace's advice, that a poem should be matured for seven years. The length of time given to the 'Elegy,' however, may be accounted for partly by Gray's dilatory habits of writing, and partly by the parallel of Tennyson's long delay in perfecting the utterance of his meditations on the death of his friend Hallam through 'In Memoriam.' Gray's dearest friend, Richard West, died in 1742; and it was apparently under the stress of that sorrow that he began the 'Elegy,' which was completed only in 1749. Two years later it was published. It won the popular heart immediately, and passed through four editions in the first twelvemonth.

Of Gray's other poems, those which have left the deepest impression are his 'Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College,' 'The Progress of Poesy,' and 'The Bard.' The last two are somewhat Pindaric in style, but also suggest the influence of the Italian *canzone*. In the Eton College ode, his first published piece, occurs the phrase since grown proverbial, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." It is a curious fact that while most readers know Gray only as the author of the 'Elegy,' every one is familiar with certain lines coined by him, but unaware of their source. For instance, in 'The Progress of Poesy,' he speaks of

The unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.

It is in the same place that he describes Milton as "blasted with excess of light," and in alluding to Dryden, evolves the image of

Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

His, too, in 'The Bard,' is the now well-known line,

Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm.

Many of his finest expressions are in part derived from classic or other poets; but he showed undeniable genius in his adaptation, transformation, or new creation from these suggestive passages.

Gray was small and delicate in person, handsome and refined, fond of fashionable dress, and preferred to be known as a "gentleman" rather than a poet. He was very reticent, somewhat melancholy, and an invalid; a man also of vast erudition, being learned not only in literature but in botany, zoölogy, antiquities, architecture, art, history, and philosophy as well. He enjoyed the distinction of refusing the post of poet laureate, after the death of Cibber. On the other hand, he coveted the place of Professor of Modern Literature and Languages at Cambridge University, to which he was appointed in 1769; but he never performed any of the duties of his professorship beyond that of drawing the salary.

He brought forth nothing in the special kinds of knowledge which he had acquired in such large measure; and the actual ideas conveyed in his poetry were not original, but savored rather of the commonplace. Lowell says of the 'Elegy' that it won its popularity "not through any originality of thought, but far more through originality of sound." There must, however, be some deeper reason than this for the grasp which it has upon the minds and hearts of all classes. Two elements of power and popularity it certainly possesses in the highest degree. One is the singular simplicity of its language (a result of consummate art), which makes it understandable by everybody. The other is the depth and the sincerity of the emotion with which it imbues thoughts, sentiments, and reflections that are common to the whole of mankind. The very unproductiveness of Gray's mind in other directions probably helped this one product. The quintessence of all his learning, his perceptive faculty, and his meditations was infused into the life-blood of this immortal poem.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP

## ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;  
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;  
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
 The moping owl does to the moon complain  
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
 Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care;  
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Power,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Await alike th' inevitable hour:  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
 Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
 Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
 Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;  
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of Pain and Ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes —

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;  
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply;  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,  
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies;  
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires:  
 E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries;  
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,  
 If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say: —  
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove:  
 Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,  
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,  
 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree:  
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,  
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,  
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne; —  
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

"There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,  
 By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;  
 The redbreast loves to build and warble there,  
 And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

## THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,  
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;  
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,  
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;  
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:  
 He gave to Misery all he had — a tear;  
 He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose) —  
 The Bosom of his Father and his God.

## ODE ON THE SPRING

**L**O! where the rosy-bosomed Hours,  
 Fair Venus' train, appear,  
 Disclose the long-expecting flowers,  
 And wake the purple year!  
 The Attic warbler pours her throat,  
 Responsive to the cuckoo's note,  
 The untaught harmony of spring;  
 While, whispering pleasure as they fly,  
 Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky  
 Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch  
 A broader, browner shade,  
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech  
 O'er-canopies the glade,  
 Beside some water's rushy brink  
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think  
 (At ease reclined in rustic state)  
 How vain the ardor of the crowd,  
 How low, how little are the proud,  
 How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;  
 The panting herds repose:  
 Yet hark! how through the peopled air  
 The busy murmur glows!  
 The insect-youth are on the wing,  
 Eager to taste the honeyed spring,  
 And float amid the liquid noon;  
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,  
 Some show their gaily gilded trim  
 Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye  
 Such is the race of Man;  
 And they that creep, and they that fly,  
 Shall end where they began.  
 Alike the Busy and the Gay  
 But flutter through life's little day,  
 In Fortune's varying colors drest;  
 Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance,  
 Or chilled by Age, their airy dance  
 They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,  
 The sportive kind reply:  
 Poor moralist! and what art thou?  
 A solitary fly!  
 Thy joys no glittering female meets,  
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,  
 No painted plumage to display:  
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown;  
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone —  
 We frolic while 'tis May.

#### ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

**Y**E distant spires, ye antique towers,  
 That crown the watery glade,  
 Where grateful Science still adores  
 Her Henry's holy shade;  
 And ye, that from the stately brow  
 Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below  
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,

Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver-winding way!

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!  
Ah, fields beloved in vain!  
Where once my careless childhood strayed,  
A stranger yet to pain!  
I feel the gales that from ye blow  
A momentary bliss bestow,  
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
And, redolent of joy and youth,  
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames — for thou hast seen  
Full many a sprightly race  
Disporting on thy margent green,  
The paths of pleasure trace —  
Who foremost now delight to cleave  
With pliant arm thy grassy wave?  
The captive linnet which enthrall?  
What idle progeny succeed  
To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent  
Their murmuring labors ply  
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint  
To sweeten liberty:  
Some bold adventurers disdain  
The limits of their little reign,  
And unknown regions dare descry;  
Still as they run they look behind,  
They hear a voice in every wind,  
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,  
Less pleasing when possess;  
The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
The sunshine of the breast:  
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,  
Wild wit, invention ever new,  
And lively cheer, of vigor born;

The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,  
 The little victims play;  
 No sense have they of ills to come,  
 No care beyond today:  
 Yet see, how all around them wait  
 The ministers of human fate,  
 And black Misfortune's baleful train!  
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,  
 To seize their prey, the murderous band!  
 Ah! tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,  
 The vultures of the mind,  
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
 And Shame that skulks behind;  
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,  
 Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,  
 That inly gnaws the secret heart;  
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
 Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,  
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
 Then whirl the wretch from high,  
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,  
 And grinning Infamy.  
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,  
 And hard Unkindness' altered eye,  
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow;  
 And keen Remorse with blood defiled,  
 And moody Madness laughing wild  
 Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath  
 A grisly troop are seen —  
 The painful family of Death,  
 More hideous than their queen:  
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,

That every laboring sinew strains,  
 Those in the deeper vitals rage:  
 Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,  
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,  
 Condemned alike to groan;  
 The tender for another's pain,  
 Th' unfeeling for his own.  
 Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,  
 Since sorrow never comes too late,  
 And happiness too swiftly flies?  
 Thought would destroy their Paradise.  
 No more: where ignorance is bliss,  
 'Tis folly to be wise.

## THE BARD

## A PINDARIC ODE

"**R**UIN seize thee, ruthless King!  
 Confusion on thy banners wait!  
 Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,  
 They mock the air with idle state.  
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,  
 Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail  
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears —  
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears! "  
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride  
 Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,  
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side  
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.  
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance;  
 "To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow  
 Frowns o'er cold Conway's foaming flood,  
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,  
 With haggard eyes the poet stood;  
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair  
 Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air;)

And with a master's hand and prophet's fire,  
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre:  
 "Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,  
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!  
 O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,  
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;  
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,  
 To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,  
 That hushed the stormy main;  
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed;  
 Mountains, ye mourn in vain  
 Modred, whose magic song  
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head.  
 On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,  
 Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale:  
 Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;  
 The famished eagle screams, and passes by.  
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,  
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,  
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,  
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries.  
 No more I weep: they do not sleep;  
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,  
 I see them sit; they linger yet,  
 Avengers of their native land;  
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,  
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,  
 The winding-sheet of Edward's race;  
 Give ample room, and verge enough,  
 The characters of hell to trace;  
 Mark the year, and mark the night,  
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright  
 The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that ring,  
 Shrieks of an agonizing King!  
 She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,  
 That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,  
 From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs  
 The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait!  
 Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,  
 And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord!  
 Low on his funeral couch he lies!  
 No pitying heart, no eye, afford  
 A tear to grace his obsequies.  
 Is the sable warrior fled?  
 Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.  
 The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born?  
 Gone to salute the rising morn.  
 Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm  
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes:  
 Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;  
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,  
 That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl!  
 The rich repast prepare!  
 Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:  
 Close by the regal chair  
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl  
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.  
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,  
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse?  
 Long years of havoc urge their destined course,  
 And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.  
 Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,  
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,  
 Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,  
 And spare the meek usurper's holy head.  
 Above, below, the rose of snow,  
 Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:  
 The bristled boar in infant-gore  
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.  
 Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,  
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate  
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)  
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.  
 (The web is wove. The work is done.)  
 Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn  
 Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn:

In yon bright track that fires the western skies,  
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.  
 But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height  
 Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?  
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight  
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!  
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.  
 All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

"Girt with many a baron bold,  
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear;  
 And gorgeous dames and statesmen old  
 In bearded majesty appear.  
 In the midst a form divine!  
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line;  
 Her lion port, her awe-commanding face,  
 Attempered sweet to virgin grace.  
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air;  
 What strains of vocal transport round her play!  
 Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;  
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.  
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,  
 Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colored wings.

"The verse adorn again  
 Fierce war, and faithful love,  
 And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.  
 In buskined measures move  
 Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,  
 With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.  
 A voice, as of the cherub choir,  
 Gales from blooming Eden bear;  
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear,  
 That lost in long futurity expire.  
 Fond impious man, thinkest thou yon sanguine cloud,  
 Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?  
 Tomorrow he repairs the golden flood,  
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.  
 Enough for me; with joy I see  
 The different doom our fates assign;  
 Be thine despair, and sceptered care;  
 To triumph and to die are mine."  
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height  
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

## HORACE WALPOLE

**H**ORACE WALPOLE might be called the Beau Brummel of English men of letters; yet the criticism which takes account chiefly of his elegances is in danger of overlooking his substantial literary merits. These are well established, and singular in their class and degree: their limitations perhaps add to their worth rather than detract from it. Walpole's writings have the distinctive little beauties of a Watteau landscape, whose artificiality is part of its charm. They bear about them, moreover, an attractive atmosphere of irresponsibility, as emanating from one who disavowed the serious claims of authorship, making of literature always a gentlemanly diversion — over which it was permissible to wax serious, however, as over the laying out of a garden maze, or the construction of a lath-and-plaster Gothic tower.

The life of Horace Walpole stretches over the greater part of the eighteenth century, of which century he was an organic part; reflecting its admirable good sense, its complete materialism, its cleverness, and its wit. Born in 1717, the son of the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, the fashionable world of the day was his by inheritance. Between the beef-eating, coarse-living statesman and his elegant little son there could not have been much sympathy; but the child accepted readily enough the advantages which his father's position brought to him. The fascination which royalty always exercised over him was early shown by his insisting, at the age of ten years, upon a presentation to George I. He was sent in the same year to Eton, a place forever memorable to him by reason of the lifelong friendships which he formed there — with his cousins Henry Conway and Lord Hertford, with George Selwyn, with George and Charles Montagu, with Thomas Gray the poet, with Richard West and Thomas Ashton. In 1734 he left Eton, without having specially distinguished himself. In 1735 he entered King's College, Cambridge, although his mathematical attainments were summed up in an insecure knowledge of the multiplication table; at Cambridge, however, he broadened his knowledge of the modern tongues, thus preparing himself for a Continental residence. In 1739, in company with Gray, he left the University to make the conventional grand tour. From the Continent he wrote many of the letters for which he is famous. The two young men arrived at length in Florence, where they took up their residence with Sir Horace Mann, the British minister plenipotentiary to Tuscany, who afterwards became one of Walpole's chief correspondents. At Florence, Walpole was drawn more and more into fashionable society; Gray more and more into the scholar's life, under the stimulus of Italy's antiquities. The

separation between the two friends, inevitable under the circumstances, soon came. In after years Walpole assumed all the blame of the quarrel which was the apparent cause of their parting.

In September 1741 he himself returned to England, where the ministry of Sir Robert was tottering to its fall. He took his seat in the House as representative from the borough of Callington, making at this time strong speeches in defense of his father. Sir Robert, however, resigned in 1742, was created Earl of Orford, and immediately retired to Houghton, the seat of the family. His son joined him there; but this residence in Norfolk, among the hunting gentry of the county, was a weary exile to Horace. "Only imagine," he writes, "that I here every day see men who are mountains of roast beef, and only seem just roughly hewn out into outlines of human form, like the giant rock of Pratinolo. I shudder when I see them brandish their knives in act to carve, and look on them as savages that devour one another."

In 1745 Sir Robert Walpole died. Two years after his death his son purchased the villa at Twickenham, which was to become one of the famous houses of Europe under the name of Strawberry Hill. The original villa was the nucleus of a fantastic Gothic structure, which grew year after year, until it became not unlike a miniature castle. Walpole, through his father's influence, had come into the possession of several lucrative sinecures, and had also wealth by inheritance. He could gratify his tastes to the utmost; it was at Strawberry Hill that his life as an English man of letters, and as a dilettante, really commences. His house became, more than the houses of the majority of men, the expression of his mind. Its ancient stained glass, its armor, its rare china, its rare prints, its old masters, its curious relics of departed greatness, its strange architecture following no known rules, seemed the outward symbols of certain qualities of Walpole's mind — his love of the choicest gossip, his self-conscious aristocracy, his ingenuity, his frank insincerity. At Strawberry Hill he set up a printing-press — as necessary a part of a cultured gentleman's establishment as his library or his art gallery. His old friendship with Gray having been resumed, he edited and printed some of the writings of the poet, with illustrations by Bentley. Among other famous books which were issued from this press were the 'Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury,' Heutzner's 'Journey into England,' and not a few of Walpole's own works. During his long residence at Twickenham, he wrote the majority of those letters which stand in the highest rank of their class. Among his correspondents were Robert Jephson the playwright, the poet Mason, the Countess of Ossory, his cousin Henry Conway, Sir Horace Mann, George Montagu, and Madame du Deffand. With the last his friendship was long and close. It was natural that the France of the latter half of the eighteenth century should have peculiar attractions for a man of Walpole's temperament. Moreover, he was always fond of women's society: perhaps they understood his temperament better than men — he himself, at least, possessing many ladylike tastes and

qualities. The two women who were nearest and dearest to him in his old age were Mary and Agnes Berry, of whom he has left a charming description in a letter to a friend. They lived near him until his death; and he bequeathed to them Strawberry Hill, besides a considerable sum of money. He died in 1797.

The reputation of Walpole as an author rests largely upon his letters. His romantic novel 'The Castle of Otranto' and his dreadful tragedy 'The Mysterious Mother' are famous only as marking a stage in that development of the taste for "Gothic" horrors which appeared in England at the end of the eighteenth century, and produced the works of "Monk" Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe. His 'Anecdotes of Painting in England,' his 'Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of King George II,' his 'Journal of the Reign of George III,' have greater claims to remembrance. It is in his letters, however, that he fully expresses his individuality. They are among the most entertaining letters that were ever written: full of high-toned gossip, of the fruits of keen observation of men and things, displaying a genuine love of the beautiful and the picturesque — they are, in the fullest sense, readable. They give the impression moreover of reserve force, as if their writer might accomplish great things if he chose. Subsequent generations have given the benefit of the doubt to the elegant creator of Strawberry Hill. A man who does a small thing to perfection is generally suspected of having other, unknown powers at his command. What Horace Walpole might have done is almost as prominent an element in his reputation as what he did do.

## COCK-LANE GHOST AND LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

From a letter to Sir Horace Mann

I AM ashamed to tell you that we are again dipped into an egregious scene of folly. The reigning fashion is a ghost — a ghost that would not pass muster in the paltriest convent in the Apennine. It only knocks and scratches; does not pretend to appear or to speak. The clergy give it their benediction; and all the world, whether believers or infidels, go to hear it. I, in which number you may guess, go tomorrow; for it is as much the mode to visit the ghost as the Prince of Mecklenburg, who is just arrived. I have not seen him yet, though I left my name for him. But I will tell you who is come too — Lady Mary Wortley. I went last night to visit her; I give you my honor (and you who know her would credit it me without it), the following is a faithful description. I found her in a little miserable bedchamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles, and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black-

laced hood, wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair or want of hair. No handkerchief, but up to her chin a kind of horseman's riding-coat, calling itself a pet-en-l'air, made of a dark green (green I think it had been) brocade, with colored and silver flowers, and lined with furs; bodice laced, a foul dimity petticoat sprig'd, velvet muffeteens on her arms, gray stockings and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years than I could have imagined: I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she needed have taken it for flattery; but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her languages as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater. She entertained me at the first with nothing but the dear-ness of provisions at Helvoet. With nothing but an Italian, a French, and a Prussian, all men-servants—and something she calls an *old* secretary, but whose age till he appears will be doubtful—she receives all the world, who go to homage her as Queen Mother, and crams them into this kennel. The Duchess of Hamilton, who came in just after me, was so astonished and diverted that she could not speak to her for laughing. She says that she has left all her clothes at Venice.

## A YEAR OF FASHION IN WALPOLE'S DAY

From a letter to the Earl of Hertford

**Y**OU are sensible, my dear lord, that any amusement from my letters must depend upon times and seasons. We are a very absurd nation (though the French are so good at present as to think us a very wise one, only because they themselves are now a very weak one); but then that absurdity depends upon the almanac. Posterity, who will know nothing of our intervals, will conclude that this age was a succession of events. I could tell them that we know as well when an event, as when Easter, will happen. Do but recollect these last ten years. The beginning of October, one is certain that everybody will be at Newmarket, and the Duke of Cumberland will lose, and Shafto win, two or three thousand pounds. After that, while people are preparing to come to town for the winter, the ministry is suddenly changed, and all the world comes to learn how it happened, a fortnight sooner than they intended; and fully persuaded that the new arrangement cannot last a month. The Parliament opens: everybody is bribed; and the new establishment is perceived to be composed of adamant. November passes with two or three self-murders, and a new play. Christmas arrives: everybody goes out of town; and a riot happens in one of the theaters. The Parliament meets again, taxes are warmly opposed; and some citizen makes his fortune by a subscription. The Opposition languishes; balls and assemblies begin; some master and

miss begin to get together, are talked of, and give occasion to forty more matches being invented; an unexpected debate starts up at the end of the session, that makes more noise than anything that was designed to make a noise, and subsides again in a new peerage or two. Ranelagh opens, and Vauxhall: one produces scandal, and t'other a drunken quarrel. People separate, some to Tunbridge, and some to all the horse-races in England; and so the year comes again to October.

## FUNERAL OF GEORGE II

From a letter to George Montagu Esq.

**D**O you know, I had the curiosity to go to the burying t'other night—I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it is, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The Prince's chamber, hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver on high stands, had a very good effect. The Ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried to see that chamber. The procession through a line of foot-guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse-guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabers and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute-guns—all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the Abbey, where we were received by the dean and chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole abbey so illuminated that one saw it to greater advantage than by day—the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof all appearing distinctly and with the happiest chiaroscuro. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one could not complain of its not being Catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older, to keep me in countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the yeomen of the guard were crying for help, oppressed by the great weight of the coffin; the bishop read sadly and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter "Man that is born of a woman" was chanted, not read; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark-brown Adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the

funeral of a father could not be pleasant; his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it nearly two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes; and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend: think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatric to look down into the vault where the coffin lay, attended by mourners with lights. Clavering, the groom of the bed-chamber, refused to sit up with the body, and was dismissed by the King's order.

### THE ENGLISH CLIMATE

From a letter to George Montagu Esq.

STRAWBERRY HILL, June 15, 1768

**N**O, I cannot be so false as to say I am glad you are pleased with your situation. You are so apt to take root, that it requires ten years to dig you out again when you once begin to settle. As you go pitching your tent up and down, I wish you were still more a Tartar, and shifted your quarters perpetually. Yes, I will come and see you; but tell me first, when do your Duke and Duchess (the Argylls) travel to the North? I know that he is a very amiable lad, and I do not know that she is not as amiable a *laddess*, but I had rather see their house comfortably when they are not there.

I perceive the deluge fell upon you before it reached us. It began here but on Monday last, and then rained near eight-and-forty hours without intermission. My poor hay has not a dry thread to its back. I have had a fire these three days. In short, every summer one lives in a state of mutiny and murmur, and I have found the reason: it is because we will affect to have a summer, and we have no title to any such thing. Our poets learnt their trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters. They talk of shady groves, purling streams, and cooling breezes, and we get sore throats and agues with attempting to realize these visions. Master Damon writes a song,

and invites Miss Chloe to enjoy the cool of the evening, and the deuce a bit have we of any such thing as a cool evening. Zephyr is a northeast wind, that makes Damon button up to the chin, and pinches Chloe's nose till it is red and blue; and then they cry, *This is a bad summer!* as if we ever had any other. The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal, and I am determined never to reckon upon any other. We ruin ourselves with inviting over foreign trees, and making our houses clamber up hills to look at prospects. How our ancestors would laugh at us, who knew there was no being comfortable unless you had a high hill before your nose, and a thick warm wood at your back! Taste is too freezing a commodity for us, and, depend upon it, will go out of fashion again.

There is indeed a natural warmth in this country, which, as you say, I am very glad not to enjoy any longer; I mean the hot-house in St. Stephen's chapel. My own sagacity makes me very vain, though there is very little merit in it. I had seen so much of all parties, that I had little esteem left for any; it is most indifferent to me who is in or who is out, or which is set in the pillory, Mr. Wilkes or my Lord Mansfield. I see the country going to ruin, and no man with brains enough to save it. That is mortifying; but what signifies who has the undoing it? I seldom suffer myself to think on this subject: *my* patriotism could do no good, and my philosophy can make me be at peace.

I am sorry you are likely to lose your poor cousin Lady Hinchinbrook; I heard a very bad account of her when I was last in town. Your letter to Madame Roland shall be taken care of; but as you are so scrupulous of making me pay postage, I must remember not to overcharge you, as I can frank my idle letters no longer; therefore, good night!

P. S.—I was in town last week and found Mr. Chute still confined. He had a return in his shoulder, but I think it more rheumatism than gout.

## JAMES MACPHERSON'S "OSSIAN"

*O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun, thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall: the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again: the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art forever the same; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm.*

CARTHON — The Poems of Ossian

WITH such rhythms as these a youthful Scottish schoolmaster forced instant recognition throughout the British Isles and practically the whole of Europe. James Macpherson was born in 1736. In 1756 he became a schoolmaster in Ruthven. In 1760, encouraged by the literary critic Hugh Blair, he published a collection of fifteen rhythmic prose passages under the title 'Fragments of Ancient Poetry, Collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language.' A second edition of this work appeared within the year. After further visits to the Highlands, he created a sensation by the publication, in 1761, of the epic 'Fingal,' which he asserted was a faithful translation of the work of a Scottish poet Ossian, who lived in the third century. Two years later he published a similar work, 'Temora,' likewise ascribed to Ossian.

The popularity which these works attained can scarcely be overstated. Edition after edition was printed in England; translations into ten or more European languages, including Modern Greek, appeared upon the Continent. A veritable flood of dramatizations, poetic versions, and imitations sprang up on all sides, and for a time practically the whole of Europe blazed with enthusiasm over the work of the "Celtic Homer." Goethe quoted "Ossian" in his 'Werther' (1774); Byron admittedly imitated the work of the Celtic bard in several of his poems; and Napoleon is said to have carried a copy of "Ossian" in Italian about with him in his pocket. No English writer, it seems safe to say, ever achieved such immediate and widespread prominence.

There were those, however, who not only saw no excellence in the works of "Ossian," but also refused to believe that the poems had been translated from an ancient manuscript. Among the most important of these was the

irascible Dr. Johnson, of whom it is related that, having been asked by an admirer of "Ossian" whether he thought any living man had the ability to produce such poetry, he replied, "Yes! many men, many women, and many children." The controversy regarding the authenticity of the poems raged long and bitterly. Many prominent Scotsmen, having heard tales of Ossian which live in the tradition of the Highlands, gave full credence to Macpherson's assertions. Irishmen, who knew Irish stories of Finn mac Cumail and his son Oisín, were vehement in their protestations that Macpherson's claims were false and his work a forgery. Throughout the controversy Macpherson held to his initial assertions and defended himself as best he could, but he could produce no ancient manuscripts to support his claims, and his adherents gradually fell away. Although the question was practically settled in the early years of the nineteenth century, later Celtic research and new methods of scholarship soon took the matter of Macpherson's "Ossian" out of the realm of speculation.

An investigation of Macpherson's sources leads at once to the ancient tales of Ireland, which seem to group themselves into three main cycles. Legends of the Mythological Cycle deal with events taking place in a dim antiquity and concern beings which seem to belong to an ancient Celtic mythology, Manannán mac Lir (the Irish Neptune), the god Nuada, the Tuatha dé Danaan, the Fir Bolg, and other supernatural beings. To this cycle belong fantastic accounts of the various invaders of Ireland, stories of shape-shifting, metamorphosis, and enchantment. The hundred or more legends which comprise the Heroic or Red Branch Cycle are, for the most part, closely connected with a great central epic, the 'Táin Bó Cúailnge' [Cattle-raid of Cooley], which relates the exploits of Cúchulain and his associates, a group of heroes who formed part of the court of Conchobor mac Nesa, a legendary king of Ulster in the first century. Many of the stories of this cycle were undoubtedly extant in Irish tradition prior to the eighth century. The Ossianic or Finn Cycle consists of a group of tales relating to the combats, loves, hunting exploits, and stirring adventures of the illustrious Finn mac Cumail, his son Oisín the bard, and his band of warriors [*fian*] who were said to have flourished in Ireland in the third century under the traditional high-kings Conn, Cormac mac Airt, and Cormac's son Cairbre. That many of the legends belonging to this cycle were extant in written form as early as the tenth century is certain, but it is equally certain that from the twelfth to the eighteenth centuries the cycle underwent a tremendous development; new stories were made; old accounts were remolded and modified; tales of all kinds dealing with these popular heroes sprang up in various forms of prose and verse; so that the matter belonging to the later Finn Cycle forms an enormous bulk.

Passing over the question relating to the presence of these legends in Scotland, it will suffice to observe that, prior to the beginning of the sixteenth century, stories and ballads concerning heroes of the Finn Cycle, Finn, Oisín,

Diarmait, and Goll, as well as tales concerning Cuchulain, Deirdre, and others connected with the Heroic Cycle were extant in the Scottish Highlands. These ballads, most of which were undoubtedly of late invention, were based in part upon the early tales, to some extent upon later stories of the Finn-saga which show Norse influence, and, although modified in some degree and supplemented by new accretions, were not greatly at variance with the stories of the Irish cycles. Little is known concerning the nature and distribution of these ballads prior to the beginning of the nineteenth century. It seems relatively certain, however, that they existed not only in oral tradition but to some extent in manuscript form; that they were rather commonly known; and that they were frequently ascribed to Ossian.

Before 1760 Macpherson was evidently familiar with some of these folk-tales and ballads, and had probably seen them in written form. In 1761 he visited the Highlands, and, apparently, secured more material, oral and, perhaps, written. Within three years, having drawn in some measure upon these Scottish folk-ballads, in large measure upon his knowledge of the Bible, Milton, classical sources, and particularly his own creative imagination, he fashioned the epics which he ascribed to the ancient Celtic bard. A few passages in the poems of "Ossian" show that the author was familiar with modern Scottish versions of ballads belonging to the ancient story-cycles. Here and there distorted reflections of early Irish tales present themselves, but in the use of this Irish material saga-cycles were mixed, names were garbled, and a general confusion prevails. Since Scottish ballads of Finn, Cuchulain, and others exhibit no such gross mishandling of names and materials, this confusion must be attributed to Macpherson's ignorance of the Celtic matter, or the wilfulness of his muse. As Alfred Nutt has declared, "for the student, whether of Celtic myth and saga, of Celtic archæology, or of Gaelic style and literary form, Macpherson's poems are worthless; they disregard the traditional versions of the legends, they depart from the traditional representation of the material life depicted in the old and genuine, and they utterly ignore the traditional conventions of Gaelic style." Generally speaking, Macpherson's work seems to be a strange new edifice, exhibiting here and there faint traces of the Celtic material which, greatly modified, entered into its construction, the work as a whole, however, being a new *genre*, related, perhaps, to the Celtic, but standing isolated and alone.

If, as Nutt further asserted, the poems of "Ossian" are almost as much a composition by James Macpherson as 'Paradise Lost' is a composition of Milton, who, then, was "Ossian," and why did Macpherson make false statements regarding his translation of the ancient manuscript? The first of these questions can best be answered by asking another question: Who was Homer? Ossian was the traditional bard of later Irish and Scottish balladry, just as Homer was the traditional bard of ancient Greece. In early Irish lore Oisín and Cailte, both members of Finn's *fián* are occasionally credited

with the composition of a poem; neither, however, was considered so great a bard as the illustrious Finn. For some reason, possibly through the influence of the 'Acallamh na Senórach,' an Irish frame-story in which Oisín and Cailte regale Saint Patrick with deeds of Finn and the *fián*, it seems to have become a custom to attribute later Irish and Scottish ballads to the authorship of Oisín or Ossian. In short, *Oisín cecinit* seems to have been a handy device with which to begin a poem. There is no proof that any poem by Oisín or Ossian is or ever was extant; and, furthermore, there appears no reason to believe that the traditional Ossian is anything more than a mythical figure.

An answer to the second question involves some speculation. When it is remembered that James Macpherson's poetic aspirations came at a time when literary fashions were still under the influence of "an age of prose and reason," and that the caustic and able Dr. Johnson was in some degree the arbiter of style, the young author may have felt that his sentimental work would have a better chance for success if ascribed to a Celtic type of the great Homer. Again, with the idea of taking advantage of the interest which was being displayed in the literature of primitive peoples, and foreseeing no chance for the acceptance of such a work if presented in the usual manner, Macpherson may have hoped to gain some recognition as the discoverer of ancient literary treasures.

Overshadowed by the odium of his falsification, such literary ability as Macpherson possessed has, for the most part, been ignored. Admitting that much of his work is "morbid sentimentalism," that there is a monotonous sameness through it all, that it is largely rhetoric, that the "imagery is spurious," still, it fascinated Napoleon, Goethe, Gray, and Byron, as well as other men whose reputations as literary critics were established. Certain passages, as, for instance, that quoted above, which is strikingly reminiscent of portions of 'Paradise Lost,' exhibit undeniable power. The rhythmic cadences of his prose, for which the Scottish ballads would have furnished an inadequate model, place him among the pioneers in this form of poetic composition in English. The somber melancholy, the misty unreality, the indistinct forms and cloudy pictures which appear throughout the poems, and which give the whole work the appearance of being seen through a veil, might, if applied to a painting, be regarded as the touch of an artist. Considering the youth of the author and the spirit of the time in which he lived, one is tempted to wonder what James Macpherson in later life might have done in the realm of English poetry had he told the truth regarding his early work.

Genuine Ossianic ballads, appended, may be compared with Macpherson's work. The first, an Irish poem dating from the twelfth-century, is ascribed to Oisín. Probably from similar ballads of later composition Macpherson caught something of the spirit reflected in these ancient strophes.

My hands are withered,  
My deeds are checked.

The flood pressed on and reached the land,  
And swamped my might.

Thanks give I to the Creator,  
Who joy and fortune gives.  
Long is my day in this sad life!  
Happy was I in other days.

Stately was our hero band:  
Gracious were the wives they had.  
Faint-hearted leave I not the world;  
My proud career is at an end.

The above verse translation is based on one by L. C. Stern. A translation based on that by S. H. O'Grady of another twelfth-century Irish poem, 'Credhe's Lament,' gives a suggestion of rhythmic prose:

The haven roars, and O the haven roars, over the rushing race of Rinn-dá-bharc! The drowning of the warrior of Loch-dá-chonn — that is what the wave impinging on the strand laments. Melodious is the crane, and O melodious is the crane, in the marshlands of Druim-dá-thrén! 'Tis she that may not save her brood alive: the wild dog of two colors is intent upon her nestlings. A woeful note, and O a woeful note, is that which the thrush in Drumqueen emits! but not more cheerful is the wail that the blackbird makes in Letterlee. A woeful sound, and O a woeful sound, is that the deer utters in Druim-da-leish! Dead lies the doe of Druim Silenn: the mighty stag bells after her. Sore suffering to me, and O suffering sore, is the hero's death — his death, that used to lie with me! . . . Sore suffering to me is Cael, and O Cael is a suffering sore, that by my side he is in dead man's form! That the wave should have swept over his white body — that is what hath distracted me, so great was his delightfulness. A dismal roar, and O a dismal roar, is that the shore-surf makes upon the strand! seeing that the same hath drowned the comely noble man; to me it is an affliction that Cael ever sought to encounter it. A woeful booming, and O a boom of woe, is that which the wave makes upon the northward beach! beating as it does against the polished rock, lamenting for Cael, now that he is gone. A woeful fight, and O a fight of woe, is that the wave wages against the southern shore! As for me, my span is determined! . . . A woeful melody, and O a melody of woe, is that which the heavy surge of Tullachleish emits! As for me, the calamity that is fallen upon me having shattered me, for me prosperity exists no more. Since now Crimthann's son is drowned, one that I may love after him there is not in being. Many a chief is fallen by his hand, and in the battle his shield ne'er uttered outcry!

A part of a Scottish-Gaelic ballad 'The Battle of Gabhra' may be compared with Macpherson's 'Temora.' Since this Scottish ballad is preserved in

the Book of the Dean of Lismore, it is safe to assert that the tale was known in Scotland as early as the beginning of the sixteenth century. It is based on an ancient Irish story of the same title. A glance at 'Temora' shows at once that Macpherson was familiar with some version of the story, or with a ballad, or ballads, concerning incidents which formed a part of it. These strophes are taken from the translation by Alexander Cameron, 'Reliquiæ Celticæ.' They represent a dialogue between Oisín and Saint Patrick.

Oisín, recount to me  
When you fought the stout contest,  
When thy son fell in the battle  
Didst thou reach him while he had speech?

Above my son, brave Oscar,  
I came as the slaughter was ended,  
Caelte then came straightway  
Above his seven children. . . .

There I found my own son  
Lying on his left elbow,  
His shield beside him on the ground  
And his lance in his right hand.

I let the shaft of my spear to the ground,  
And I stood leaning over him.  
I bethought me then, holy man,  
What I should do after him.

Oscar looked up to me,  
And to me 'twas plain enough.  
He stretched towards me his hand,  
Fain to rise to meet me.

I took the hand of my own son,  
And sat beside his body,  
And since that sitting by his side  
I have taken no thought for the world.

Said to me my manly son  
And he at his last breath,  
"Thanks be to [the powers of] the elements  
That thou art safe, O father." . . .

A short time we were thus,  
 Son of Alpin, cleric,  
 Till we saw [coming] toward us from the slaughter  
 Those that were alive of the Feinne of Fail.

Twenty hundred men were there,  
 Reckoning youths and old men.  
 Not a man of those had we  
 Unwounded, of those twenty hundred,  
 But a man of nine poisoned wounds  
 Was he who had the fewest hurts.

We raised the hardy Oscar  
 On the shafts of spears on high;  
 We brought him to a pleasant mound  
 To take his garments off him.

A hand's breadth of his body  
 Was not whole, from his hair  
 Down to his foot-soles,  
 But his face alone.

We passed that night amid the slaughter,  
 Watching his body until day,  
 And we bore the Sons of Finn  
 To high and pleasant hillocks. . . .

No one wept for his own son,  
 No one wept for his brother, in sooth,  
 Seeing my son thus.  
 All were weeping for Oscar.

'Twas but a short time we were thus  
 Watching the loved fair corse,  
 When about noon we saw approaching  
 Finn, son of Cumall, son of Trenmor. . . .

We all saluted Finn  
 And he did not answer us,  
 [But] went towards the mound in his might  
 Where lay Oscar of sharp arms.

When Oscar was aware of Finn  
 As he leaned over him,  
 [He raised his beauteous face],  
 And saluted his grandsire.

Said Oscar then  
 To Mac Morna in that hour,  
 "My desire is now for death,  
 Having seen thee, Finn of sharp arms."

"Sad is this, brave Oscar,  
 Good son of my own son;  
 I after thee am faint,  
 And after the Feinne of Erin.

"The curse of Art Aenfhir with [deadly] power  
 'Twas this came today upon my host;  
 It has brought ruin on us henceforth  
 Until I go into nothingness."

Several strophes from Grainne's lament for her lover Diarmaid, whom Finn had treacherously slain, are illustrative of the nature of Scottish-Gaelic balladry at the time of Macpherson's visits to the Highlands. The poem from which these strophes were taken is one of a number collected by Kennedy in 1774. The translation is that of the late Gertrude Schoepperle.

Thou wast the sister's son of the high king, Thou wast loving, fortunate, and bountiful; Oh, it is a pity that he put thee to death, without any reason, O love Diarmaid.

Thy skin was brighter than the cotton down, On fresh snow in narrow glens; Thy form surpassed those of all the rest, O man of ruddier cheeks than the quicken berry.

Thy eye was bluer than the berry, On the edge of the wild high peaks, And the flash of thy eye was gentler Than the sigh of the wind which bends the grass on every ridge.

Thy hair is like the brightness of the sun, Bright, yellow, curly, and dear; thy skin is as smooth as the foam, O thou who wast helpful in every place.

I am mournful without consoling mirth, But [with] weariness and sorrow ever lamenting; The musical harp of sweetest frolic Will never awaken my heart to joy.

I shall no more hear thy speech, That was more delightful than the music of the fiddle, Or the thrush in the wild glens; It has left my heart dark forever.

Dark is thy dwelling under the sod, Narrow thy bare bed prepared for

thee; Never till doomsday will break the morning That will awaken thee from thy slumber, O hero.

But hidden ever in the ground, Is thy head, O thou desired of every eye. Farewell to thee and thy beauty, Now and forever, O Diarmaid.

Several poems by Macpherson are presented below. Certain passages from the first of the eight books of 'Temora' show the reflection of incidents belonging to 'The Battle of Gabhra,' strophes from a version of which have been quoted. 'Temora,' both in matter and form, may be considered, for the most part, an original composition by James Macpherson, several names and a distorted incident or two constituting the authentic Celtic matter which appears in its construction. Except for the fact that the names Ossian and Fingal (a corruption of the name Finn) are found in the remaining selections, they have little, if anything, in common with the Celtic tradition of Ossian.

R. D. SCOTT

## TEMORA

### BOOK I

From the 'Poems of Ossian,' by James Macpherson

ARGUMENT — Cairbar, the son of Borbar-duthul, lord of Atha in Connaught, the most potent chief of the race of the Firbolg, having murdered at Temora, the royal palace, Cormac the son of Artho, the young king of Ireland, usurped the throne. Cormac was lineally descended from Conar the son of Trenmor, the great grandfather of Fingal, king of those Caledonians who inhabited the western coast of Scotland. Fingal resented the behavior of Cairbar, and resolved to pass over into Ireland, with an army, to re-establish the royal family on the Irish throne. Early intelligence of his designs coming to Cairbar, he assembled some of his tribes in Ulster, and at the same time ordered his brother Cathmor to follow him speedily with an army, from Temora. Such was the situation of affairs when Caledonian invaders appeared on the coast of Ulster. . . .

THE blue waves of Erin roll in light. The mountains are covered with day. Trees shake their dusky heads, in the breeze. Gray torrents pour their noisy streams. Two green hills, with aged oaks, surround a narrow plain. The blue course of a stream is there. On its banks stood Cairbar of Atha. His spear supports the king; the red eye of his fear is sad. Cormac rises in his soul, with all his ghastly wounds. The gray form of the youth appears in darkness. Blood pours from his airy side. Cairbar thrice threw his spear on

earth. Thrice he stroked his beard. His steps are short. He often stops. He tosses his sinewy arms. He is like a cloud in the desert, varying its form to every blast. The valleys are sad around, and fear, by turns, the shower! The king, at length, resumed his soul. He took his pointed spear. He turned his eye to Moi-lena. The scouts of blue ocean came. They came with steps of fear, and often looked behind. Cairbar knew that the mighty were near! He called his gloomy chiefs. . . . "Do the chiefs of Erin stand," he said, "silent as the grove of evening? Stand they, like a silent wood, and Fingal on the coast? Fingal, who is terrible in battle, the king of streamy Morven!" "Hast thou seen the warrior?" said Cairbar, with a sigh. "Are his heroes many on the coast? Lifts he the spear of battle? Or comes the king in peace?" "In peace he comes not, king of Erin! I have seen his forward spear. It is a meteor of death. The blood of thousands is on its steel. He came first to the shore, strong in the gray hair of age. Full rose his sinewy limbs, as he strode in his might. That sword is by his side, which gives no second wound. His shield is terrible, like the bloody moon, ascending through a storm. Then came Ossian, king of songs. Then Morni's son, the first of men. Connal leaps forward on his spear. Dermid spreads his dark-brown locks. Fillan bends his bow, the young hunter of streamy Moruth. But who is that before them, like the terrible course of a stream. It is the son of Ossian, bright between his locks! His long hair falls on his back. His dark brows are half-enclosed in steel. His sword hangs loose on his side. His spear glitters as he moves. I fled from his terrible eyes, king of high Temora!"

[Cairbar thereupon orders a feast to be prepared, to which, by his bard Olla, he invites Oscar the son of Ossian, resolving to pick a quarrel with that hero, and so have some pretext for killing him. Oscar, in spite of the premonitions of Fingal, goes to the feast.]

. . . An hundred bards met him with songs. Cairbar concealed with smiles the death that was dark in his soul. The feast is spread. The shells resound. Joy brightens the face of the host. But it was like the parting beam of the sun, when he is to hide his red head in a storm!

Cairbar rises in arms. Darkness gathers on his brow. The hundred harps cease at once. The clang of shields is heard. Far distant on the heath Olla raised a song of woe. My son knew the sign of death; and, rising, seized his spear. "Oscar," said the dark-red Cairbar, "I behold the spear of Erin. The spear of Temora glitters in thy hand, son of woody Morven! It was the pride of an hundred kings. The death of heroes of old. Yield it, son of Ossian, yield it to car-borne Cairbar!"

"Shall I yield," Oscar replied, "the gift of Erin's injured king: the gift of fair-haired Cormac, when Oscar scattered his foes! I came to Cormac's halls of joy, when Swaran fled from Fingal. Gladness rose in the face of youth. He gave the spear of Temora. Nor did he give it to the feeble: neither

to the weak in soul. The darkness of thy face is no storm to me: nor are thine eyes the flames of death. Do I fear thy clanging shield? Tremble I at Olla's song? No: Cairbar, frighten the feeble; Oscar is a rock! "

. . . Their people saw the darkening chiefs. Their crowding steps are heard around. Their eyes roll in fire. A thousand swords are half unsheathed. Red-haired Olla raised the song of battle. The trembling joy of Oscar's soul arose: the wonted joy of his soul when Fingal's horn was heard. Dark as the swelling wave of ocean before the rising winds, when it bends its head near the coast, came on the host of Cairbar!

Daughter of Toscar! why that tear? He is not fallen yet. Many were the deaths of his arm before my hero fell!

Behold they fall before my son, like groves in the desert, when an angry ghost rushes through night, and takes their green heads in his hand! Morlath falls. Maronnan dies. Conachar trembles in his blood; Cairbar shrinks before Oscar's sword! He creeps in darkness behind a stone. He lifts the spear in secret; he pierces my Oscar's side: he falls forward on his shield: his knee sustains the chief. But still his spear is in his hand. See gloomy Cairbar falls! The steel pierced his forehead, and divided his red hair behind. He lay, like a shattered rock, which Cromla shakes from its craggy side, when the green-valleyed Erin shakes its mountains, from sea to sea!

But never more shall Oscar rise! He leans on his bossy shield. His spear is in his terrible hand. Erin's sons stand distant and dark. Their shouts arise, like crowded streams. *Moi-lena* echoes wide. Fingal heard the sound. He took the spear of Selma. His steps are before us on the heath. He spoke the words of woe. "I hear the noise of war. Young Oscar is alone. Rise, sons of Morven; join the hero's sword! "

Ossian rushed along the heath. Fillan bounded over *Moi-lena*. Fingal strode in his strength. The light of his shield is terrible. The sons of Erin saw it far distant. They trembled in their souls. They knew that the wrath of the king arose: and they foresaw their death. We first arrived. We fought. Erin's chiefs withstood our rage. But when the king came, in the sound of his course, what heart of steel could stand! Erin fled over *Moi-lena*. Death pursued their flight. We saw Oscar on his shield. We saw his blood around. Silence darkened every face. Each turned his back and wept. The king strove to hide his tears. His gray beard whistled in the wind. He bends his head above the chief. His words are mixed with sighs.

"Art thou fallen, O Oscar, in the midst of thy course? The heart of the aged beats over thee! He sees thy coming wars! The wars which ought to come he sees! They are cut off from thy fame! When shall joy dwell at Selma? When shall grief depart from Morven? My sons fall by degrees: Fingal is the last of his race. My fame begins to pass away. Mine age will be without friends. I shall sit a gray cloud in my hall. I shall not hear the return of a son, in his sounding arms. Weep, ye heroes of Morven! never more shall Oscar rise! "

## COLNA-DONA

From the 'Poems of Ossian,' by James Macpherson

ARGUMENT — Fingal dispatched Ossian, and Toscar the son of Conloch and father of Malvina, to raise a stone on the banks of the stream of Crona, to perpetuate the memory of a victory which he had obtained in that place. When they were employed in that work, Car-ul, a neighboring chief, invited them to a feast. They went: and Toscar fell desperately in love with Colna-dona, the daughter of Car-ul. Colna-dona became no less enamored of Toscar. An incident at a hunting party brings their loves to a happy issue.

**C**OL-AMON of troubled streams, dark wanderer of distant vales, I behold thy course, between trees, near Car-ul's echoing halls! There dwelt bright Colna-dona, the daughter of the king. Her eyes were rolling stars; her arms were white as the foam of streams. Her breast rose slowly to sight, like ocean's heaving wave. Her soul was a stream of light. Who among the maids was like the Love of Heroes?

Beneath the voice of the king we moved to Crona of the streams — Toscar of grassy Lutha, and Ossian, young in fields. Three bards attended with songs. Three bossy shields were borne before us; for we were to rear the stone, in memory of the past. By Crona's mossy course, Fingal had scattered his foes: he had rolled away the strangers like a troubled sea. We came to the place of renown; from the mountains descended night. I tore an oak from its hill, and raised a flame on high. I bade my fathers to look down, from the clouds of their hall; for, at the fame of their race, they brighten in the wind.

I took a stone from the stream, amidst the song of bards. The blood of Fingal's foes hung curdled in its ooze. Beneath, I placed at intervals three bosses from the shields of foes, as rose or fell the sound of Ullin's nightly song. Toscar laid a dagger in earth, a mail of sounding steel. We raised the mold around the stone, and bade it speak to other years.

Oozy daughter of streams, that now art reared on high, speak to the feeble, O stone! after Selma's race have failed! Prone, from the stormy night, the traveler shall lay him by thy side: thy whistling moss shall sound in his dreams; the years that were past shall return. Battles rise before him, blue-shielded kings descend to war: the darkened moon looks from heaven on the troubled field. He shall burst, with morning, from dreams, and see the tombs of warriors round. He shall ask about the stone, and the aged shall reply, "This gray stone was raised by Ossian, a chief of other years!"

From Col-amon came a bard, from Car-ul, the friend of strangers. He bade

us to the feast of kings, to the dwelling of bright Colna-dona. We went to the hall of harps. There Car-ul brightened between his aged locks, when he beheld the sons of his friends, like two young branches, before him.

"Sons of the mighty," he said, "ye bring back the days of old, when first I descended from waves, on Selma's streamy vale! I pursued Duthmocarglos, dweller of ocean's wind. Our fathers had been foes, we met by Clutha's winding waters. He fled along the sea, and my sails were spread behind him. Night deceived me, on the deep. I came to the dwelling of kings, to Selma of high-bosomed maids. Fingal came forth with his bards, and Conloch, arm of death. I feasted three days in the hall, and saw the blue eyes of Erin, Ros-crána, daughter of heroes, light of Cormac's race. Nor forgot did my steps depart: the kings gave their shields to Car-ul: they hang, on high, in Col-amon, in memory of the past. Sons of the daring kings, ye bring back the days of old!"

Car-ul kindled the oak of feasts. He took two bosses from our shields. He laid them in earth, beneath a stone, to speak to the hero's race. "When battle," said the king, "shall roar, and our sons are to meet in wrath, my race shall look, perhaps, on this stone, when they prepare the spear. Have not our fathers met in peace? they will say, and lay aside the shield."

Night came down. In her long locks moved the daughter of Car-ul. Mixed with the harp arose the voice of white-armed Colna-dona. Toscar darkened in his place, before the Love of Heroes. She came on his troubled soul like a beam to the dark-heaving ocean, when it bursts from a cloud and brightens the foamy side of a wave. . . .

With morning we awaked the woods; and hung forward on the path of the roes. They fell by their wonted streams. We returned through Crona's vale. From the wood a youth came forward, with a shield and pointless spear. "Whence," said Toscar of Lutha, "is the flying beam? Dwells there peace at Col-amon, round bright Colna-dona of harps?"

"By Col-amon of streams," said the youth, "bright Colna-dona dwelt. She dwelt; but her course is now in deserts, with the son of the king; he that seized with love her soul as it wandered through the hall." "Stranger of tales," said Toscar, "hast thou marked the warrior's course? He must fall: give thou that bossy shield!" In wrath he took the shield. Fair behind it rose the breasts of a maid, white as the bosom of a swan, rising graceful on swift-rolling waves. It was Colna-dona of harps, the daughter of the king! Her blue eyes had rolled on Toscar, and her love arose!

## THE SONGS OF SELMA

From the 'Poems of Ossian,' by James Macpherson

**S**TAR of descending night! fair is thy light in the west! Thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud: thy steps are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings; the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair light? But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee: they bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou silent beam! Let the light of Ossian's soul arise!

And it does arise in its strength! I behold my departed friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days of other years. Fingal comes like a watery column of mist; his heroes are around. And see the bards of song, gray-haired Ullin! stately Ryno! Alpin, with the tuneful voice! the soft complaint of Minona! How are ye changed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast! when we contended like gales of spring, as they fly along the hill, and bend by turns the feebly whistling grass.

Minona came forth in her beauty; with downcast look and tearful eye. Her hair flew slowly on the blast, that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice. Often had they seen the grave of Salgar, the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma. Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of song! Salgar promised to come; but the night descended around. Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill!

## COLMA

It is night; I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds!

Rise, moon! from behind thy clouds. Stars of the night, arise! Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the chase alone! his bow near him, unstrung; his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud. I hear not the voice of my love! Why delays my Salgar, why the chief of the hill, his promise? Here is the rock, and here the tree! here is the roaring stream! Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone? With thee I would fly, from my father; with thee, from my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes; we are not foes, O Salgar!

Cease a little while, O wind! stream, be thou silent awhile! let my voice be

heard around. Let my wanderer hear me! Salgar! it is Colma who calls. Here is the tree, and the rock. Salgar, my love! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming? Lo! the calm moon comes forth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are gray on the steep. I see him not on the brow. His dogs come not before him, with tidings of his near approach. Here I must sit alone.

Who lie on the heath beside me? Are they my love and my brother? Speak to me, O my friends! To Colma they give no reply. Speak to me: I am alone! My soul is tormented with fears! Ah! they are dead! Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why hast thou slain my Salgar? why, O Salgar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! what shall I say in your praise? Thou wert fair on the hill among thousands! he was terrible in fight. Speak to me; hear my voice; hear me, sons of my love! They are silent; silent forever! Cold, cold are their breasts of clay! Oh! from the rock on the hill; from the top of the windy steep, speak, ye ghosts of the dead! speak, I will not be afraid! Whither are ye gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed? No feeble voice is on the gale; no answer half-drowned in the storm!

I sit in my grief! I wait for morning in my tears! Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead. Close it not till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream: why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends, by the stream of the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill; when the loud winds arise; my ghost shall stand in the blast, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth. He shall fear, but love my voice! For sweet shall my voice be for my friends: pleasant were her friends to Colma!

### THE DEATH-SONG OF OSSIAN

SUCH were the words of the bards in the days of song; when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of other times! The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice of Cona! the first among a thousand bards! But age is now on my tongue; my soul has failed! I hear at times the ghosts of bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails on my mind. I hear the call of years! They say, as they pass along, Why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame! Roll on, ye dark-brown years; ye bring no joy on your course! Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains, like a blast that roars lonely on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there; the distant mariner sees the waving trees!

## THOMAS CHATTERTON

TO the third quarter of the eighteenth century belongs the tragedy of the life of Thomas Chatterton, who, misunderstood and neglected during his brief seventeen years of poetic reverie, by the force of his genius and by his actual achievement compelled the nineteenth century, through one of its best critics, to acknowledge him as the father of the New Romantic school, and to accord him thereby a place unique among his contemporaries. His family and early surroundings serve in a way to explain his development. He was born in 1752 at Bristol, a town rich in the traditions and monuments of bygone times. For nearly two hundred years the office of sexton to the church of St. Mary Redcliffe had been handed down in the family. At the time of the poet's birth it was held by a maternal uncle; for his father, a "musical genius, somewhat of a poet, an antiquary, and dabbler in occult arts," was the first to aspire to a position above the hereditary one, and had taken charge of the Pyle free schools in Bristol. He died before his son's birth, and left his widow to support her two children by keeping a little school and by needle-work. The boy, reserved and given to reverie from his earliest years, was at first considered dull, but one day, seeing an old musical folio in his mother's hands, he fell in love with the illuminated capitals. The Gothic characters of an old black-letter Bible further fascinated him, and by the time he was eight he had become a voracious reader. He would, even at that age, neglect food and sleep for his books; and he kept much by himself in an old lumber room, where he was teaching himself to draw knights and castles and heraldic designs.

He spent much of his time with his uncle, in and about the church. St. Mary Redcliffe, one of the finest specimens of medieval church architecture in England, is especially rich in altar tombs with recumbent carved figures of knights and ecclesiastic and civic dignitaries of bygone days. These became the boy's familiar associates, and he amused himself on his lonely visits by spelling out the old inscriptions on their monuments. There he got hold of some quaint oaken chests in the muniment room over the porch, filled with parchments old as the Wars of the Roses, and these deeds and charters of the Henries and Edwards became his primers. In 1760 he entered Colston's "Blue-Coat" charity school, located in a fine old building of the Tudor times. The rules of the institution provided for the training of its inmates "in the principles of the Christian religion as laid down in the Church catechism," and in fitting them to be apprenticed in due course to some trade. During the six years of his stay, Chatterton received only the rudiments of a common-school education, and found little to nourish his genius. But being a voracious reader, he went on his

small allowance through three circulating libraries, and became acquainted with the older English poets, and also read history and antiquities. He very early entertained dreams of ambition, without, however, finding any sympathy: so he lived in a world of his own, conceiving before the age of twelve the romance of Thomas Rowley, an imaginary clerk of the fifteenth century, and his patron Master William Canynge, a former mayor of Bristol whose effigy was familiar to him from the tomb in the church. This fiction, which after his death gave rise to the celebrated controversy of the 'Rowley Poems,' matured at this early age as a boy's life-dream, he fashioned into a consistent romance, and wove into it among the prose fragments the ballads and lyrics on which his fame as poet now rests. His earliest literary forgery was a practical joke played on a credulous pewterer at Bristol, for whom he fabricated a pedigree dating back to the time of the Norman Conquest, which he professed to have collected from ancient manuscripts. It is remarkable as the work of a boy not yet fourteen. He was rewarded with a crown piece, and the success of this hoax encouraged him further to play upon the credulity of his townspeople, and to continue writing prose and verse in pseudo-antique style.

In 1767 he was bound apprentice to John Lambert, attorney. The office duties were light. He spent his spare time in poetizing, and sent anonymously transcripts from professedly old poems to the local papers. Their authorship being traced to him, he now claimed that his father had found numerous old poems and other manuscripts in a coffer of the muniment room at Redcliffe, and that he had transcribed them. Under guise of this fiction he produced, within the two years of his apprenticeship, a mass of pseudo-antique dramatic, lyric, and descriptive poems, and fragments of local and general history, connected all with his romance of the clerk of Bristol. A scholarly knowledge of Middle English was rare one hundred and thirty years ago, and the self-taught boy easily gulled the local antiquaries. He even deceived Horace Walpole, who, dabbling in medievalism, had opened the way for prose romances with his 'Castle of Otranto,' a spurious antique of the same time in which Chatterton had placed his fiction. Walpole at first treated him courteously, even offering to print some of the poems. But when Gray and Mason pronounced them modern, he at once gave Chatterton the cold shoulder, entirely forgetting his own imposition on a credulous public.

Chatterton now turned to periodical literature and the politics of the day, and began to contribute to various London magazines. In the spring of 1770 he finally came up to London, to start on the life of a literary adventurer on a capital of less than five pounds. He lived abstemiously and worked incessantly, literally day and night. He had a wonderful versatility; he would write in the manner of anyone he chose to imitate, and he tried his hand at every species of book-work. But even under the strain of this incessant productivity he found time to turn back to his boyhood dreams, and produced one of his finest poems, the 'Ballad of Charity.' At first his contributions were freely accepted, but he

was poorly paid, and sometimes not at all. Yet out of his scanty earnings he bought costly presents for his mother and sister, as tokens of affection and an earnest of what he hoped to do for them. After scarcely two months in London he was at the end of his resources. He made an attempt to gain a position as surgeon's assistant on board of an African trader, but was unsuccessful. He now found himself face to face with famine; and, too proud to ask for assistance or to accept even the hospitality of a single meal, he on the night of August 25, 1770, locked himself into his garret, destroyed all his note-books and papers, and swallowed a dose of arsenic. It is believed that he was privately buried in the churchyard of St. Mary Redcliffe. There a monument has been erected, with an inscription from his poem 'Will': —

"To the memory of Thomas Chatterton. Reader! judge not. If thou art a Christian, believe that he shall be judged by a superior power. To that power alone is he now answerable."

His death attracted little notice, for he was regarded merely as the transcriber of the 'Rowley' poems. They were collected after his death, from the various persons to whom he had given the manuscripts, and occasioned a controversy that has lasted almost down to the present generation. But only an age untrained in philological research could ever have received them as genuine productions of the fifteenth century: for Chatterton, who knew little of the old authors antedating Spenser, constructed with the help of Bailey's and Kersey's English dictionaries a lingo of his own; he strung together old words of all periods and dialects, and even coined words himself to suit the meter. His lingo resembles anything rather than Middle English. It is supposed that he wrote first in modern English, and then translated into his own dialect; for the poems do not suffer by retranslation — on the contrary, they are more intelligible and often more rhythmical. Chatterton had a wonderful memory, and had read enormously; there are frequent though perhaps unconscious plagiarisms from Spenser, Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope, Gray, and others.

Yet after all has been said against the spurious character of the 'Rowley' poems, Chatterton's two volumes of collected writings, published after his death, 'Rowley's Poems' (1777) and 'Miscellanies' (1778), are a record of youthful precocity unparalleled in literary history. He wrote spirited satires at ten, and some of his best old verse before sixteen. 'Ælla' is a dramatic poem of sustained power and originality, and its songs have the true lyric ring; the 'Ode to Liberty,' a fragment from the tragedy of 'Goddwyn,' is with its bold imagery one of the finest martial lyrics in the language; the 'Ballad of Charity,' almost the last poem he wrote, comes in its objectivity and artistic completeness near to some of Keats's best ballad work. But more wonderful perhaps than this early blossoming of his genius is its absolute originality. At a time when Johnson was the literary dictator of London, and Pope's manner

still paramount, Chatterton, unmindful of their conventionalities and the current French influence, instinctively turned to earlier models, and sought his inspiration at the true source of English song. Bishop Percy's 'Reliques of Old English Poetry,' published in 1765, first made the people acquainted with their fine old ballads; but by that year Chatterton had already planned the story of the monk of Bristol and written some of the poems. Gifted with a rich vein of romance, he heralded the coming revival of medieval literature. But he not only divined the new movements of poetry — he was also responsible for one side of its development. He had a poet's ear for metrical effects, and transmitted this gift to the romantic poets through Coleridge; for the latter, deeply interested in the tragedy of the life of the Bristol boy, studied his work; and traces of this study, resulting in freer rhythm and new harmonies, are found in Coleridge's own verse. The influence of the author of 'Christabel' on his brother poets is indisputable; hence his indebtedness to Chatterton gives to the latter at once his rightful position as the father of the New Romantic school. Keats also shows signs of close acquaintance with Chatterton; and he proves moreover by the dedication of his 'Endymion' that he cherished the memory of the unfortunate young poet, with whom he had, as far as the romantic temper on its objective side goes, perhaps the closest spiritual kinship of any poet of his time.

But quite apart from his youthful precocity and his influence on later poets, Chatterton holds no mean place in English literature because of the intrinsic value of his performance. His work, on the one hand, aside from the 'Rowley' poems, shows him a true poet of the eighteenth century, and the best of it entitles him to a fair place among his contemporaries; but on the other hand he stands almost alone in his generation in possessing the highest poetic endowments — originality of thought, a quick eye to see and note, the gift of expression, sustained power of composition, and a fire and intensity of imagination. In how far he would have fulfilled his early promise it is idle to surmise; yet what poet, in the whole range of English, nay of *all* literature, at seventeen years and nine months of age, has produced work of such excellence as this "marvelous boy," who, unrecognized and driven by famine, took his own life in a London garret?

## THE FAREWELL OF SIR CHARLES BALDWIN TO HIS WIFE

From 'The Bristowe Tragedie'

AND nowe the bell beganne to tolle,  
 And Claryonnes to sounde;  
 Syr Charles hee herde the horses' feete  
 A prauncing onne the ground:

And just before the officers  
 His lovyng wyfe came ynne,  
 Weepyng unfeignèd teeres of woe,  
 Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.

"Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,  
 Ynne quiet lett mee die;  
 Praie Godde, thatt ev'ry Christian soule  
 May looke onne dethe as I.

"Sweet Florence! why these brinie teeres?  
 Theye washe my soule awaie,  
 And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,  
 Wythe thee, sweete dame, to staie.

"Tys butt a journie I shalle goe  
 Untoe the lande of blysse;  
 Nowe, as a prooffe of husbande's love,  
 Receive thys holie kysse."

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her saie,  
 Tremblyng these wordyès spoke: —

"Ah, cruele Edward! bloudie kyng!  
 My herte ys welle nyghe broke:

"Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe,  
 Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe?  
 The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,  
 Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe."

And nowe the officers came ynne  
 To bryng Syr Charles awaie,  
 Whoe turnedd toe hys lovyng wyfe,  
 And thus to her dydd saie: —

"I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;  
 Truste thou ynne Godde above,  
 And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,  
 And ynne theyre hertes hym love:

"Teache them to runne the nobile race  
 Thatt I theyre fader runne:  
 Florence! shou'd dethe thee take — adieu!  
 Yee officers, leade onne."

Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,  
 And dydd her tresses tere;  
 "Oh! staie, mye husbände! lorde! and lyfe!"  
 Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

'Tyll tyrèdd oute wythe ravyng loud,  
 She fellen onne the flore;  
 Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,  
 And march'd fromme oute the dore.

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,  
 Wythe lookes fullè brave and swete;  
 Lookes, that enshone ne more concern  
 Thanne anie ynne the strete.

### AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE

AS WROTEN BIE THE GODE PRIESTE THOMAS ROWLEIE, 1464

**I**N Virgyne the sweltrie sun gan sheene,  
 And hotte upon the mees did caste his raie:  
 The apple rodde from its palie greene,  
 And the mole peare did bende the leafy spraie;  
 The peece chelandri sunge the livelong daie;  
 'Twas nowè the pride, the manhode of the yeare,  
 And eke the grounde was dighte in its mose defte aumere.

The sun was glemeing in the middle of daie,  
 Deadde still the aire, and eke the welkin blue,  
 When from the sea arist in drear arraie  
 A hepe of cloudes of sable sullen hue,  
 The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,  
 Hiltring attenes the sunnis fetyve face,  
 And the blacke tempeste swolne and gathered up apace.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaieside,  
 Which dyde unto Seyncte Godwine's covent lede,  
 A hapless pilgrim moneynge dyd abide;  
 Pore in his vewe, ungentle in his weede,  
 Longe bretful of the miseries of neede,  
 Where from the hail-stone coude the almer flie?  
 He had no housen theere, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his gloomed face, his sprighte there scanne;  
 Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd, deade!  
 Haste to thie church-glebe-house, asshrewed manne!  
 Haste to thie kiste, thie onlie dortoure bedde.  
 Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,  
 Is Charities and Love aminge highe elves;  
 Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gatherd storme is rype; the bigge drops falle;  
 The forswat meadowes smethe, and drenche the raine;  
 The comyng ghastness do the cattle pall,  
 And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;  
 Dashde from the cloudes the waters flott againe;  
 The welkin opes; the yellow levynne flies;  
 And the hot fierie smothe in the wide lowings dies.

Liste! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge sound  
 Cheves slowlie on, and then embollen clangs;  
 Shakes the hie spyre, and losst, dispended, drown'd,  
 Still on the gallard eare of terroure hanges;  
 The windes are up; the lofty elmen swanges;  
 Again the levynne and the thunder poures,  
 And the full cloudes are braste attenes in stones showers.

Spyrreyng his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,  
 The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came;  
 His chapournette was drented with the reine,  
 And his pencte gyrdle met with mickle shame;  
 He aynewarde tolde his bederoll at the same;  
 The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,  
 With the mist almes-craver neere to the holme to bide.

His cope was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne,  
 With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne;  
 His autremete was edged with golden twynne,  
 And his shoone pyke a loverds mighte have binne;  
 Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne:  
 The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his sighte,  
 For the horse-millanare his head with roses dighte.

An almes, sir priestle! the droppyng pilgrim saide:  
 O! let me waite within your covente dore,  
 Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,

And the loude tempeste of the aire is oer;  
 Helpless and ould am I, alas! and poor:  
 No house, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche;  
 All yatte I calle my owne is this my silver crouche.

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne;  
 This is no season almes and prayers to give;  
 Mie porter never lets a faitour in;  
 None touch mie rynge who not in honour live.  
 And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did stryve,  
 And shettyng on the grounde his glairie raie,  
 The Abbatte spurrd his steede, and eftsoones roadde awaie.

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde;  
 Faste reynenynge oer the plaine a prieste was seen;  
 Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde;  
 His cope and jape were graie, and eke were clene;  
 A Limitoure he was of order seene;  
 And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,  
 Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

An almes, sir priest; the droppynge pilgrim sayde,  
 For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order sake.  
 The Limitoure then loosen'd his pouche threade,  
 And did thereoute a groate of silver take;  
 The mister pilgrim dyd for salline shake.  
 Here, take this silver, it maie eathe thie care;  
 We are Goddes stewards all, nete of oure owne we bare.

But ah! unhailie pilgrim, lerne of me,  
 Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.  
 Here, take my semecope, thou arte bare I see;  
 Tis thyne the Seynctes will give me mie rewarde.  
 He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.  
 Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who sitte yn gloure,  
 Or give the mittee will, or give the gode man power!

## ADAM SMITH

TO speak of Adam Smith as the author of 'The Wealth of Nations' brings before us at once his chief claim to a place among the immortals in literature. The significance of this work is so overwhelming that it casts into a dark shadow all that he wrote in addition to this masterpiece. His other writings are chiefly valued in so far as they may throw additional light upon the doctrines of this one book. Few books in the world's history have exerted a greater influence on the course of human affairs; and on account of this one work, Adam Smith's name is familiar to all well-educated persons in every civilized land.

Rarely does a man occupy so prominent a position in human thought, whose personality is so vague and elusive. He is generally so described that the impression is produced of a dull and uninteresting man. Quite the opposite must have been the case, however; for even the few incidents recorded of his life are sufficient to show us, when we think about it, that he must have been a delightful friend and companion. Adam Smith is generally associated in the popular mind with weighty disquisitions on free trade, on labor, on value, and other economic topics; but his life was by no means devoid of romantic touches.

Adam Smith was born of respectable parents — his father being a well-connected lawyer — at Kirkcaldy, Scotland, on June 5, 1723. His father had died three months before his birth; but he was brought up and well educated by his mother, to whom he was most devotedly attached. It is said, indeed, that he never recovered from his mother's death, which took place when he was sixty years of age. After attending a school in his native town, he was sent to the University of Glasgow at the age of fourteen; and three years later, obtaining an "Exhibition" — or, as we say in the United States, a scholarship — he went to Balliol College, Oxford, where he remained for more than six years. In 1748 he moved to Edinburgh, and delivered public lectures on rhetoric and *belles-lettres*. Three years later he was appointed professor of logic in Glasgow University, and four years later he exchanged his professorship for that of moral philosophy. In 1764 he resigned his professorship, and traveled for three years on the Continent of Europe as tutor to the Duke of Buccleuch. From 1766 to 1776 he lived in retirement, engaged in the preparation of his great work, 'The Wealth of Nations,' which appeared in the latter year and very soon made him famous. During the years 1776 to 1778 he lived in London, mingling with the best literary society of the time. The year last named witnessed his return to his native Scotland, where he chose Edin-

burgh as his home for the rest of his life. Three years before his death, which occurred in 1790, he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, and was highly gratified by the honor conferred upon him.

Adam Smith was a bachelor; but we are told by Dugald Stewart, his biographer, that he had once been warmly attached to a beautiful and accomplished young lady. It is not known why it was that their union was never consummated: neither one ever married. Dugald Stewart saw the lady after the death of Adam Smith, when she was upwards of eighty; and he stated that she "still retained evident traces of her former beauty. The power of her understanding and the gaiety of her temper seemed to have suffered nothing from the hand of time."

Adam Smith was not a voluminous writer, and some of the works which he did compose were destroyed by his order. His works, however, show a wide range of thought and study. One brief treatise of some note is entitled 'A Dissertation on the Origin of Languages.' Three essays deal with 'The Principles which Lead and Direct Philosophical Inquiries as Illustrated' — first, by the 'History of Ancient Astronomy'; second, by the 'History of Ancient Physics'; third, by 'Ancient Logic and Metaphysics.' Other essays are on 'The Imitative Arts'; 'Music,' 'Dancing,' 'Poetry'; 'The External Senses'; 'English and Italian Verses.'

A few words must be devoted to 'The Theory of Moral Sentiments' before hastening on to 'The Wealth of Nations.' The former is an ambitious work, and one which in itself has considerable merit. Moreover, it is significant because it is part of a large treatise on moral philosophy which Smith planned. This treatise was to have embraced four parts: first, 'Natural Theology'; second, 'Ethics'; third, 'Jurisprudence'; fourth, 'Police, Revenue, and Arms.' The second part is 'The Moral Sentiments'; and in 'The Wealth of Nations' he presented the fourth part, as he himself tells us. Unfortunately, he has not given the world the first and third parts, which, however, were embraced in his lectures to his students while he was professor of moral philosophy in the University of Glasgow.

'The Theory of Moral Sentiments,' it has been maintained, would have achieved renown for its author, and a place for him in literature, had it been presented to the world simply as a collection of essays on the topics with which it deals; *viz.*, the 'Propriety and Impropriety of Actions,' their 'Merit and Demerit,' 'Virtue,' 'Justice,' 'Duty,' etc. The essays are finely written, full of subtle analysis and truthful illustration. The book is least significant, however, as philosophy; because it lacks any profound examination of the foundation upon which the author's views rest.

The guiding principle of the 'Moral Sentiments' is sympathy, or fellow-feeling; not merely pity or compassion, but feeling with our fellows in their joys as well as sorrows. This sympathy is distinguished from self-love, and it is described as something given to man by nature. This idea is brought out by

the opening words, which are these: "How selfish soever man may be supposed, there is evidently some principle in his nature which interests him in the fortune of others, and renders their happiness necessary to him; though he derives nothing from it except the pleasure of seeing it."

The full title of Adam Smith's great work, ordinarily given as simply 'The Wealth of Nations,' is 'An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations.' The date of the appearance of this book — 1776 — is a significant one, for it recalls the Declaration of Independence. Both of them were the outcome of the same political and social philosophy; both of them were protests against ancient wrongs and abuses.

'The Wealth of Nations' appeared when the industrial revolution was fairly under way; inventions and discoveries had begun their transformation of industrial society. Old forms and methods were no longer sufficient for the growing, expanding life of this "springtime of the nations"; these springtimes of the nations recur at intervals, and a great deal of rubbish has to be cleared away to make room for new life. Adam Smith's work was largely negative. One biographer, Lord Haldane, speaks of him as "one of the greatest vanquishers of error on record." He regarded himself as the advocate of a system of natural liberty: "nature" and "liberty" are two perpetually recurring words; they must be associated, to understand the economic philosophy of 'The Wealth of Nations.' One of the assumptions underlying this book is that of a beneficent order of nature lying back of all human institutions. The cry of the age was "back to nature." Rousseau gave loud utterance to this watchword, and it was echoed and re-echoed by the writers and thinkers of the eighteenth century, both great and small. Nature, it was held, has done all things well; everything proceeding from the hands of nature is good: what is evil in the world is man's artificial product; before man interfered with nature there was the "golden age," and to this "golden age" we must somehow get back. We must break away from human contrivances, and seek for the order prescribed by nature. Consequently we have perpetually recurring demand for natural rights, natural liberty, natural law.

Nature has implanted in man self-interest, and the operation of self-interest in the individual man is socially beneficent. Nature has so ordered things that each man in seeking his own welfare will best promote the welfare of his fellows. We must simply leave nature alone, and give fair play to natural forces to bring about the largest production of wealth. The causes of the wealth of nations must be sought in the manifold actions of self-interest of individuals. 'The Wealth of Nations,' then, is a protest against restraints and restrictions; it is directed against what was held to be the over-government, but what subsequent history has shown to be rather the unwise and unjust government, of that period. Careful examination of modern nations, especially as revealed in their financial expenditures, shows that as modern nations have progressed, the activities of government have undergone immense expansion, but have changed

their direction and have altered their methods; their spirit and purpose are different.

The abuses against which Adam Smith chiefly protested were restrictions upon the freedom of trade, and the exclusive privileges of ancient guilds and corporations, and laws directed against labor. He was in principle a free-trader. His anti-monopoly views, however, are equally pronounced.

It is important to notice one thing in connection with Adam Smith's protest against labor laws; and that is, that he had in mind laws aimed to control labor in the interest of the employer, and not laws like our modern labor laws, the purpose of which is to protect and advance the interests of labor. He said, indeed, in one place, that if any labor law should chance to be in the interest of labor, it was sure to be a just law. This ought not to be forgotten in comparing his spirit with that of modern writers who protest against labor legislation. He was warmly humanitarian, and his ruling passion was to benefit mankind. On his death-bed he expressed regret that he had been able to do so little.

Adam Smith was far from being a mere doctrinaire. He had the practical disposition of the Scotchman, and was a close observer of life. Common-sense, then, was one of his chief characteristics; and he never hesitated to make exceptions to general principles when this was required by concrete conditions. Free trade, for example, was a good thing; but he at once recognized that changes in tariff policies must be made with due regard to existing interests which had grown up under a different policy. Private action in the sphere of education was in accord with his philosophy; yet he could say that under certain circumstances it might be wise for the government to foster education, especially in a country with democratic institutions.

Even in so brief a sketch as this, a word must be said about Adam Smith's position with respect to labor. He opens 'The Wealth of Nations' with the statement that "The annual labor of every nation is the fund which originally supplies it with all the necessities and conveniences of life which it annually consumes." One school of writers, the Mercantilists, had held that the main thing in the advancement of the wealth of nations was foreign trade. A later school, valued highly by Smith — *viz.*, the Physiocrats — had maintained that in the rent of land must be sought the causes of the increase of wealth. It is doubtless as a protest against both these schools that Adam Smith states that the original fund of wealth is labor. He wants to make labor central and pivotal. Rodbertus, the German socialist, claimed that his socialism consisted simply in an elaboration of Adam Smith's doctrine of labor; but this is undoubtedly going too far.

All the economists before the time of Adam Smith must be regarded as his predecessors; all the economists who have lived since Adam Smith have carried on his work: and his position in economics is therefore somewhat like that of Darwin in natural science. There are many schools among modern economists,

but their work all stands in some relation to that large work of this "old master."

The centenary of Adam Smith's 'The Wealth of Nations' was celebrated in 1876; it was at that time stated that no other work had enjoyed the honor of a centennial commemoration. Statesmen in all nations have been influenced by it. Buckle, with his customary exaggeration, makes this statement: "Well may it be said of Adam Smith, and that too without fear of contradiction, that this solitary Scotchman has, by the publication of one single work, contributed more to the happiness of man than has been effected by the united abilities of all the statesmen and legislators of whom history has presented an authentic account." Even the more careful Bagehot used these words: "The life of nearly every one in England — perhaps of every one — is different and better in consequence of it. No other form of political philosophy has ever had one thousandth part of the influence on us."

RICHARD T. ELY

## OF THE WAGES OF LABOR

From 'The Wealth of Nations'

**T**HE produce of labor constitutes the natural recompense or wages of labor.

In that original state of things, which precedes both the appropriation of land and the accumulation of stock, the whole produce of labor belongs to the laborer. He has neither landlord nor master to share with him.

Had this state continued, the wages of labor would have augmented with all those improvements in its productive powers, to which the division of labor gives occasion. All things would gradually have become cheaper. They would have been produced by a smaller quantity of labor; and as the commodities produced by equal quantities of labor would naturally in this state of things be exchanged for one another, they would have been purchased likewise with the produce of a smaller quantity.

But though all things would have become cheaper in reality, in appearance many things might have become dearer than before, or have been exchanged for a greater quantity of other goods. Let us suppose, for example, that in the greater part of employments the productive powers of labor had been improved to tenfold, or that a day's labor could produce ten times the quantity of work which it had done originally; but that in a particular employment they had been improved only to double, or that a day's labor could produce only twice the quantity of work which it had done before. In exchanging the produce of a day's labor in the greater part of employments, for that of a day's labor in this particular one, ten times the original quantity of work in them would pur-

chase only twice the original quantity in it. Any particular quantity in it, therefore — a pound weight for example — would appear to be five times dearer than before. In reality, however, it would be twice as cheap. Though it required five times the quantity of other goods to produce it, it would require only half the quantity of labor either to purchase or to produce it. The acquisition, therefore, would be twice as easy as before.

But this original state of things, in which the laborer enjoyed the whole produce of his own labor, could not last beyond the first introduction of the appropriation of land and the accumulation of stock. It was at an end, therefore, long before the most considerable improvements were made in the productive powers of labor, and it would be to no purpose to trace further what might have been its effects upon the recompense or wages of labor.

As soon as land becomes private property, the landlord demands a share of almost all the produce which the laborer can either raise, or collect from it. His rent makes the first deduction from the produce of the labor which is employed upon land.

It seldom happens that the person who tills the ground has wherewithal to maintain himself till he reaps the harvest. His maintenance is generally advanced to him from the stock of a master, the farmer who employs him, and who would have no interest to employ him unless he was to share in the produce of his labor, or unless his stock was to be replaced to him with a profit. This profit makes a second deduction from the produce of the labor which is employed upon land.

The produce of almost all other labor is liable to the like deduction of profit. In all arts and manufactures the greater part of the workmen stand in need of a master to advance them the materials of their work, and their wages and maintenances till it be completed. He shares in the produce of their labor, or in the value which it adds to the materials upon which it is bestowed; and in this consists his profit.

It sometimes happens, indeed, that a single independent workman has stock sufficient both to purchase the materials of his work, and to maintain himself till it be completed. He is both master and workman, and enjoys the whole produce of his own labor, or the whole value it adds to the materials upon which it is bestowed. It includes what are usually two distinct revenues belonging to two distinct persons — the profits of stock, and the wages of labor.

Such cases, however, are not very frequent, and in every part of Europe, twenty workmen serve under a master for one that is independent; and the wages of labor are everywhere understood to be, what they usually are when the laborer is one person, and the owner of the stock which employs him another.

What are the common wages of labor, depends everywhere upon the contract usually made between those two parties, whose interests are by no means the same. The workmen desire to get as much, the masters to give as little, as

possible. The former are disposed to combine in order to raise, the latter in order to lower, the wages of labor.

It is not, however, difficult to foresee which of these two parties must, upon all ordinary occasions, have the advantage in the dispute, and force the other into a compliance with their terms. The masters, being fewer in number, can combine much more easily; and the law, besides, authorizes or at least does not prohibit their combinations, while it prohibits those of the workmen.<sup>1</sup> We have no acts of Parliament against combining to lower the price of work; but many against combining to raise it. In all such disputes the masters can hold out much longer. A landlord, a farmer, a master manufacturer, or merchant, though they did not employ a single workman, could generally live a year or two upon the stocks which they have already acquired. Many workmen could not subsist a week, few could subsist a month, and scarce any a year, without employment. In the long run the workman may be as necessary to his master as his master is to him; but the necessity is not so immediate.

We rarely hear, it has been said, of the combinations of masters, though frequently of those of workmen. But whoever imagines upon this account that masters rarely combine, is as ignorant of the world as of the subject. Masters are always and everywhere in a sort of tacit, but constant and uniform, combination not to raise the wages of labor above their actual rate. To violate this combination is everywhere a most unpopular action, and a sort of reproach to a master among his neighbors and equals. We seldom indeed hear of this combination, because it is the usual, and one may say, the natural state of things, which nobody ever hears of. Masters, too, sometimes enter into particular combinations to sink the wages of labor even below this rate. These are always conducted with the utmost silence and secrecy till the moment of execution; and when the workmen yield, as they sometimes do, without resistance, though severely felt by them they are never heard of by other people. Such combinations, however, are frequently resisted by a contrary defensive combination of the workmen; who sometimes, too, without any provocation of this kind, combine of their own accord to raise the price of their labor. Their usual pretenses are, sometimes the high price of provisions, sometimes the great profit which their masters make by their work. But whether their combinations be offensive or defensive, they are always abundantly heard of. In order to bring the point to a speedy decision, they have always recourse to the loudest clamor, and sometimes to the most shocking violence and outrage. They are desperate; and act with the folly and extravagance of desperate men, who must either starve or frighten their masters into an immediate compliance with their demands. The masters upon these occasions are just as clamorous upon the other side; and never cease to call aloud for the assistance of the civil magistrate, and the rigorous execution of those laws which have been enacted with so much severity

<sup>1</sup> Repealed in 1824.

against the combinations of servants, laborers, and journeymen. The workmen, accordingly, very seldom derive any advantage from the violence of those tumultuous combinations, which, partly from the interposition of the civil magistrate, partly from the superior steadiness of the masters, partly from the necessity which the greater part of the workmen are under of submitting, for the sake of present subsistence, generally end in nothing but the punishment or ruin of the ringleaders.

## HOME INDUSTRIES

### OF RESTRAINTS UPON THE IMPORTATION FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES OF SUCH GOODS AS CAN BE PRODUCED AT HOME

From 'The Wealth of Nations'

THE general industry of the society can never exceed what the capital of the society can employ. As the number of workmen that can be kept in employment by any particular person must bear a certain proportion to his capital, so the number of those that can be continually employed by all the members of a great society must bear a certain proportion to the whole capital of that society, and can never exceed that proportion. No regulation of commerce can increase the quantity of industry in any society beyond what its capital can maintain. It can only divert a part of it into a direction into which it might not otherwise have gone; and it is by no means certain that this artificial direction is likely to be more advantageous to the society than that into which it would have gone of its own accord.

Every individual is continually exerting himself to find out the most advantageous employment for whatever capital he can command. It is his own advantage, indeed, and not that of society, which he has in view. But the study of his own advantage, naturally, or rather necessarily, leads him to prefer that employment which is most advantageous to the society.

I. Every individual endeavors to employ his capital as near home as he can, and consequently as much as he can in the support of domestic industry; provided always that he can thereby obtain the ordinary, or not a great deal less than the ordinary, profits of stock.

Thus, upon equal or nearly equal profits, every wholesale merchant naturally prefers the home trade to the foreign trade of consumption, and the foreign trade of consumption to the carrying trade. In the home trade his capital is never so long out of his sight as it frequently is in the foreign trade of consumption. He can know better the character and situation of the person whom he trusts; and if he should happen to be deceived, he knows better the laws of the country from which he must seek redress. In the carrying trade, the capital

of the merchant is, as it were, divided between two foreign countries; and no part of it is ever necessarily brought home, or placed under his own immediate view and command. . . .

II. Every individual who employs his capital in the support of domestic industry, necessarily endeavors so to direct that industry that its produce may be of the greatest possible value.

The produce of industry is what it adds to the subject or materials upon which it is employed. In proportion as the value of this produce is great or small, so will likewise be the profits of the employer. But it is only for the sake of profit that any man employs a capital in the support of industry; and he will always, therefore, endeavor to employ it in the support of that industry of which the produce is likely to be of the greatest value, or to exchange for the greatest quantity either of money or of other goods.

But the annual revenue of every society is always precisely equal to the exchangeable value of the whole annual produce of its industry, or rather is precisely the same thing with that exchangeable value. As every individual, therefore, endeavors as much as he can both to employ his capital in the support of domestic industry, and so to direct that industry that its produce may be of the greatest value, every individual necessarily labors to render the annual revenue of the society as great as he can. He generally, indeed, neither intends to promote the public interest nor knows how much he is promoting it. By preferring the support of domestic to that of foreign industry, he intends only his own security; and by directing that industry in such a manner as its produce may be of the greatest value, he intends only his own gain; and he is in this, as in many other cases, led by an invisible hand to promote an end which was no part of his intention. Nor is it always the worse for the society that it was no part of it. By pursuing his own interest, he frequently promotes that of the society more effectually than when he really intends to promote it. I have never known much good done by those who affected to trade for the public good. It is an affectation, indeed, not very common among merchants, and very few words need be employed in dissuading them from it.

What is the species of domestic industry which his capital can employ, and of which the produce is likely to be of the greatest value, every individual, it is evident, can, in this local situation, judge much better than any statesman or lawgiver can do for him. The statesman who should attempt to direct private people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals, would not only load himself with a most unnecessary attention, but assume an authority which could safely be trusted, not only to no single person, but to no council or senate whatever; and which would nowhere be so dangerous as in the hands of a man who had folly and presumption enough to fancy himself fit to exercise it.

To give the monopoly of the home market to the produce of domestic industry, in any particular art or manufacture, is in some measure to direct private people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals; and must

in almost all cases be either a useless or a hurtful regulation. If the produce of domestic can be brought there as cheap as that of foreign industry, the regulation is evidently useless. If it cannot, it must generally be hurtful. It is the maxim of every prudent master of a family never to attempt to make at home what it will cost him more to make than to buy. The tailor does not attempt to make his own shoes, but buys them of the shoemaker. The shoemaker does not attempt to make his own clothes, but employs a tailor. The farmer attempts to make neither the one nor the other, but employs those different artificers. All of them find it for their interest to employ their whole industry in a way in which they have some advantage over their neighbors; and to purchase with a part of its produce — or what is the same thing, with the price of a part of it — whatever else they have occasion for.

What is prudence in the conduct of every private family can scarce be folly in that of a great kingdom. If a foreign country can supply us with a commodity cheaper than we ourselves can make it, better buy it of them with some part of the produce of our own industry, employed in a way in which we have some advantage. The general industry of the country, being always in proportion to the capital which employs it, will not thereby be diminished, no more than that of the above-mentioned artificers; but only left to find out the way in which it can be employed with the greatest advantage. It is certainly not employed to the greatest advantage when it is thus directed towards an object which it can buy cheaper than it can make. The value of its annual produce is certainly more or less diminished, when it is thus turned away from producing commodities evidently of more value than the commodity which it is directed to produce. According to the supposition, that commodity could be purchased from foreign countries cheaper than it can be made at home. It could therefore have been purchased with a part only of the commodities, or what is the same thing, with a part only of the price of the commodities, which the industry employed by an equal capital would have produced at home had it been left to follow its natural course. The industry of the country, therefore, is thus turned away from a more to a less advantageous employment; and the changeable value of its annual produce, instead of being increased according to the intention of the lawgiver, must necessarily be diminished, by every such regulation.

By means of such regulations, indeed, a particular manufacture may sometimes be acquired sooner than it could have been otherwise, and after a certain time may be made at home as cheap or cheaper than in the foreign country. But though the industry of the society may be thus carried with advantage into a particular channel sooner than it could have been otherwise, it will by no means follow that the sum total, either of its industry or of its revenue, can ever be augmented by any such regulation. The industry of the society can augment only in proportion as its capital augments, and its capital can augment only in proportion to what can be gradually saved out of its revenue. But

the immediate effect of every such regulation is to diminish its revenue; and what diminishes its revenue is certainly not very likely to augment its capital faster than it would have augmented of its own accord, had both their capital and their industry been left to find out their natural employments.

Though for want of such regulations the society should never acquire the proposed manufacture, it would not upon that account necessarily be the poorer in any one period of its duration. In every period of its duration its whole capital and industry might still have been employed, though upon different objects, in the manner that was most advantageous at the time. In every period its revenue might have been the greatest which its capital could afford; and both capital and revenue might have been augmented with the greatest possible rapidity.

The natural advantages which one country has over another in producing particular commodities are sometimes so great that it is acknowledged by all the world to be in vain to struggle with them. By means of glasses, hotbeds, and hot-walls, very good grapes can be raised in Scotland, and very good wine too can be made of them, at about thirty times the expense for which at least equally good can be brought from foreign countries. Would it be a reasonable law to prohibit the importation of all foreign wines merely to encourage the making of claret and Burgundy in Scotland? But if there would be a manifest absurdity in turning towards any employment thirty times more of the capital and industry of the country than would be necessary to purchase from foreign countries an equal quantity of the commodities wanted, there must be an absurdity, though not altogether so glaring, yet exactly of the same kind, in turning towards any such employment a thirtieth, or even a three-hundredth part more of either. Whether the advantages which one country has over another be natural or acquired is in this respect of no consequence. As long as the one country has those advantages and the other wants them, it will always be more advantageous for the latter rather to buy of the former than to make. It is an acquired advantage only which one artificer has over his neighbor who exercises another trade; and yet they both find it more advantageous to buy of one another than to make what does not belong to their particular trades.

## ARTHUR YOUNG

IN 1787, an English country gentleman — “a Suffolk farmer,” he calls himself — visited France with quite other purposes than those of ordinary tourists. He wished to study the country from an agricultural point of view; to examine the land and methods of cultivation in different parts, and by comparing them with those at home, to obtain valuable suggestions. Comparatively poor himself, he wished to fill “the humble office of venturing hints to those whose situation allows more active exertions.” During his first trip, and a second one taken in 1788, he explored western France. In 1789–90 he examined the eastern and southern portions of the country. The record of his observations, published in successive parts, and later united under the same title of ‘*Travels in France*,’ proved a unique book of permanent value.

His handsome person and genial ingratiating manners won the French to unreserve and friendliness. He talked with peasants and tradespeople. He visited in the chateaus of the nobility. Just as the Revolution was breaking out in France, when the old régime was on the point of extinction, this clear-sighted foreigner took careful copious notes of the state in which he found land and people.

Although appreciating the seriousness of what was taking place in the country, he evidently had no premonition of its historical significance. His view of the present was unbiased by anticipation of the future. The resulting simplicity of statement is what renders him authoritative.

He was a simple truth-seeker, and absolutely impartial. He was not dazzled by the magnificence of Versailles, or in the least disposed to accept conventional statements; but judged everything with his own eyes and ears. Although deeply interested in the great governmental issues of the time, they were not his vital concern. It was “inconvenient” to travel while the country was so “unsettled,” while a mob might murder one on a moment’s mad suspicion, and while chateaus were being fired and their inhabitants cruelly expelled. But the English traveler merely assumed the tricolor and went serenely on his way, noting the distribution of population, the stupid ignorance of the peasants about events at Paris, and the hard domination of the nobles, which resulted in the mismanagement of land. His style was terse and graphic; and his practical point of view gave authoritative value to a work, the like of which had never before been attempted. His book soon became popular in French translation. French landowners profited by his demonstration of their errors, and adopted his theories upon their estates. Under the Directory his selected works were translated into French by order

of the government, with the title 'Le Cultivateur Anglais.' Taine and other historians gladly availed themselves of this fund of accurate information. The 'Travels' became known throughout Europe; and Young received invitations to visit various courts, and to become a member of prominent agricultural societies.

When Arthur Young went to France, at the solicitation of his French friend the Duke de la Rochefoucauld de Liancourt, he was a man of forty-six, and had already a European reputation as an agriculturist. But before arriving at this brilliant success, he had known many years of failure and discouragement. This revolutionizer of agricultural methods learned the lessons he taught others, through a series of personal disappointments. He was the inevitable martyr in the promulgation of new ideas. He could show others how to gain money at farming, although nearly always impoverished when he tried it himself.

Arthur Young, who was born in London, September 11, 1741, lived most of his life at Bradfield Hall in Suffolk. His father, the rector of Bradfield, a prebendary of Canterbury Cathedral, and the chaplain of Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons, wished his son to go to a university, and become a clergyman like himself. This Arthur Young's mother strongly opposed; and when he had finished his school days at Lavenham, he was at her desire placed with a wine merchant at Lynn. Business was distasteful to him, and he soon forsook it. He passed several years rather aimlessly, and then drifted into farming; chiefly because his mother had a farm which she wished to turn over to his care, and because he did not know what else to do. He soon found he was losing money, and after some three thousand experiments in cultivation he changed to a larger farm in Essex; there too he was unfortunate, and after five years was glad to pay a more practical farmer £100 to take it off his hands. He had not lost interest in spite of his failures, and the latter had taught him practical insight. He decided to travel about the country in search of land which could be profitably cultivated; and he thus gained a wide knowledge of prevailing conditions, which he published in a number of successful volumes. A hater of slavery, a Free-Trader, an idolatrous admirer of Rousseau, he studied all questions from a philosophic as well as utilitarian point of view. The 'Farmer's Tour through the East of England,' the 'Tour in Ireland,' 'A Six-Weeks' Tour through the Southern Counties of England and Wales,' 'A Six-Months' Tour through the North of England,' were valuable expositions, full of wise suggestions. They embraced also questions of population and political economy. These, with many essays upon kindred subjects contributed to agricultural journals, made his theory more profitable to him than his practice. In Ireland he met Lord Kingsborough; who, strongly attracted by his scientific views, intrusted him with the management of his great estate, in which he was brilliantly successful.

In 1784 he inaugurated 'The Annals of Agriculture,' a monumental work in forty-five quarto volumes, of which he was editor, and for which he wrote many papers. Many learned men were among its contributors, and George III is said to have written for it over the name of Ralph Robinson. The 'Annals' definitely established his reputation. Bradfield Hall, which belonged to him after the death of his mother in 1785, became a kind of academy of agriculture. Among those who came to study farming under his direction were the nephew of the Polish ambassador, and three young Russians sent by the Empress Catherine. Many English and foreign friends of note visited him; and particularly, after the appearance of the 'Travels,' he received and corresponded with many brilliant statesmen — with Washington, Pitt, Burke, Lafayette, and others.

A few years after Arthur Young's return from his last French journey, the Board of Agriculture was established by act of Parliament. Such a board had long been one of his favorite projects; and he was fittingly made its secretary, with a salary of £600.

Fanny Burney's vivacious pen has given a vivid impression of Arthur Young's delightful personality. At the age of twenty-four he married her stepmother's sister, Miss Martha Allen — not an amiable lady, from all accounts — with whom he was not happy. Probably he was glad to escape home friction in the society of the gay and congenial Burneys. Miss Burney describes him as witty and handsome, and fond of fine clothes. Sometimes he is in the depths of depression over his unlucky speculations; but he soon throws off care, and is hopefully ready for a new experiment.

When about sixty-six he became totally blind; in spite of which calamity he continued busy, and intelligently interested in public events, until his death in London, April 20, 1820.

## PRE-REVOLUTIONARY FRANCE

### From 'Travels in France'

TO the Benedictine abbey of St. Germain, to see pillars of African marble, etc. It is the richest abbey in France: the abbot has 300,000 liv. a year (£13,125). I lost my patience at such revenues being thus bestowed: consistent with the spirit of the tenth century, but not with that of the eighteenth. What a noble farm would the fourth of this income establish! what turnips, what cabbages, what potatoes, what clover, what sheep, what wool! Are not these things better than a fat ecclesiastic? If an active English farmer was mounted behind this abbot, I think he would do more good to France with half the income than half the abbots of the

kingdom with the whole of theirs. Pass the Bastile: another pleasant object to make agreeable emotions vibrate in a man's bosom. I search for good farmers, and run my head at every turn against monks and State prisoners.

In the evening to M. Lomond, a very ingenious and inventive mechanic, who has made an improvement of the jenny for spinning cotton. Common machines are said to make too hard a thread for certain fabrics, but this forms it loose and spongy. In electricity he has made a remarkable discovery: you write two or three words on a paper; he takes it with him into a room, and turns a machine inclosed in a cylindrical case, at the top of which is an electrometer, a small fine pith-ball; a wire connects with a similar cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment; and his wife, by remarking the corresponding motions of the ball, writes down the words they indicate: from which it appears he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect, a correspondence might be carried on at any distance: within and without a besieged town, for instance; or for a purpose much more worthy, and a thousand times more harmless — between two lovers prohibited or prevented from any better connection. Whatever the use may be, the invention is beautiful. M. Lomond has many other curious machines, all the entire work of his own hands: mechanical invention seems to be in him a natural propensity. . . .

To Montauban. The poor people seem poor indeed; the children terribly ragged, if possible worse clad than if with no clothes at all; as to shoes and stockings, they are luxuries. A beautiful girl of six or seven years playing with a stick, and smiling under such a bundle of rags as made my heart ache to see her: they did not beg, and when I gave them anything seemed more surprised than obliged. One third of what I have seen of this province seems uncultivated, and nearly all of it in misery. What have kings, and ministers, and parliaments, and states, to answer for their prejudices, seeing millions of hands that would be industrious, idle and starving through the execrable maxims of despotism, or the equally detestable prejudices of a feudal nobility! Sleep at the *Lion d'Or*, at Montauban, an abominable hole. — 20 miles.

The same inclosed country to Brooms; but near that town, improves to the eye, from being more hilly. At the little town of Lamballe, there are above fifty families of noblesse that live in winter, who reside on their estates in the summer. There is probably as much foppery and nonsense in their circles, and for what I know as much happiness, as in those of Paris. Both would be better employed in cultivating their lands, and rendering the poor industrious. — 30 miles.

Walking up a long hill, to ease my mare, I was joined by a poor woman, who complained of the times, and that it was a sad country: demanding her reasons, she said her husband had but a morsel of land, one cow, and a poor little horse; yet they had a *franchar* (42 lb.) of wheat, and three

chickens, to pay as a quit-rent to one Seigneur; and four *franchar* of oats, one chicken and 1 f. to pay to another, besides very heavy *tailles* and other taxes. She had seven children, and the cow's milk helped to make the soup. But why, instead of a horse, do not you keep another cow? Oh, her husband could not carry his produce so well without a horse; and asses are little used in the country. It was said, at present, that *something was to be done by some great folks for such poor ones, but she did not know who nor how*, but God send us better, *car les tailles et les droits nous écrasent* [we are oppressed by seigneurial taxes and dues]. — This woman, at no great distance, might have been taken for sixty or seventy, her figure was so bent, and her face so furrowed and hardened by labor — but she said she was only twenty-eight. An Englishman who has not traveled, cannot imagine the figure made by infinitely the great part of the countrywomen in France: it speaks, at the first sight, hard and severe labor; I am inclined to think that they work harder than the men, and this, united with the more miserable labor of bringing a new race of slaves into the world, destroys absolutely all symmetry of person and every feminine appearance. To what are we to attribute this difference in the manners of the lower people in the two kingdoms? TO GOVERNMENT. . . .

For twenty miles to Lisle sur Daube, the country nearly as before; but after that, to Baume les Dames, it is all mountainous and rock, much wood, and many pleasing scenes of the river flowing beneath. The whole country is in the greatest agitation; at one of the little towns I passed, I was questioned for not having a cockade of the *tiers état*. They said it was ordained by the *tiers*; and if I was not a seigneur, I ought to obey. *But suppose I am a seigneur, what then, my friends?* What then? they replied sternly: why, be hanged; for that most likely is what you deserve. It was plain this was no moment for joking; the boys and girls began to gather, whose assembling has everywhere been the preliminaries of mischief; and if I had not declared myself an Englishman, and ignorant of the ordinance, I had not escaped very well. I immediately bought a cockade; but the hussy pinned it into my hat so loosely that before I got to Lisle it blew into the river, and I was again in the same danger. My assertion of being English would not do. I was a seigneur, perhaps in disguise, and without a doubt a great rogue. At this moment a priest came into the street with a letter in his hand: the people immediately collected around him, and he then read aloud a detail from Belfort, giving an account of M. Necker's passing, with some general features of news from Paris, and assurances that the condition of the people would be improved. When he had finished, he exhorted them to abstain from all violence: and assured them they must not indulge themselves with any ideas of impositions being abolished; which he touched on as if he knew that they had got such notions. When he retired, they again surrounded me, who had attended to the letter like others; were very menacing in their manner;

and expressed many suspicions: I did not like my situation at all, especially on hearing one of them say that I ought to be secured till somebody would give an account of me. I was on the steps of the inn, and begged they would permit me a few words; I assured them that I was an English traveler, and to prove it, I desired to explain to them a circumstance in English taxation, which would be a satisfactory comment on what M. l'Abbé had told them, to the purport of which I could not agree. He had asserted that the impositions must be paid as heretofore: that the impositions must be paid was certain, but not as heretofore, as they might be paid as they were in England. Gentlemen, we have a great number of taxes in England, which you know nothing of in France; but the *tiers état*, the poor, do not pay them, they are laid on the rich: every window in a man's house pays, but if he has no more than six windows he pays nothing; a seigneur with a great estate pays the *vingtièmes* and *tailles*, but the little proprietor of a garden pays nothing; the rich for their horses, their voitures, and their servants, and even for the liberty to kill their own partridges, but the poor farmer nothing of all this; and what is more, we have in England a tax paid by the rich for the relief of the poor: hence the assertion of M. l'Abbé, that because taxes existed before, they must exist again, did not at all prove that they must be levied in the same manner; our English method seemed much better. There was not a word of this discourse they did not approve of; they seemed to think that I might be an honest fellow, which I confirmed by crying, *vive le tiers, sans impositions*, when they gave me a bit of a huzza, and I had no more interruption from them. My miserable French was pretty much on a par with their own *patois*. I got however another cockade, which I took care to have so fastened as to lose it no more. I did not half like traveling in such an unquiet and fermenting moment: one is not secure for an hour beforehand. — 35 miles.

To Besançon: the country, mountain, rock, and wood, above the river; some scenes are fine. I had not arrived an hour before I saw a peasant pass the inn on horseback, followed by an officer of the *guard bourgeois*, of which there are 1200 here and 200 under arms, and his party-colored attachment, and these by some infantry and cavalry. I asked why the militia took the *pas* of the King's troops? *For a very good reason*, they replied: *the troops would be attacked and knocked on the head, but the populace will not resist the milice*. This peasant, who is a rich proprietor, applied for a guard to protect his house, in a village where there is much plundering and burning. The mischiefs which have been perpetrated in the country, towards the mountains and Vesoul, are numerous and shocking. Many châteaux have been burnt, others plundered, the seigneurs hunted down like wild beasts, their wives and daughters ravished, their papers and titles burnt, and all their property destroyed: and these abominations not inflicted on marked persons, who were odious for their former conduct or principles, but an indiscriminating blind

rage for the love of plunder. Robbers, galley-slaves, and villains of all denominations, have collected and instigated the peasants to commit all sorts of outrages. Some gentlemen at the table d'hôte informed me that letters were received from the Maconois, the Lyonois, Auvergne, Dauphiné, etc., and that similar commotions and mischiefs were perpetrating everywhere; and that it was expected they would pervade the whole kingdom. The backwardness of France is beyond credibility in everything that pertains to intelligence. From Strasbourg hither, I have not been able to see a newspaper. Here I asked for the Cabinet Littéraire? None. The gazettes? At the coffee-house. Very easily replied; but not so easily found. Nothing but the Gazette de France; for which, at this period, a man of common-sense would not give one sol. To four other coffee-houses: at some no paper at all, not even the Mercure; at the Café Militaire, the Courier de l'Europe a fortnight old; and well-dressed people are now talking of the news of two or three weeks past, and plainly by their discourse know nothing of what is passing. The whole town of Besançon has not been able to afford me a sight of the Journal de Paris, nor of any paper that gives a detail of the transactions of the States; yet it is the capital of a province large as half a dozen English counties, and containing [*i.e.*, the town] 25,000 souls—with, strange to say! the post coming in but three times a week. At this eventful moment, with no license, nor even the least restraint on the press, not one paper established at Paris for circulation in the provinces, with the necessary steps taken by *affiche*, or placard, to inform the people in all the towns of its establishment. For what the country knows to the contrary, their deputies are in the Bastille, instead of the Bastille being razed; so the mob plunder, burn, and destroy, in complete ignorance: and yet with all these shades of darkness, these clouds of tenebrity, this universal mass of ignorance, there are men every day in the States who are puffing themselves off for the FIRST NATION IN EUROPE! the GREATEST PEOPLE IN THE UNIVERSE! as if the political juntas, or literary circles of a capital, constituted a people; instead of the universal illumination of knowledge, acting by rapid intelligence on minds prepared by habitual energy of reasoning to receive, combine, and comprehend it. That this dreadful ignorance of the mass of the people, of the events that most intimately concern them, is owing to the old government, no one can doubt; it is however curious to remark, that if the nobility of other provinces are hunted like those of Franche Comté, of which there is little reason to doubt, that whole order of men undergo a proscription, suffer like sheep, without making the least effort to resist the attack. This appears marvelous, with a body that have an army of 150,000 men in their hands; for though a part of those troops would certainly disobey their leaders, yet let it be remembered that out of the 40,000 or possibly 100,000 noblesse of France, they might, if they had intelligence and union amongst themselves, fill half the ranks of more than half the regiments of the kingdom with

men who have fellow-feelings and fellow-sufferings with themselves: but no meetings, no associations among them; no union with military men; no taking refuge in the ranks of regiments to defend or avenge their cause: fortunately for France they fall without a struggle, and die without a blow. That universal circulation of intelligence which in England transmits the least vibration of feeling or alarm, with electric sensibility, from one end of the kingdom to another, and which unites in bands of connection men of similar interests and situations, has no existence in France. Thus it may be said, perhaps with truth, that the fall of the king, court, lords, nobles, army, church, and parliaments, is owing to a want of intelligence being quickly circulated, consequently is owing to the very effects of that thralldom in which they held the people: it is therefore a retribution rather than a punishment.

## WILLIAM COWPER

THE poet Cowper, who stands in the gap that separates Pope from Wordsworth, belongs to the group that includes Thomson, Young, Goldsmith, and Crabbe. If he is unimportant today in comparison with his importance to his own time, yet his service to English poetry is great, for he dispersed the artificial atmosphere which Pope had thrown around it. His moods and his keys were alike limited, and he was soon overshadowed by Wordsworth. Cowper saw Nature; Wordsworth saw into Nature, and touched chords undreamed of by the gentle poet of rural scenes and fire-side pleasures. Cowper's simplicity of diction was in his day almost daring; and he broke away from all the sentimental Arcadian figures with which Thomson's landscapes were peopled. Therefore his value lies in the note of sincerity that he sounded. Singularly enough, he has been admired by French critics. He has been compared to Rousseau, and Sainte-Beuve calls him "the bard of domestic life." His fame as a serious poet rests chiefly on 'The Task,' which Hazlitt calls "a poem which, with its pictures of domestic comfort and social refinement, can hardly be forgotten but with the language itself."

His life is briefly told. He was born at Berkhamstead, England, November 26, 1731. Through his mother he was descended from the family of the poet John Donne. She died when he was but six years of age, and he was sent to school in Hertfordshire and to Westminster. For three years he studied law at the Temple, but although called to the bar in 1754, he never practised. As a young man he had an attack of madness, attempted suicide, and was confined at St. Albans for two years. When released he retired to Huntington, where he formed a friendship with the Unwins. On the death of Rev. William Unwin, he and Mrs. Unwin removed to Olney, where most of Cowper's poems were written, and afterward to Weston, where Mrs. Unwin died in 1796. Cowper survived her four years, dying April 25, 1800.

At Olney, Cowper lived in seclusion, amusing himself with his garden and greenhouse, raising pineapples, mending windows, writing, reading, and playing with his pets. The chief of them were his three hares, Puss, Tiny, and Bess, which formed the topic of an essay in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June 1784. It is this simple parlor at Olney which Cowper describes in 'The Task,' where he says: —

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,

And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn  
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups  
 That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,  
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

In this retreat from the haunts of the worldly, whom he deemed so trivial and sinful, the poet found happiness in watching the flickering fire and listening to the wild blasts of winter that swept the panes with swirling snow. Here he sat in his easy-chair, while the dog dozed at his feet, the hares gamboled, and the linnets twittered until silenced by a quaint bit of music on the harpsichord. Cowper would twine "silken thread round ivory reels," wind crewels, or read aloud to his two devoted companions as they knitted, or

the well-depicted flower  
 Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn.

The one, Mrs. Unwin, was somewhat prim and puritanical; the other, Lady Austen, a handsome woman of the world, was gay and vivacious, and banished Cowper's dark moods by her grace and charm. To dispel his morbid fancies she told him the old story of the London citizen riding to Edmonton, which, says Hazlitt, "has perhaps given as much pleasure to as many people as anything of the same length that ever was written."

"Lady Austen," says his biographer Wright, "seeing his face brighten, and delighted with her success, wound up the story with all the skill at her command. Cowper could no longer control himself, but burst out into a loud and hearty peal of laughter. The ladies joined in his mirth, and the merriment had scarcely subsided by supper-time. The story made such an impression on his mind that at night he could not sleep; and his thoughts having taken the form of rhyme, he sprang from his bed and committed them to paper, and in the morning brought down to Mrs. Unwin the crude outline of 'John Gilpin.' All that day and for several days he secluded himself in the greenhouse, and went on with the task of polishing and improving what he had written. As he filled his slips of paper, he sent them across the market-place to Mr. Wilson, to the great delight and merriment of that jocular barber, who on several other occasions had been favored with the first sight of some of Cowper's smaller poems."

The portrait of John Gilpin was taken from John Beyer, a linen-draper who lived at No. 3 Cheapside. 'John Gilpin' was published anonymously in the Public Advertiser, and was received with enthusiasm. Printed as a ballad, copies of it, with pictures of John Gilpin flying past the "Bell" at Edmonton, were sold by hundreds; but Cowper did not acknowledge the poem until 1785, when he brought out 'The Task.'

This was also suggested by Lady Austen, who asked him to write something in blank verse. Cowper replied that he lacked a subject. "Subject —

nonsense!" she said: "you can write on anything. Take this sofa for a subject." Following her command, the poet gave the name of 'The Sofa' to the first book of 'The Task.' She suggested also the verses on 'The Loss of the Royal George.'

At Weston Cowper appears to have enjoyed the society of the county-side. His companions here were Puss, the last surviving hare, and the spaniel Beau, "a spotted liver-color and white, or rather a chestnut" dog, the subject of several poems.

Cowper never married. His attachment to Theodora — the "Delia" of his verses — the daughter of his uncle, Ashley Cowper, lasted through his life, and her sister, Lady Hesketh, was one of his kindest and best friends. It was she who made for him those peculiar muslin caps which he wears in his portraits. Many short poems addressed to her attest his affection and gratitude for her friendship and ministrations, and to Mrs. Unwin belong the verses and the sonnet inscribed 'To Mary.'

Goldwin Smith sums up Cowper's peculiar attitude to life in these words: —

"In all his social judgments Cowper is at a wrong point of view. He is always deluded by the idol of his cave. He writes perpetually on the two-fold assumption that a life of retirement is more favorable to virtue than a life of action, and that 'God made the country and man made the town.' . . . His flight from the world was rendered necessary by his malady and respectable by his literary work; but it was a flight and not a victory. His misconception was fostered and partly produced by a religion which was essentially ascetic, and which, while it gave birth to characters of the highest and most energetic beneficence, represented salvation too little as the reward of effort, too much as the reward of passion, belief, and of spiritual emotion."

Yet despite this gloom, Cowper possessed the humor which finds admirable expression in many small poems, in 'John Gilpin,' and in his 'Letters.' These are the real mirror of his life. Southey considers his letters the most delightful in the language. They contain nothing but the details of his daily life, and such happenings as the flowering of pinks, the singing of birds in the apple-blossoms, the falling of the dew on the grass under his window, the pranks of his pets, the tricks of the spaniel Beau, the frolics of the tortoise-shell kitten, the flight of his favorite hare, and the excitements of a morning walk when the once nodding grass is "fledged with icy feathers." Their English is so easy and graceful, and their humor so spontaneous, that the reader feels a sense of friendship with the modest poet of 'The Task,' who, despite his platitudes, wins a certain respectful admiration.

## THE CRICKET

**L**ITTLE inmate, full of mirth,  
 Chirping on my kitchen hearth,  
 Wheresoe'er be thine abode,  
 Always harbinger of good,  
 Pay me for thy warm retreat  
 With a song more soft and sweet;  
 In return thou shalt receive  
 Such a strain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be expressed,  
 Inoffensive, welcome guest!  
 While the rat is on the scout,  
 And the mouse with curious snout,  
 With what vermin else infest  
 Every dish, and spoil the best;  
 Frisking thus before the fire,  
 Thou hast all thine heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be  
 Formed as if akin to thee,  
 Thou surpassest, happier far,  
 Happiest grasshoppers that are;  
 Theirs is but a summer song —  
 Thine endures the winter long,  
 Unimpaired and shrill and clear,  
 Melody throughout the year.

## THE WINTER WALK AT NOON

From 'The Task'

**T**HE night was winter in his roughest mood;  
 The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon  
 Upon the southern side of the slant hills,  
 And where the woods fence off the northern blast,  
 The season smiles, resigning all its rage,  
 And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue  
 Without a cloud, and white without a speck

The dazzling splendor of the scene below.  
 Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;  
 And through the trees I view the embattled tower  
 Whence all the music. I again perceive  
 The soothing influence of the wafted strains,  
 And settle in soft musings as I tread  
 The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,  
 Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.  
 The roof, though movable through all its length,  
 As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed;  
 And intercepting in their silent fall  
 The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.  
 No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.  
 The redbreast warbles still, but is content  
 With slender notes, and more than half suppressed:  
 Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light  
 From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes  
 From many a twig the pendent drops of ice  
 That tinkle in the withered leaves below.  
 Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,  
 Charms more than silence. Meditation here  
 May think down hours to moments. Here the heart  
 May give a useful lesson to the head,  
 And Learning wiser grow without his books.  
 Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,  
 Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells  
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men;  
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.  
 Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,  
 The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,  
 Till smoothed and squared, and fitted to its place,  
 Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.  
 Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;  
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.  
 Books are not seldom talismans and spells,  
 By which the magic art of shrewder wits  
 Holds an unthinking multitude enthralled.  
 Some to the fascination of a name  
 Surrender judgment, hoodwinked. Some the style  
 Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds  
 Of error leads them, by a tune entranced;  
 While sloth seduces them, too weak to bear  
 The insupportable fatigue of thought,

And swallowing therefore without pause or choice  
 The total grist unsifted, husks and all.  
 But trees and rivulets, whose rapid course  
 Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,  
 And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,  
 And lanes, in which the primrose ere her time  
 Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn root,  
 Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and truth —  
 Not shy, as in the world, and to be won  
 By slow solicitation — seize at once  
 The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.

## ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

WRITTEN WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED

**T**OLL for the brave —  
     The brave that are no more!  
     All sunk beneath the wave,  
     Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,  
     Whose courage well was tried,  
 Had made the vessel heel,  
     And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,  
     And she was overset —  
 Down went the Royal George,  
     With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!  
     Brave Kempenfelt is gone;  
 His last sea fight is fought,  
     His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;  
     No tempest gave the shock;  
 She sprang no fatal leak;  
     She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;  
 His fingers held the pen,  
 When Kempenfelt went down  
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,  
 Once dreaded by our foes!  
 And mingle with our cup  
 The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,  
 And she may float again,  
 Full charged with England's thunder,  
 And plow the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone —  
 His victories are o'er;  
 And he and his eight hundred  
 Shall plow the waves no more.

IMAGINARY VERSES OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK  
 DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE ON JUAN FERNANDEZ

I AM monarch of all I survey —  
 My right there is none to dispute;  
 From the center all round to the sea,  
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.  
 O Solitude! where are the charms  
 That sages have seen in thy face?  
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms  
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach;  
 I must finish my journey alone,  
 Never hear the sweet music of speech —  
 I start at the sound of my own.  
 The beasts that roam over the plain  
 My form with indifference see;  
 They are so unacquainted with man,  
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,  
Divinely bestowed upon man!  
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,  
How soon would I taste you again!  
My sorrows I then might assuage  
In the ways of religion and truth —  
Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! What treasure untold  
Resides in that heavenly word! —  
More precious than silver and gold,  
Or all that this earth can afford;  
But the sound of the church-going bell  
These valleys and rocks never heard,  
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,  
Or smiled when the Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,  
Convey to this desolate shore  
Some cordial endearing report  
Of a land I shall visit no more!  
My friends — do they now and then send  
A wish or a thought after me?  
Oh tell me I yet have a friend,  
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind!  
Compared with the speed of its flight,  
The tempest itself lags behind,  
And the swift-wingèd arrows of light.  
When I think of my own native land,  
In a moment I seem to be there;  
But alas! recollection at hand  
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl has gone to her nest,  
The beast is laid down in his lair;  
Even here is a season of rest,  
And I to my cabin repair.  
There's mercy in every place,  
And mercy — encouraging thought!  
Gives even affliction a grace,  
And reconciles man to his lot.

## THE IMMUTABILITY OF HUMAN NATURE

From a letter to William Unwin (1780)

WHEN we look back upon our forefathers, we seem to look back upon the people of another nation; almost upon creatures of another species. Their vast rambling mansions, spacious halls, and painted casements, the Gothic porch smothered with honeysuckles, their little gardens and high walls, their box-edgings, balls of holly, and yew-tree statues, are become so entirely unfashionable now, that we can hardly believe it possible that a people who resemble us so little in their taste should resemble us in anything else. But in everything else, I suppose, they were our counterparts exactly; and time, that has sewed up a slashed sleeve and reduced the large trunk-hose to a neat pair of silk stockings, has left human nature just where it found it.

The inside of the man at least has undergone no change. His passions, appetites, and airs are just what they ever were. They wear perhaps a handsomer disguise than they did in the days of yore, for philosophy and literature will have their effect upon the exterior; but in every other respect a modern is only an ancient in a different dress.

## FROM A LETTER TO REV. JOHN NEWTON

OLNEY, November 30, 1783

*My dear Friend:—*

I HAVE neither long visits to pay nor to receive, nor ladies to spend hours in telling me that which might be told in five minutes; yet often find myself obliged to be an economist of time, and to make the most of a short opportunity. Let our station be as retired as it may, there is no want of playthings and avocations, nor much need to seek them, in this world of ours. Business, or what presents itself to us under that imposing character, will find us out even in the stillest retreat, and plead its importance, however trivial in reality, as a just demand upon our attention. It is wonderful how by means of such real or seeming necessities my time is stolen away. I have just time to observe that time is short, and by the time I have made the observation, time is gone.

I have wondered in former days at the patience of the antediluvian world, that they could endure a life almost millenary, and with so little variety as seems to have fallen to their share. It is probable that they had much fewer

employments than we. Their affairs lay in a narrower compass; their libraries were indifferently furnished; philosophical researches were carried on with much less industry and acuteness of penetration, and fiddles perhaps were not even invented. How then could seven or eight hundred years of life be supported? I have asked this question formerly, and been at a loss to resolve it; but I think I can answer it now. I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goat's milk and a dozen good sizable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow, and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stripped off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase, and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots; I wash them; boil them; I find them not done enough, I boil them again; my wife is angry; we dispute; we settle the point; but in the mean time the fire goes out, and must be kindled again. All this is very amusing.

I hunt; I bring home the prey; with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one. By this time the day is far spent; I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus, what with tilling the ground and eating the fruit of it, hunting, and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primeval world so much occupied as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find, at the end of many centuries, that they had all slipped through his fingers and were passing away like a shadow. What wonder then that I, who live in a day of so much greater refinement, when there is so much more to be wanted and wished, and to be enjoyed, should feel myself now and then pinched in point of opportunity, and at some loss for leisure to fill four sides of a sheet like this.

## EDMUND BURKE

EDMUND BURKE, born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1729, was the son of a successful attorney, who gave him as good an education as the times and the country afforded. He went to school to an excellent Quaker, and graduated at Trinity College in 1748. He appears to have then gone to London in 1750 to "keep terms," as it was called, at the Middle Temple, with the view of being admitted to the bar, in obedience to his father's desire and ambition. But the desultory habit of mind, the preference for literature and philosophical speculation to connected study, which had marked his career in college, followed him and prevented any serious application to the law. His father's patience was after a while exhausted, and he withdrew Burke's allowance and left him to his own resources.

This was in 1755; in 1756 Burke married, and made his first appearance in the literary world by the publication of two works, one a treatise on the 'Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful,' and the other a 'Vindication of Natural Society,' a satire on Bolingbroke. About Burke's life during these years from 1750 to 1759 little is known. Stray allusions and anecdotes about other men in the diaries and correspondence of the time show that he frequented the literary coffee-houses, and was gradually making an impression on the authors and wits whom he met there. Besides the two books we have mentioned, he produced some smaller things, such as an 'Essay on the Drama,' and part of an 'Abridgment of the History of England.' But although these helped to secure him admission to the literary set, they did not raise him out of the rank of obscure literary adventurers, who from the Revolution of 1688, and especially after the union with Scotland, began to swarm to London from all parts of the three kingdoms. The first recognition of him as a serious writer was his employment by Dodsley the bookseller, at a salary of £100 a year, to edit the Annual Register, which Dodsley founded in 1759. Considered as a biographical episode, this may fairly be treated as a business man's certificate that Burke was industrious and accurate. As his income from his father was withdrawn or reduced in 1755, there remain four years during which his way of supporting himself is unknown. His published works were certainly not "pot-boilers." He was probably to some extent dependent on his wife's father, Dr. Nugent, an Irish physician who, when Burke made his acquaintance, lived in Bath, but after his daughter's marriage settled in London, and seems to have frequented and have been acceptable in the same coffee-houses as Burke,

and for the same reasons. But Burke was not a man to remain long dependent on any one. These nine years were evidently not spent fruitlessly. They had made him known and brought him to the threshold of public life.

In 1759, political discussion as we understand it—that is, those explorations of the foundations of political society and analyses of social relations which now form our daily intellectual food—was hardly known. The interest in religion as the chief human concern was rapidly declining. The interest in human society as an organism to be studied, and if need be, taken to pieces and put together again, was only just beginning. Montesquieu's masterly work, '*The Spirit of Laws*,' which demanded for expediency and convenience in legislation the place which modern Europe had long assigned to authority, had only appeared in 1748. Swift's satires had made serious breaches in the wall of convention by which the State, in spite of the convulsions of the seventeenth century, was still surrounded. But the writer whose speculations excited most attention in England was Bolingbroke, the charm of whose style and the variety of whose interests made him the chief intellectual topic of the London world in Burke's early youth. To write like Bolingbroke was a legitimate ambition for a young man. It is not surprising that Burke felt it, and that his earliest political effort was a satire on Bolingbroke which attracted the attention of a politician, Gerard Hamilton. He quickly picked up Burke as his secretary, treated him badly, and was abandoned by him in disgust at the end of six years.

The peculiar condition of the English governmental machine made possible for men of Burke's kind at this period what would not be possible now. The population had vanished from a good many old boroughs, although their representation in Parliament remained, and the selection of the members fell to the lords of the soil. About one hundred and fifty members of the House of Commons were in this way chosen by great landed proprietors, and it is to be said to their credit that they used their power freely to introduce unknown young men of talent into public life. Moreover in many cases, if not in most, small boroughs, however well peopled, were expected to elect the proprietor's nominee. Burke after leaving Hamilton's service was for a short time private secretary to Lord Rockingham, when the latter succeeded Grenville in the Ministry in 1765; but when he went out, Burke obtained a seat in Parliament in 1766 in the manner we have described, for the borough of Wendover, from Lord Verney, who owned it. He made his first successful speech the same year, and was complimented by Pitt. He was already recognized as a man of enormous information, as anyone who edited the *Annual Register* had to be.

A man of such powers and tastes in that day naturally became a pamphleteer. Outside of Parliament there was no other mode of discussing public affairs. The periodical press for purposes of discussion did not exist. During

and after the Great Rebellion, the pamphlet had made its appearance as the chief instrument of controversy. Defoe used it freely after the Restoration. Swift made a great hit with it, and probably achieved the first sensational sale with his pamphlet on 'The Conduct of the Allies.' Bolingbroke's 'Patriot King' was a work of the same class. As a rule the pamphlet exposed or refuted somebody, even if it also freely expounded. It was inevitable that Burke should early begin to wield this most powerful of existing weapons. His antagonist was ready for him in the person of George Grenville, the minister who had made way for Burke's friend and patron, Lord Rockingham. Grenville showed, as easily as any party newspaper in our own day, that Rockingham and his friends had ruined the country by mismanagement of the war and of the finances. Burke refuted him with a mastery of facts and figures, and a familiarity with the operations of trade and commerce, and a power of exposition and illustration, and a comprehension of the fundamental conditions of national economy, which at once made him famous and a necessary man for the Whigs in the great struggle with the Crown on which they were entering.

The nature of this struggle cannot be better described in brief space than by saying that the king, from his accession to the throne down to the close of the American War, was engaged in a persistent effort to govern through ministers chosen and dismissed, like the former German ministers, by himself; while the subservience of Parliament was secured by the profuse use of pensions and places. To this attempt, and all the abuses which inevitably grew out of it, the Whigs with Burke as their intellectual head offered a determined resistance, and the conflict was one extraordinarily well calculated to bring his peculiar powers into play.

The leading events in this long struggle were the attempt of the House of Commons to disqualify Wilkes for a seat in the House, to punish reporting their debates as a breach of privilege, and the prosecution of the war against the American colonies. It may be said to have begun at the accession of the king, and to have lasted until the resignation of Lord North after the surrender of Cornwallis, or from 1770 to 1783.

Burke's contributions to it were his pamphlet, 'Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents,' and several speeches in Parliament: the first, like the pamphlet, on the general situation, and others on minor incidents in the struggle. This pamphlet has not only survived the controversy, but has become one of the most famous papers in the political literature of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is many years since every conspicuous figure in the drama passed away and since every trace of the controversy disappeared from English political life; most if not all of the principles for which Burke contended have become commonplaces of English constitutional practice; the discontents of that day have vanished as completely as those of 1630: but Burke's pamphlet still holds a high place in every course of English literature,

and is still read and pondered by every student of constitutional history and by every speculator on government and political morals.

In 1774 Parliament was dissolved for the second time since Burke entered it; and there a misfortune overtook him which illustrated in a striking way the practical working of the British Constitution at that period. Lord Verney, to whom he had owed his seat for the borough of Wendover at two elections, had fallen into pecuniary embarrassment and could no longer return him, because compelled to sell his four boroughs. This left Burke high and dry, and he was beginning to tremble for his political future, when he was returned for the great commercial city of Bristol by a popular constituency. The six years during which he sat for Bristol were the most splendid portion of his career. Other portions perhaps contributed as much if not more to his literary or oratorical reputation; but this brought out in very bold relief the great traits of character which will always endear his memory to the lovers of national liberty, and place him high among the framers of great political ideals. In the first place, he propounded boldly to the Bristol electors the theory that he was to be their representative but not their delegate; that his parliamentary action must be governed by his own reason and not by their wishes. In the next, he resolutely sacrificed his seat by opposing his constituents in supporting the removal of the restrictions on Irish trade, of which English merchants reaped the benefit. He would not be a party to what he considered the oppression of his native country, no matter what might be the effect on his political prospects; and in 1780 he was not re-elected.

But the greatest achievement of this period of his history was his share in the controversy over the American War, which was really not more a conflict with the colonies over taxation, than a resolute and obstinate carrying out of the king's principles of government. The colonies were, for the time being, simply resisting pretensions to which the kingdom at home submitted. Burke's speeches on 'American Taxation' (1774), on 'Conciliation with America' (1775), and his 'Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol' (1777) on the same subject, taken as a sequel to the 'Thoughts on the Present Discontents,' form a body of literature which it is not too much to pronounce not only a history of the dispute with the colonies, but a veritable political manual. He does not confine himself to a minute description of the arguments used in supporting the attempt to coerce America; he furnishes as he goes along principles of legislation applicable almost to any condition of society; illustrations which light up as by a single flash problems of apparently inscrutable darkness; explanations of great political failures; and receipts innumerable for political happiness and success. A single sentence often disposes of half a dozen fallacies firmly imbedded in governmental tradition. His own description of the rhetorical art of Charles Townshend was eminently applicable to himself: — "He knew, better by far than any man I

ever was acquainted with, how to bring together within a short time all that was necessary to establish, to illustrate, and to decorate that side of the question which he supported."

This observation suggests the great advantage he derives as a political instructor from the facts that all his political speeches and writings are polemical. The difficulty of keeping exposition from being dry is familiar to everybody who has ever sought to communicate knowledge on any subject. But Burke in every one of his political theses had an antagonist, who was literally as he says himself, a helper: who did the work of an opposing counsel at the bar, in bringing out into prominence all the weak points of Burke's case and all the strong ones of his own; who set in array all the fallacies to be exposed, all the idols to be overthrown, all the doubts to be cleared up. Moreover he was not, like the man who usually figures in controversial dialogues, a sham opponent, but a creature of flesh and blood like Grenville, or the Sheriffs of Bristol, or the king's friends, or the Irish Protestant party, who met Burke with an ardor not inferior to his own. We consequently have, in all his papers and speeches, the very best of which he was capable in thought and expression, for he had not only to watch the city but to meet the enemy in the gate.

After the close of the American War, the remainder of Burke's career was filled with two great subjects, to which he devoted himself with an ardor which occasionally degenerated into fanaticism. One was the government of India by the East India Company, and the other was the French Revolution. Although the East India Company had been long in existence, and had towards the middle of the eighteenth century been rapidly extending its power and influence, comparatively little had been known by the English public of the nature of its operations. Attention had been drawn away from it by the events in America and the long contest with the king in England. By the close of the American War, however, the "Nabobs," as they were called — or returned English adventurers — began to make a deep impression on English society by the apparent size of their fortunes and the lavishness of their expenditure. Burke calculated that in his time they had brought home about \$200,000,000, with which they bought estates and seats in Parliament and became a very conspicuous element in English public and private life. At the same time, information as to the mode in which their money was made and their government carried on was scanty and hard to acquire. The press had no foreign correspondence; India was six months away, and all the Europeans in it were either servants of the Company, or remained in it on the Company's sufferance. The Whigs finally determined to attempt a grand inquisition into its affairs, and a bill was brought in by Fox, withdrawing the government of India from the Company and vesting it in a commission named in the bill. This was preceded by eleven reports from a Committee of Inquiry. But the bill failed utterly, and brought down the

Whig ministry, which did not get into office again in Burke's time. This was followed in 1785, on Burke's instigation, by the impeachment of the most conspicuous of the Company's officers, Warren Hastings. Burke was appointed one of the managers on behalf of the Commons.

No episode in his career is so familiar to the public as his conduct of this trial, owing to Warren Hastings having been the subject of one of the most popular of Macaulay's Essays. None brought out more clearly Burke's great dialectical powers, or so well displayed his mastery of details and his power of orderly exposition. The trial lasted eight years, and was adjourned over from one Parliamentary session to another. These delays were fatal to its success. The public interest in it died out long before the close, as usual in protracted legal prosecutions; the feeling spread that the defendant could not be very guilty when it took so long to prove his crime. Although Burke toiled over the case with extraordinary industry and persistence, and an enthusiasm which never flagged, Hastings was finally acquitted.

But the labors of the prosecution were not wholly vain. It awoke in England an attention to the government of India which never died out, and led to a considerable curtailing of the power of the East India Company, and necessarily of its severity, in dealing with Indian States. The impeachment was preceded by eleven reports on the affairs of India by the Committee of the House of Commons, and the articles of impeachment were nearly as voluminous. Probably no question which has ever come before Parliament has received so thorough an examination. Hardly less important was the report of the Committee of the Commons (which consisted of the managers of the impeachment) on the Lords' journals. This was an elaborate examination of the rules of evidence which govern proceedings in the trial of impeachments, or of persons guilty of malfeasance in office. This has long been a bone of contention between lawyers and statesmen. The Peers in the course of the trial had taken the opinion of the judges frequently, and had followed it in deciding on the admissibility of evidence, a great deal of which was important to the prosecution. The report maintained, and with apparently unanswerable force, that when a legislature sits on offenses against the State, it constitutes a grand inquest which makes its own rules of evidence; and is not and ought not to be tied up by the rules administered in the ordinary law courts, and formed for the most part for the guidance of the unskilled and often uneducated men who compose juries. As a manual for the instruction of legislative committees of inquiry it is therefore still very valuable, if it be not a final authority.

Burke, during and after the Warren Hastings trial, fell into considerable neglect and unpopularity. His zeal in the prosecution had grown as the public interest in it declined, until it approached the point of fanaticism. He took office in the coalition which succeeded the Fox Whigs, and when the French Revolution broke out it found him somewhat broken in nerves, irritated by

his failures, and in less cordial relations with some of his old friends and colleagues. He at once arrayed himself fiercely against the Revolution, and broke finally with what might be called the Liberty of all parties and creeds, and stood forth to the world as the foremost champion of authority, prescription, and precedent. Probably none of his writings are so familiar to the general public as those which this crisis produced, such as the 'Thoughts on the French Revolution' and the 'Letters on a Regicide Peace.' They are and will always remain, apart from the splendor of the rhetoric, extremely interesting as the last words spoken by a really great man on behalf of the old order. Old Europe made through him the best possible defense of itself. He told, as no one else could have told it, the story of what customs, precedent, prescription, and established usage had done for its civilization; and he told it nevertheless as one who was the friend of rational progress, and had taken no small part in promoting it. Only one other writer who followed him came near equaling him as a defender of the past, and that was Joseph de Maistre; but he approached the subject mainly from the religious side. To him the old régime was the order of Providence. To Burke it was the best scheme of things that humanity could devise for the advancement and preservation of civilization. In the papers we have mentioned, which were the great literary sensations of Burke's day, everything that could be said for the system of political ethics under which Europe had lived for a thousand years was said with a vigor, incisiveness, and wealth of illustration which must make them for all time and in all countries the arsenal of those who love the ancient ways and dread innovation.

The failure of the proceedings against Warren Hastings, and the strong sympathy with the French Revolution — at least in its beginning — displayed by the Whigs and by most of those with whom Burke had acted in politics, had an unfortunate effect on his temper. He broke off his friendship with Fox and others of his oldest associates and greatest admirers. He became hopeless and out of conceit with the world around him. One might have set down some of this at least to the effect of advancing years and declining health, if such onslaughts on revolutionary ideas as his 'Reflections on the French Revolution' and his 'Letters on a Regicide Peace' did not reveal the continued possession of all the literary qualities which had made the success of his earlier works. Their faults are literally the faults of youth: the brilliancy of the rhetoric, the heat of the invective, the violence of the partisanship, the reluctance to admit the existence of any grievances in France to justify the popular onslaught on the monarchy, the noblesse, and the Church. His one explanation of the crisis and its attendant horrors was the instigation of the spirit of evil. The effect on contemporary opinion was very great, and did much to stimulate the conservative reaction in England which carried on the Napoleonic wars and lasted down to the passage of the Reform Bill in 1832.

There were, however, other causes for the cloud which hung over Burke until his death in 1797. In spite of his great services to his party and his towering eminence as an orator and writer, he never obtained a seat in the Cabinet. The Paymastership of the Forces, at a salary of £4000 a year, was the highest reward, either in honor or money, which his party ever bestowed on him. It is true that in those days the Whigs were very particular in reserving high places for men of rank and family. In fact, their government was, from the Revolution of 1688 on, a thorough oligarchy, divided among a few great houses. That they should not have broken through this rule in Burke's case, and admitted to the Cabinet a man to whom they owed so much as they did to him, excited wonder in his own day, and has down to our own time been one of the historical mysteries on which the students of that period love to expend their ingenuity. It is difficult to reconcile this exclusion and neglect of Burke with the unbounded admiration lavished on him by the aristocratic leaders of the party. It is difficult too to account for Burke's quiet acquiescence in what seems to be their ingratitude. There had before his time been no similar instance of party indifference to such claims as he could well make, on such honors and rewards as the party had to bestow.

The most probable explanation of the affair is the one offered by his ablest biographer, John Morley. Burke had entered public life without property — probably the most serious mistake, if in his case it can be called a mistake, which an English politician could commit. It was a wise and salutary rule of English public life that a man who sought a political career should qualify for it by pecuniary independence. It would be hardly fair in Burke's case to say that he had sought a political career. The greatness of his talents literally forced it on him. He became a statesman and great parliamentary orator, so to speak, in spite of himself. But he must have early discovered the great barrier to complete success created by his poverty. He may be said to have passed his life in pecuniary embarrassment. This alone might not have shut him out from the Whig official Paradise, for the same thing might have been said of Pitt and Fox: but they had connections; they belonged by birth and association to the Whig class. Burke's relatives were no help or credit to him. In fact, they excited distrust of him. They offended the fastidious aristocrats with whom he associated, and combined with his impecuniousness to make him seem unsuitable for a great place. These aristocrats were very good to him. They lent him money freely, and settled a pension on him, and covered him with social adulation; but they were never willing to put him beside themselves in the government. His later years therefore had an air of tragedy. He was unpopular with most of those who in his earlier years had adored him, and was the hero of those whom in earlier years he had despised. His only son, of whose capacity he had formed a strange misconception, died young, and he passed his own closing hours, as far as we can judge, with a sense of failure. But he left one of the great names in English

history. There is no trace of him in the statute book, but he has, it is safe to say, exercised a profound influence in all succeeding legislation, both in England and America. He has inspired or suggested nearly all the juridical changes which distinguish the England of today from the England of his own century, and is probably the only British politician whose speeches and pamphlets, made for immediate results, have given him immortality.

E. L. GODKIN

#### FROM THE SPEECH ON 'CONCILIATION WITH AMERICA'

SIR—It is not a pleasant consideration; but nothing in the world can read so awful and so instructive a lesson as the conduct of the Ministry in this business, upon the mischief of not having large and liberal ideas in the management of great affairs. Never have the servants of the State looked at the whole of your complicated interests in one connected view. They have taken things by bits and scraps, some at one time and one pretense and some at another, just as they pressed, without any sort of regard to their relations or dependencies. They never had any kind of system, right or wrong; but only invented occasionally some miserable tale for the day, in order meanly to sneak out of difficulties into which they had proudly strutted. And they were put to all these shifts and devices, full of meanness and full of mischief, in order to pilfer piecemeal a repeal of an act which they had not the generous courage, when they found and felt their error, honorably and fairly to disclaim. By such management, by the irresistible operation of feeble counsels, so paltry a sum as Threepence in the eyes of a financier, so insignificant an article as Tea in the eyes of a philosopher, have shaken the pillars of a commercial empire that circled the whole globe.

Do you forget that in the very last year you stood on the precipice of general bankruptcy? Your danger was indeed great. You were distressed in the affairs of the East India Company; and you well know what sort of things are involved in the comprehensive energy of that significant appellation. I am not called upon to enlarge to you on that danger; which you thought proper yourselves to aggravate, and to display to the world with all the parade of indiscreet declamation. The monopoly of the most lucrative trades and the possession of imperial revenues had brought you to the verge of beggary and ruin. Such was your representation—such, in some measure, was your case. The vent of ten millions of pounds of this commodity, now locked up by the operation of an injudicious tax and rotting in the warehouses of the company, would have prevented all this distress, and all that series of desperate measures which you thought yourselves obliged to take in consequence of it. America would have furnished that vent which no other part of the world can furnish

but America, where tea is next to a necessary of life and where the demand grows upon the supply. I hope our dear-bought East India Committees have done us at least so much good as to let us know that without a more extensive sale of that article, our East India revenues and acquisitions can have no certain connection with this country. It is through the American trade of tea that your East India conquests are to be prevented from crushing you with their burden. They are ponderous indeed, and they must have that great country to lean upon, or they tumble upon your head. It is the same folly that has lost you at once the benefit of the West and of the East. This folly has thrown open folding-doors to contraband, and will be the means of giving the profits of the trade of your colonies to every nation but yourselves. Never did a people suffer so much for the empty words of a preamble. It must be given up. For on what principles does it stand? This famous revenue stands, at this hour, on all the debate, as a description of revenue not as yet known in all the comprehensive (but too comprehensive!) vocabulary of finance — a *preambulary tax*. It is indeed a tax of sophistry, a tax of pedantry, a tax of disputation, a tax of war and rebellion, a tax for anything but benefit to the imposers or satisfaction to the subject. . . .

Could anything be a subject of more just alarm to America than to see you go out of the plain high-road of finance, and give up your most certain revenues and your clearest interests, merely for the sake of insulting your colonies? No man ever doubted that the commodity of tea could bear an imposition of threepence. But no commodity will bear threepence, or will bear a penny, when the general feelings of men are irritated; and two millions of people are resolved not to pay. The feelings of the colonies were formerly the feelings of Great Britain. Theirs were formerly the feelings of Mr. Hampden when called upon for the payment of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined Mr. Hampden's fortune? No! but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle it was demanded, would have made him a slave. It is the weight of that preamble of which you are so fond, and not the weight of the duty, that the Americans are unable and unwilling to bear.

It is then, sir, upon the *principle* of this measure, and nothing else, that we are at issue. It is a principle of political expediency. Your Act of 1767 asserts that it is expedient to raise a revenue in America; your Act of 1769, which takes away that revenue, contradicts the Act of 1767, and by something much stronger than words asserts that it is not expedient. It is a reflection upon your wisdom to persist in a solemn Parliamentary declaration of the expediency of any object for which at the same time you make no sort of provision. And pray, sir, let not this circumstance escape you — it is very material: that the preamble of this Act which we wish to repeal is not *declaratory of a right*, as some gentlemen seem to argue it; it is only a recital of the *expediency* of a certain exercise of a right supposed already to have been asserted; an exercise

you are now contending for by ways and means which you confess, though they were obeyed, to be utterly insufficient for their purpose. You are therefore at this moment in the awkward situation of fighting for a phantom, a quiddity, a thing that wants not only a substance, but even a name; for a thing which is neither abstract right nor profitable enjoyment.

They tell you, sir, that your dignity is tied to it. I know not how it happens, but this dignity of yours is a terrible incumbrance to you; for it has of late been ever at war with your interest, your equity, and every idea of your policy. Show the thing you contend for to be reason; show it to be common-sense; show it to be the means of attaining some useful end: and then I am content to allow it what dignity you please. But what dignity is derived from the perseverance in absurdity, is more than ever I could discern. The honorable gentleman has said well — indeed, in most of his *general* observations I agree with him — he says that his subject does not stand as it did formerly. Oh, certainly not! Every hour you continue on this ill-chosen ground, your difficulties thicken on you; and therefore my conclusion is, remove from a bad position as quickly as you can. The disgrace and the necessity of yielding, both of them, grow upon you every hour of your delay. . . .

To restore order and repose to an empire so great and so distracted as ours, is, merely in the attempt, an undertaking that would ennoble the flights of the highest genius and obtain pardon for the efforts of the meanest understanding. Struggling a good while with these thoughts, by degrees I felt myself more firm. I derived at length some confidence from what in other circumstances usually produces timidity. I grew less anxious, even from the idea of my own insignificance. For, judging of what you are by what you ought to be, I persuaded myself that you would not reject a reasonable proposition because it had nothing but its reason to recommend it. On the other hand, being totally destitute of all shadow of influence, natural or adventitious, I was very sure that if my proposition were futile or dangerous, if it were weakly conceived or improperly timed, there was nothing exterior to it of power to awe, dazzle, or delude you. You will see it just as it is; and you will treat it just as it deserves.

The proposition is Peace. Not Peace through the medium of War; not Peace to be hunted through the labyrinth of intricate and endless negotiations; not Peace to arise out of universal discord, fomented from principle in all parts of the empire; not Peace to depend on the juridical determination of perplexing questions, or the precise marking of the shadowy boundaries of a complex government. It is simple Peace, sought in its natural course and in its ordinary haunts. It is Peace sought in the spirit of Peace, and laid in principles purely pacific. I propose by removing the ground of the difference, and by restoring the *former unsuspecting confidence of the colonies in the mother country*, to give permanent satisfaction to your people; and (far from a scheme of ruling by discord) to reconcile them to each other in the same act

and by the bond of the very same interest which reconciles them to British government.

My idea is nothing more. Refined policy ever has been the parent of confusion, and ever will be so, as long as the world endures. Plain good intention, which is as easily discovered at the first view as fraud is surely detected at last, is, let me say, of no mean force in the government of mankind. Genuine simplicity of heart is an healing and cementing principle. My plan, therefore, being formed upon the most simple grounds imaginable, may disappoint some people when they hear it. It has nothing to recommend it to the pruriency of curious ears. There is nothing at all new and captivating in it. It has nothing of the splendor of the project which has been lately laid upon your table by the noble lord in the blue ribbon. It does not propose to fill your lobby with squabbling colony agents, who will require the interposition of your mace at every instant to keep the peace amongst them. It does not institute a magnificent auction of finance, where captivated provinces come to general ransom by bidding against each other, until you knock down the hammer, and determine a proportion of payments beyond all the powers of algebra to equalize and settle.

The plan which I shall presume to suggest derives, however, one great advantage from the proposition and registry of that noble lord's project. The idea of conciliation is admissible. First, the House, in accepting the resolution moved by the noble lord, has admitted — notwithstanding the menacing front of our address, notwithstanding our heavy bills of pains and penalties — that we do not think ourselves precluded from all ideas of free grace and bounty.

The House has gone further: it has declared conciliation admissible, *previous* to any submission on the part of America. It has even shot a good deal beyond that mark, and has admitted that the complaints of our former mode of exerting the right of taxation were not wholly unfounded. That right, thus exerted, is allowed to have something reprehensible in it — something unwise, or something grievous: since in the midst of our heat and resentment we of ourselves have proposed a capital alteration, and in order to get rid of what seemed so very exceptionable have instituted a mode that is altogether new; one that is indeed wholly alien from all the ancient methods and forms of Parliament.

The *principle* of this proceeding is large enough for my purpose. The means proposed by the noble lord for carrying his ideas into execution, I think indeed are very indifferently suited to the end; and this I shall endeavor to show you before I sit down. But for the present I take my ground on the admitted principle. I mean to give peace. Peace implies reconciliation; and where there has been a material dispute, reconciliation does in a manner always imply concession on the one part or on the other. In this state of things I make no difficulty in affirming that the proposal ought to originate from us. Great and acknowledged force is not impaired, either in effect or in opinion, by an un-

willingness to exert itself. The superior power may offer peace with honor and safety. Such an offer from such a power will be attributed to magnanimity. But the concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear. When such a one is disarmed, he is wholly at the mercy of his superior, and he loses forever that time and those chances which, as they happen to all men, are the strength and resources of all inferior power.

The capital leading questions on which you must this day decide are these two: First, whether you ought to concede; and secondly, what your concession ought to be. On the first of these questions we have gained (as I have just taken the liberty of observing to you) some ground. But I am sensible that a good deal more is still to be done. Indeed, sir, to enable us to determine both on the one and the other of these great questions with a firm and precise judgment, I think it may be necessary to consider distinctly the true nature and the peculiar circumstances of the object which we have before us. Because after all our struggle, whether we will or not, we must govern America according to that nature and to those circumstances, and not according to our own imaginations nor according to abstract ideas of right; by no means according to mere general theories of government, the resort to which appears to me, in our present situation, no better than arrant trifling. I shall therefore endeavor, with your leave, to lay before you some of the most material of these circumstances in as full and as clear a manner as I am able to state them.

#### FROM THE SPEECH ON 'THE FRENCH REVOLUTION'

WHEN ancient opinions and rules of life are taken away, the loss cannot possibly be estimated. From that moment we have no compass to govern us; nor can we know distinctly to what port we steer. Europe, undoubtedly, taken in a mass, was in a flourishing condition the day on which your revolution was completed. How much of that prosperous state was owing to the spirit of our old manners and opinions is not easy to say; but as such causes cannot be indifferent in their operation, we must presume that on the whole their operation was beneficial.

We are but too apt to consider things in the state in which we find them, without sufficiently adverting to the causes by which they have been produced and possibly may be upheld. Nothing is more certain than that our manners, our civilization, and all the good things which are connected with manners and with civilization, have in this European world of ours depended for ages upon two principles, and were indeed the result of both combined: I mean the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion. The nobility and the clergy, the one by profession, the other by patronage, kept learning in existence even in the midst of arms and confusions, and whilst governments were rather in their

causes than formed. Learning paid back what it received to nobility and to priesthood; and paid it with usury, by enlarging their ideas and by furnishing their minds. Happy if they had all continued to know their indissoluble union and their proper place! Happy if learning, not debauched by ambition, had been satisfied to continue the instructor, and not aspired to be the master! Along with its natural protectors and guardians, learning will be cast into the mire and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude.

If, as I suspect, modern letters owe more than they are always willing to own to ancient manners, so do other interests which we value full as much as they are worth. Even commerce and trade and manufacture, the gods of our economical politicians, are themselves perhaps but creatures; are themselves but effects, which as first causes we choose to worship. They certainly grew under the same shade in which learning flourished. They too may decay with their natural protecting principles. With you, for the present at least, they threaten to disappear together. Where trade and manufactures are wanting to a people, and the spirit of nobility and religion remains, sentiment supplies, and not always ill supplies, their place; but if commerce and the arts should be lost in an experiment to try how well a State may stand without these old fundamental principles, what sort of a thing must be a nation of gross, stupid, ferocious, and at the same time poor and sordid barbarians — destitute of religion, honor, or manly pride, possessing nothing at present and hoping for nothing hereafter?

I wish you may not be going fast, and by the shortest cut, to that horrible and disgusting situation. Already there appears a poverty of conception, a coarseness and vulgarity, in all the proceedings of the Assembly and of all their instructors. Their liberty is not liberal. Their science is presumptuous ignorance. Their humanity is savage and brutal.

It is not clear whether in England we learned those grand and decorous principles and manners, of which considerable traces yet remain, from you, or whether you took them from us. But to you, I think, we trace them best. You seem to me to be *gentis incunabula nostræ* [the cradle of our race]. France has always more or less influenced manners in England; and when your fountain is choked up and polluted the stream will not run long, or not run clear, with us or perhaps with any nation. This gives all Europe, in my opinion, but too close and connected a concern in what is done in France. Excuse me therefore if I have dwelt too long on the atrocious spectacle of the 6th of October, 1789, or have given too much scope to the reflections which have arisen in my mind on occasion of the most important of all revolutions, which may be dated from that day — I mean a revolution in sentiments, manners, and moral opinions. As things now stand, with everything respectable destroyed without us, and an attempt to destroy within us every principle of respect, one is almost forced to apologize for harboring the common feelings of men.

Why do I feel so differently from the Reverend Dr. Price and those of his

lay flock who will choose to adopt the sentiments of his discourse? For this plain reason — because it is *natural* I should; because we are so made as to be affected at such spectacles with melancholy sentiments upon the unstable condition of mortal prosperity, and the tremendous uncertainty of human greatness; because in those natural feelings we learn great lessons; because in events like these our passions instruct our reason; because when kings are hurled from their thrones by the Supreme Director of this great drama, and become the objects of insult to the base and of pity to the good, we behold such disasters in the moral as we should a miracle in the physical order of things. We are alarmed into reflection; our minds (as it has long since been observed) are purified by terror and pity; our weak, unthinking pride is humbled under the dispensations of a mysterious wisdom. Some tears might be drawn from me, if such a spectacle were exhibited on the stage. I should be truly ashamed of finding in myself that superficial, theatric sense of painted distress, whilst I could exult over it in real life. With such a perverted mind, I could never venture to show my face at a tragedy. People would think the tears that Garrick formerly, or that Siddons not long since, have extorted from me, were the tears of hypocrisy; I should know them to be the tears of folly.

Indeed, the theater is a better school of moral sentiments than churches where the feelings of humanity are thus outraged. Poets, who have to deal with an audience not yet graduated in the school of the rights of men, and who must apply themselves to the moral constitution of the heart, would not dare to produce such a triumph as a matter of exultation. There, where men follow their natural impulses, they would not bear the odious maxims of a Machiavelian policy, whether applied to the attainment of monarchical or democratic tyranny. They would reject them on the modern, as they once did on the ancient stage, where they could not bear even the hypothetical proposition of such wickedness in the mouth of a personated tyrant, though suitable to the character he sustained. No theatric audience in Athens would bear what has been borne in the midst of the real tragedy of this triumphal day: a principal actor weighing, as it were in scales hung in a shop of horrors, so much actual crime against so much contingent advantage, and after putting in and out weights, declaring that the balance was on the side of the advantages. They would not bear to see the crimes of new democracy posted as in a ledger against the crimes of old despotism, and the book-keepers of politics finding democracy still in debt, but by no means unable or unwilling to pay the balance. In the theater, the first intuitive glance, without any elaborate process of reasoning, will show that this method of political computation would justify every extent of crime. They would see that on these principles, even where the very worst acts were not perpetrated, it was owing rather to the fortune of the conspirators than to their parsimony in the expenditure of treachery and blood. They would soon see that criminal means, once tolerated, are soon preferred. They present a shorter cut to the object than through the highway of the moral

virtues. Justifying perfidy and murder for public benefit, public benefit would soon become the pretext, and perfidy and murder the end; until rapacity, malice, revenge, and fear more dreadful than revenge, could satiate their insatiable appetites. Such must be the consequences of losing, in the splendor of these triumphs of the rights of men, all natural sense of wrong and right.

But the reverend pastor exults in this "leading in triumph," because truly Louis the Sixteenth was "an arbitrary monarch"; that is, in other words, neither more nor less than because he was Louis the Sixteenth, and because he had the misfortune to be born King of France, with the prerogatives of which a long line of ancestors, and a long acquiescence of the people, without any act of his, had put him in possession. A misfortune it has indeed turned out to him, that he was born King of France. But misfortune is not crime, nor is indiscretion always the greatest guilt. I shall never think that a prince, the acts of whose whole reign were a series of concessions to his subjects; who was willing to relax his authority, to remit his prerogatives, to call his people to a share of freedom not known, perhaps not desired, by their ancestors: such a prince, though he should be subjected to the common frailties attached to men and to princes, though he should have once thought it necessary to provide force against the desperate designs manifestly carrying on against his person and the remnants of his authority — though all this should be taken into consideration, I shall be led with great difficulty to think he deserves the cruel and insulting triumph of Paris and of Dr. Price. I tremble for the cause of liberty, from such an example to kings. I tremble for the cause of humanity, in the unpunished outrages of the most wicked of mankind. But there are some people of that low and degenerate fashion of mind that they look up with a sort of complacent awe and admiration to kings who know how to keep firm in their seat, to hold a strict hand over their subjects, to assert their prerogative, and by the awakened vigilance of a severe despotism to guard against the very first approaches of freedom. Against such as these they never elevate their voice. Deserters from principle, listed with fortune, they never see any good in suffering virtue, nor any crime in prosperous usurpation.

If it could have been made clear to me that the King and Queen of France (those I mean who were such before the triumph) were inexorable and cruel tyrants, that they had formed a deliberate scheme for massacring the National Assembly (I think I have seen something like the latter insinuated in certain publications), I should think their captivity just. If this be true, much more ought to have been done; but done, in my opinion, in another manner. The punishment of real tyrants is a noble and awful act of justice; and it has with truth been said to be consolatory to the human mind. But if I were to punish a wicked king, I should regard the dignity in avenging the crime. Justice is grave and decorous, and in its punishments rather seems to submit to a necessity than to make a choice. Had Nero, or Agrippina, or Louis the Eleventh, or Charles the Ninth, been the subject; if Charles the Twelfth of

Sweden after the murder of Patkul, or his predecessor Christina after the murder of Monaldeschi, had fallen into your hands, sir, or into mine, I am sure our conduct would have been different.

If the French King, or King of the French (or by whatever name he is known in the new vocabulary of your constitution), has in his own person and that of his Queen really deserved these unavowed but unavenged murderous attempts, and those frequent indignities more cruel than murder, such a person would ill deserve even that subordinate executory trust which I understand is to be placed in him; nor is he fit to be called chief in a nation which he has outraged and oppressed. A worse choice for such an office in a new commonwealth than that of a deposed tyrant could not possibly be made. But to degrade and insult a man as the worst of criminals, and afterwards to trust him in your highest concerns as a faithful, honest, and zealous servant, is not consistent with reasoning, nor prudent in policy, nor safe in practice. Those who could make such an appointment must be guilty of a more flagrant breach of trust than any they have yet committed against the people. As this is the only crime in which your leading politicians could have acted inconsistently, I conclude that there is no sort of ground for these horrid insinuations. I think no better of all the other calumnies.

In England, we give no credit to them. We are generous enemies: we are faithful allies. We spurn from us with disgust and indignation the slanders of those who bring us their anecdotes with the attestation of the flower-de-luce on their shoulder. We have Lord George Gordon fast in Newgate; and neither his being a public proselyte to Judaism, nor his having, in his zeal against Catholic priests and all sorts of ecclesiastics, raised a mob (excuse the term, it is still in use here) which pulled down all our prisons, have preserved to him a liberty of which he did not render himself worthy by a virtuous use of it. We have rebuilt Newgate, and tenanted the mansion. We have prisons almost as strong as the Bastile for those who dare to libel the Queens of France. In this spiritual retreat let the noble libeler remain. Let him there meditate on his Talmud, until he learns a conduct more becoming his birth and parts, and not so disgraceful to the ancient religion to which he has become a proselyte; or until some persons from your side of the water, to please your new Hebrew brethren, shall ransom him. He may then be enabled to purchase, with the old hoards of the synagogue, and a very small poundage on the long compound interest of the thirty pieces of silver (Dr. Price has shown us what miracles compound interest will perform in 1790 years), the lands which are lately discovered to have been usurped by the Gallican Church. Send us your Popish Archbishop of Paris, and we will send you our Protestant Rabbin. We shall treat the person you send us in exchange like a gentleman and an honest man, as he is; but pray let him bring with him the fund of his hospitality, bounty, and charity; and depend upon it, we shall never confiscate a shilling of that

honorable and pious fund, nor think of enriching the treasury with the spoils of the poor-box.

To tell you the truth, my dear sir, I think the honor of our nation to be somewhat concerned in the disclaimer of the proceedings of this society of the Old Jewry and the London Tavern. I have no man's proxy. I speak only for myself when I disclaim, as I do with all possible earnestness, all communion with the actors in that triumph, or with the admirers of it. When I assert anything else, as concerning the people of England, I speak from observation, not from authority; but I speak from the experience I have had in a pretty extensive and mixed communication with the inhabitants of this kingdom, of all descriptions and ranks, and after a course of attentive observation begun early in life, and continued for nearly forty years. I have often been astonished, considering that we are divided from you but by a slender dike of about twenty-four miles, and that the mutual intercourse between the two countries has lately been very great, to find how little you seem to know of us. I suspect that this is owing to your forming a judgment of this nation from certain publications which do very erroneously, if they do at all, represent the opinions and dispositions generally prevalent in England. The vanity, restlessness, petulance, and spirit of intrigue of several petty cabals, who attempt to hide their total want of consequence in bustle, and noise, and puffing, and mutual quotation of each other, makes you imagine that our contemptuous neglect of their abilities is a mark of general acquiescence in their opinions. No such thing, I assure you. Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that of course they are many in number; or that after all they are other than the little, shriveled, meager, hopping, though loud and troublesome, insects of the hour.

## EDWARD GIBBON

THE history of Gibbon has been described by John Stuart Mill as the only eighteenth-century history that has withstood later criticism; and whatever objections modern critics may bring against some of its parts, the substantial justice of this verdict will scarcely be contested. No other history of that century has been so often reprinted, annotated, and discussed, or remains to the present day a capital authority on the great period of which it treats. As a composition it stands unchallenged and conspicuous among the masterpieces of English literature, while as a history it covers a space of more than twelve hundred years, including some of the most momentous events in the annals of mankind.

Gibbon was born at Putney, Surrey, April 27, 1737. Though his father was a member of Parliament and the owner of a moderate competence, the author of this great work was essentially a self-educated man. Weak health and almost constant illness in early boyhood broke up his school life — which appears to have been fitfully and most imperfectly conducted — withdrew him from boyish games, but also gave him, as it has given to many other shy and sedentary boys, an early and inveterate passion for reading. His reading, however, was very unlike that of an ordinary boy. He has given a graphic picture of the ardor with which, when he was only fourteen, he flung himself into serious but unguided study; which was at first purely desultory, but gradually contracted to historical lines, and soon concentrated itself mainly on that Oriental history which he was one day so brilliantly to illuminate. "Before I was sixteen," he says, "I had exhausted all that could be learned in English of the Arabs and Persians, the Tartars and Turks; and the same ardor led me to guess at the French of D'Herbelot, and to construe the barbarous Latin of Pocock's 'Abulfaragius.'"

His health, however, gradually improved, and when he entered Magdalen College, Oxford, it might have been expected that a new period of intellectual development would have begun; but Oxford had at this time sunk to the lowest depth of stagnation, and to Gibbon it proved extremely uncongenial. He complained that he found no guidance, no stimulus, and no discipline, and that the fourteen months he spent there were the most idle and unprofitable of his life. They were very unexpectedly cut short by his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith, which he formally adopted at the age of sixteen.

This conversion is, on the whole, the most surprising incident of his calm and uneventful life. The tendencies of the time, both in England and on the Continent, were in a wholly different direction. The more spiritual and

emotional natures were now passing into the religious revival of Wesley and Whitefield, which was slowly transforming the character of the Anglican Church and laying the foundations of the great Evangelical party. In other quarters the predominant tendencies were towards unbelief, scepticism, or indifference. Nature seldom formed a more sceptical intellect than that of Gibbon, and he was utterly without the spiritual insight, or spiritual cravings, or overmastering enthusiasms, that produce and explain most religious changes. Nor was he in the least drawn towards Catholicism on its esthetic side. He had never come in contact with its worship or its professors; and to his unimaginative, unimpassioned, and profoundly intellectual temperament, no ideal type could be more uncongenial than that of the saint. He had however from early youth been keenly interested in theological controversies. He argued, like Lardner and Paley, that miracles are the Divine attestation of orthodoxy. Middleton convinced him that unless the Patristic writers were wholly undeserving of credit, the gift of miracles continued in the Church during the fourth and fifth centuries; and he was unable to resist the conclusion that during that period many of the leading doctrines of Catholicism had passed into the Church. The writings of the Jesuit Parsons, and still more the writings of Bossuet, completed the work which Middleton had begun. Having arrived at this conclusion, Gibbon acted on it with characteristic honesty, and was received into the Church June 8, 1753.

The English universities were at this time purely Anglican bodies, and the conversion of Gibbon excluded him from Oxford. His father judiciously sent him to Lausanne to study with a Swiss pastor named Pavillard, with whom he spent five happy and profitable years. The theological episode was soon terminated. Partly under the influence of his teacher, but much more through his own reading and reflections, he soon disentangled the purely intellectual ties that bound him to the Church of Rome; and on Christmas Day, 1754, he received the sacrament in the Protestant church of Lausanne.

His residence at Lausanne was very useful to him. He had access to books in abundance, and his tutor, who was a man of great good sense and amiability but of no remarkable capacity, very judiciously left his industrious pupil to pursue his studies in his own way. "Hiving wisdom with each studious year," as Byron so truly says, he speedily amassed a store of learning which has seldom been equaled. His insatiable love of knowledge, his rare capacity for concentrated, accurate, and fruitful study, guided by a singularly sure and masculine judgment, soon made him, in the true sense of the word, one of the best scholars of his time. His learning, however, was not altogether of the kind that may be found in a great university professor. Though the classical languages became familiar to him, he never acquired or greatly valued the minute and finished scholarship which is the boast of the chief English schools; and careful students have observed that in following Greek books he must have very largely used the Latin translations. Perhaps in his

capacity of historian this deficiency was rather an advantage than the reverse. It saved him from the exaggerated value of classical form, and from the neglect of the more corrupt literatures, to which English scholars have been often prone. Gibbon always valued books mainly for what they contained, and he had early learned the lesson which all good historians should learn: that some of his most valuable materials will be found in literatures that have no artistic merit; in writers who, without theory and almost without criticism, simply relate the facts which they have seen, and express in unsophisticated language the beliefs and impressions of their time.

Lausanne and not Oxford was the real birthplace of his intellect, and he returned from it almost a foreigner. French had become as familiar to him as his own tongue; and his first book, a somewhat superficial essay on the study of literature, was published in the French language. The noble contemporary French literature filled him with delight, and he found on the borders of the Lake of Geneva a highly cultivated society to which he was soon introduced, and which probably gave him more real pleasure than any in which he afterwards moved. With Voltaire himself he had some slight acquaintance, and he at one time looked on him with profound admiration; though fuller knowledge made him sensible of the flaws in that splendid intellect. I am here concerned with the life of Gibbon only in as far as it discloses the influences that contributed to his master work, and among these influences the foreign element holds a prominent place. There was little in Gibbon that was distinctively English; his mind was essentially cosmopolitan. His tastes, ideals, and modes of thought and feeling turned instinctively to the Continent.

In one respect this foreign type was of great advantage to his work. Gibbon excels all other English historians in symmetry, proportion, perspective, and arrangement, which are also the pre-eminent and characteristic merits of the best French literature. We find in his writing nothing of the great miscalculations of space that were made by such writers as Macaulay and Buckle; nothing of the awkward repetitions, the confused arrangement, the semi-detached and disjointed episodes that mar the beauty of many other histories of no small merit. Vast and multifarious as are the subjects which he has treated, his work is a great whole, admirably woven in all its parts. On the other hand, his foreign taste may perhaps be seen in his neglect of the Saxon element, which is the most vigorous and homely element in English prose. Probably in no other English writer does the Latin element so entirely predominate. Gibbon never wrote an unmeaning and very seldom an obscure sentence; he could always paint with sustained and stately eloquence an illustrious character or a splendid scene; but he was wholly wanting in the grace of simplicity, and a monotony of glitter and of mannerisms is the great defect of his style. He possessed, to a degree which even Tacitus and Bacon had hardly surpassed, the supreme literary gift of condensation,

and it gives an admirable force and vividness to his narrative; but it is sometimes carried to excess. Not unfrequently it is attained by an excessive al-lusiveness, and a wide knowledge of the subject is needed to enable the reader to perceive the full import and meaning conveyed or hinted at by a mere turn of phrase. But though his style is artificial and pedantic, and greatly wanting in flexibility, it has a rare power of clinging to the memory, and it has profoundly influenced English prose. That excellent judge, Cardinal Newman, has said of Gibbon, "I seem to trace his vigorous condensation and peculiar rhythm at every turn in the literature of the present day."

It is not necessary to relate here in any detail the later events of the life of Gibbon. There was his enlistment as captain in the Hampshire militia. It involved two and a half years of active service, extending from May 1760 to December 1762; and as Gibbon afterwards acknowledged, if it interrupted his studies and brought him into very uncongenial duties and societies, it at least greatly enlarged his acquaintance with English life, and also gave him a knowledge of the rudiments of military science, which was not without its use to the historian of so many battles. There was a long journey, lasting for two years and five months, in France and Italy, which greatly confirmed his foreign tendencies. In Paris he moved familiarly in some of the best French literary society; and in Rome, as he tells us in a well-known passage, while he sat "musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter" (which is now the Church of the Ara Cœli) — on October 15, 1764 — he first conceived the idea of writing the history of the decline and fall of Rome.

There was also that very curious episode in his life, lasting from 1774 to 1782 — his appearance in the House of Commons. He had declined an offer of his father's to purchase a seat for him in 1760; and fourteen years later, when his father was dead, when his own circumstances were considerably contracted, he received at the hands of a family connection the offer of a seat, and accepted. His Parliamentary career was entirely undistinguished, and he never even opened his mouth in debate. In truth, this somewhat shy and reserved scholar, with his fastidious taste, his eminently judicial mind, and his highly condensed and elaborate style, was singularly unfit for the rough work of Parliamentary discussion. No one can read his books without perceiving that his English was not that of a debater; and he has candidly admitted that he entered Parliament without public spirit or serious interest in politics, and that he valued it chiefly as leading to an office which might restore the fortune which the extravagance of his father had greatly impaired. His only real public service was the composition in French of a reply to the French manifesto which was issued at the beginning of the war of 1778. He voted steadily and placidly as a Tory, and it is not probable that in doing so he did any violence to his opinions. Like Hume, he shrank with an instinctive dislike from all popular agitations,

from all turbulence, passion, exaggeration, and enthusiasm; and a temperate and well-ordered despotism was evidently his ideal. He showed it in the well-known passage in which he extols the benevolent despotism of the Antonines as without exception the happiest period in the history of mankind, and in the unmixed horror with which he looked upon the French Revolution that broke up the old landmarks of Europe. For three years he held an office in the Board of Trade, which added considerably to his income without adding greatly to his labors, and he supported steadily the American policy of Lord North and the Coalition ministry of North and Fox; but the loss of his office and the retirement of North soon drove him from Parliament, and he shortly after took up his residence at Lausanne.

But before this time a considerable part of his great work had been accomplished. The first quarto volume of the 'Decline and Fall' appeared in February 1776. As is usually the case with historical works, it occupied a much longer period than its successors, and was the fruit of about ten years of labor. It passed rapidly through three editions, received the enthusiastic eulogy of Hume and Robertson, and was no doubt greatly assisted in its circulation by the storm of controversy that arose about his fifteenth and sixteenth chapters. In April 1781 two more volumes appeared, and the three concluding volumes were published together on May 8, 1788, being the fifty-first birthday of the author.

A work of such magnitude, dealing with so vast a variety of subjects, was certain to exhibit some flaws. The controversy at first turned mainly upon its religious tendency. The complete scepticism of the author, his aversion to the ecclesiastical type which dominated in the period of which he wrote, and his unalterable conviction that Christianity, by diverting the strength and enthusiasm of the Empire from civic into ascetic and ecclesiastical channels, was a main cause of the downfall of the Empire and of the triumph of barbarism, gave him a bias which it was impossible to overlook. On no other subject is his irony more bitter or his contempt so manifestly displayed. Few good critics will deny that the growth of the ascetic spirit had a large part in corroding and enfeebling the civic virtues of the Empire; but the part which it played was that of intensifying a disease that had already begun, and Gibbon, while exaggerating the amount of the evil, has very imperfectly described the great services rendered even by a monastic Church in laying the basis of another civilization and in mitigating the calamities of the barbarian invasion. The causes he has given of the spread of Christianity in the fifteenth chapter were for the most part true causes, but there were others of which he was wholly insensible. The strong moral enthusiasms that transform the character and inspire or accelerate all great religious changes lay wholly beyond the sphere of his realizations. His language about the Christian martyrs is the most repulsive portion of his work; and his comparison of the sufferings caused by pagan and Christian

persecutions is greatly vitiated by the fact that he only takes account of the number of deaths, and lays no stress on the profuse employment of atrocious tortures, which was one of the most distinct features of the pagan persecutions. At the same time, though Gibbon displays in his field a manifest and a distorting bias, he never, like some of his French contemporaries, sinks into the mere partisan, awarding to one side unqualified eulogy and to the other unqualified contempt. Let the reader who doubts this examine and compare his masterly portraits of Julian and Athanasius, and he will perceive how clearly the great historian could recognize weaknesses in the characters by which he was most attracted, and elements of true greatness in those by which he was most repelled. A modern writer, in treating of the history of religions, would have given a larger space to comparative religion, and to the gradual, unconscious, and spontaneous growth of myths in the twilight periods of the human mind. These, however, were subjects which were scarcely known in the days of Gibbon, and he cannot be blamed for not having discussed them.

Another class of objections which has been brought against him is that he is weak upon the philosophical side, and deals with history mainly as a mere chronicle of events, and not as a chain of causes and consequences, a series of problems to be solved, a gradual evolution which it is the task of the historian to explain. Coleridge, who detested Gibbon and spoke of him with gross injustice, has put this objection in the strongest form. He accuses him of having reduced history to a mere collection of splendid anecdotes; of noting nothing but what may produce an effect; of skipping from eminence to eminence without ever taking his readers through the valleys between; of having never made a single philosophical attempt to fathom the ultimate causes of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, which is the very subject of his history. That such charges are grossly exaggerated will be apparent to any one who will carefully read the second and third chapters, describing the state and tendencies of the Empire under the Antonines; or the chapters devoted to the rise and character of the barbarians, to the spread of Christianity, to the influence of monasticism, to the jurisprudence of the Republic and of the Empire; nor would it be difficult to collect many acute and profound philosophical remarks from other portions of the history. Still, it may be admitted that the philosophical side is not its strongest part. Social and economic changes are sometimes inadequately examined and explained, and we often desire fuller information about the manners and life of the masses of the people. As far as concerns the age of the Antonines, this want has been amply supplied by the great work of Friedländer.

History, like many other things in our generation, has fallen largely into the hands of specialists; and it is inevitable that men who have devoted their lives to a minute examination of short periods should be able to detect some deficiencies and errors in a writer who traversed a period of more than

twelve hundred years. Many generations of scholars have arisen since Gibbon; many new sources of knowledge have become available, and archæology especially has thrown a flood of new light on some of the subjects he treated. Though his knowledge and his narrative are on the whole admirably sustained, there are periods which he knew less well and treated less fully than others. His account of the Crusades is generally acknowledged to be one of the most conspicuous of these, and during the later nineteenth century there arose a school of historians who protested against the low opinion of the Byzantine Empire which was held by Gibbon, and was almost universal among scholars till their generation. That these writers have brought into relief certain merits of the Lower Empire which Gibbon had neglected, will not be denied; but it is perhaps too early to decide whether the reaction has not, like most reactions, been carried to extravagance, and whether in its general features the estimate of Gibbon is not nearer the truth than some of those which have been put forward to replace it.

Much must no doubt be added to the work of Gibbon in order to bring it up to the level of our present knowledge; but there is no sign that any single work is likely to supersede it or to render it useless to the student; nor does its survival depend only or even mainly on its great literary qualities, which have made it one of the classics of the language. In some of these qualities Hume was the equal of Gibbon and in others his superior, and he brought to his history a more penetrating and philosophical intellect and an equally calm and unenthusiastic nature; but the study which Hume bestowed on his subject was so superficial and his statements were often so inaccurate, that his work is now never quoted as an authority. With Gibbon it is quite otherwise. His marvelous industry, his almost unrivaled accuracy of detail, his sincere love of truth, his rare discrimination and insight in weighing testimony and in judging character, have given him a secure place among the greatest historians of the world.

His life lasted only fifty-six years; he died in London on January 15, 1794. With a single exception his history is his only work of real importance. That exception is his admirable autobiography. Gibbon left behind him six distinct sketches, which his friend Lord Sheffield put together with singular skill. It is one of the best specimens of self-portraiture in the language, reflecting with pellucid clearness both the life and character, the merits and defects, of its author. He was certainly neither a hero nor a saint; nor did he possess the moral and intellectual qualities that dominate in the great conflicts of life, sway the passions of men, appeal powerfully to the imagination, or dazzle and impress in social intercourse. He was a little slow, a little pompous, a little affected and pedantic. In the general type of his mind and character he bore much more resemblance to Hume, Adam Smith, or Reynolds, than to Johnson or Burke. A reserved scholar, who was rather proud of being a man of the world; a confirmed bachelor, much wedded to

his comforts though caring nothing for luxury, he was eminently moderate in his ambitions, and there was not a trace of passion or enthusiasm in his nature. Such a man was not likely to inspire any strong devotion. But his temper was most kindly, equable, and contented; he was a steady friend, and he appears to have been always liked and honored in the cultivated and uncontentious society in which he delighted. His life was not a great one, but it was in all essentials blameless and happy. He found the work which was most congenial to him. He pursued it with admirable industry and with brilliant success, and he left behind him a book which is not likely to be forgotten while the English language endures.

W. E. H. LECKY

### FOUNDATION OF CONSTANTINOPLE

WE are at present qualified to view the advantageous position of Constantinople, which appears to have been formed by nature for the center and capital of a great monarchy. Situated in the forty-first degree of latitude, the imperial city commanded from her seven hills the opposite shores of Europe and Asia; the climate was healthy and temperate, the soil fertile, the harbor secure and capacious; and the approach on the side of the continent was of small extent and easy defense. The Bosphorus and the Hellespont may be considered as the two gates of Constantinople; and the prince who possessed those important passages could always shut them against a naval enemy and open them to the fleets of commerce. The preservation of the eastern provinces may in some degree be ascribed to the policy of Constantine, as the barbarians of the Euxine, who in the preceding age had poured their armaments into the heart of the Mediterranean, soon desisted from the exercise of piracy, and despaired of forcing this insurmountable barrier. When the gates of the Hellespont and Bosphorus were shut, the capital still enjoyed within their spacious inclosure every production which could supply the wants or gratify the luxury of its numerous inhabitants. The sea-coasts of Thrace and Bithynia, which languish under the weight of Turkish oppression, still exhibit a rich prospect of vineyards, of gardens, and of plentiful harvests; and the Propontis has ever been renowned for an inexhaustible store of the most exquisite fish, that are taken in their stated seasons without skill and almost without labor. But when the passages of the straits were thrown open for trade, they alternately admitted the natural and artificial riches of the North and South, of the Euxine and of the Mediterranean. Whatever rude commodities were collected in the forests of Germany and Scythia, as far as the sources of the Tanais and the Borysthenes; whatsoever was manufactured by the skill of

Europe or Asia; the corn of Egypt, and the gems and spices of the farthest India, were brought by the varying winds into the port of Constantinople, which for many ages attracted the commerce of the ancient world.

The prospect of beauty, of safety, and of wealth, united in a single spot, was sufficient to justify the choice of Constantine. But as some decent mixture of prodigy and fable has in every age been supposed to reflect a becoming majesty on the origin of great cities, the Emperor was desirous of ascribing his resolution, not so much to the uncertain counsels of human policy as to the infallible and eternal decrees of Divine wisdom. In one of his laws he has been careful to instruct posterity that in obedience to the commands of God he laid the everlasting foundations of Constantinople: and though he has not condescended to relate in what manner the celestial inspiration was communicated to his mind, the defect of his modest silence has been liberally supplied by the ingenuity of succeeding writers, who describe the nocturnal vision which appeared to the fancy of Constantine as he slept within the walls of Byzantium. The tutelar genius of the city, a venerable matron sinking under the weight of years and infirmities, was suddenly transformed into a blooming maid, whom his own hands adorned with all the symbols of imperial greatness. The monarch awoke, interpreted the auspicious omen, and obeyed without hesitation the will of Heaven. The day which gave birth to a city or colony was celebrated by the Romans with such ceremonies as had been ordained by a generous superstition; and though Constantine might omit some rites which savored too strongly of their pagan origin, yet he was anxious to leave a deep impression of hope and respect on the minds of the spectators. On foot, with a lance in his hand, the Emperor himself led the solemn procession, and directed the line which was traced as the boundary of the destined capital; till the growing circumference was observed with astonishment by the assistants, who at length ventured to observe that he had already exceeded the most ample measure of a great city. "I shall still advance," replied Constantine, "till HE, the invisible guide who marches before me, thinks proper to stop." Without presuming to investigate the nature or motives of this extraordinary conductor, we shall content ourselves with the more humble task of describing the extent and limits of Constantinople.

In the actual state of the city, the palace and gardens of the Seraglio occupy the eastern promontory, the first of the seven hills, and cover about one hundred and fifty acres of our own measure. The seat of Turkish jealousy and despotism is erected on the foundations of a Grecian republic; but it may be supposed that the Byzantines were tempted by the conveniency of the harbor to extend their habitations on that side beyond the modern limits of the Seraglio. The new walls of Constantine stretched from the port to the Propontis across the enlarged breadth of the triangle, at a distance of fifteen stadia from the ancient fortification; and with the city of

Byzantium they inclosed five of the seven hills which, to the eyes of those who approach Constantinople, appear to rise above each other in beautiful order. About a century after the death of the founder, the new buildings, extending on one side up the harbor and on the other along the Propontis, already covered the narrow ridge of the sixth and the broad summit of the seventh hill. The necessity of protecting those suburbs from the incessant inroads of the barbarians engaged the younger Theodosius to surround his capital with an adequate and permanent inclosure of walls. From the eastern promontory to the Golden Gate, the extreme length of Constantinople was about three Roman miles; the circumference measured between ten and eleven, and the surface might be computed as equal to about two thousand English acres. It is impossible to justify the vain and credulous exaggerations of modern travelers, who have sometimes stretched the limits of Constantinople over the adjacent villages of the European, and even of the Asiatic coast. But the suburbs of Pera and Galata, though situate beyond the harbor, may deserve to be considered as a part of the city; and this addition may perhaps authorize the measure of a Byzantine historian, who assigns sixteen Greek (about fourteen Roman) miles for the circumference of his native city. Such an extent may not seem unworthy of an imperial residence. Yet Constantinople must yield to Babylon and Thebes, to ancient Rome, to London, and even to Paris.

The master of the Roman world, who aspired to erect an eternal monument of the glories of his reign, could employ in the prosecution of that great work the wealth, the labor, and all that yet remained of the genius of obedient millions. Some estimate may be formed of the expense bestowed with imperial liberality on the foundation of Constantinople by the allowance of about two million five hundred thousand pounds for the construction of the walls, the porticos, and the aqueducts. The forests that overshadowed the shores of the Euxine, and the celebrated quarries of white marble in the little island of Proconnesus, supplied an inexhaustible stock of materials, ready to be conveyed, by the convenience of a short water carriage, to the harbor of Byzantium. A multitude of laborers and artificers urged the conclusion of the work with incessant toil; but the impatience of Constantine soon discovered that, in the decline of the arts, the skill as well as numbers of his architects bore a very unequal proportion to the greatness of his designs. The magistrates of the most distant provinces were therefore directed to institute schools, to appoint professors, and by the hopes of rewards and privileges to engage in the study and practice of architecture a sufficient number of ingenious youths who had received a liberal education. The buildings of the new city were executed by such artificers as the reign of Constantine could afford; but they were decorated by the hands of the most celebrated masters of the age of Pericles and Alexander. To revive the genius of Phidias and Lysippus surpassed indeed the power of a Roman

emperor; but the immortal productions which they had bequeathed to posterity were exposed without defense to the rapacious vanity of a despot. By his commands the cities of Greece and Asia were despoiled of their most valuable ornaments. The trophies of memorable wars, the objects of religious veneration, the most finished statues of the gods and heroes, of the sages and poets of ancient times, contributed to the splendid triumph of Constantinople, and gave occasion to the remark of the historian Cedrenus, who observes with some enthusiasm that nothing seemed wanting except the souls of the illustrious men whom these admirable monuments were intended to represent. But it is not in the city of Constantine, nor in the declining period of an empire, when the human mind was depressed by civil and religious slavery, that we should seek for the souls of Homer and of Demosthenes.

During the siege of Byzantium, the conqueror had pitched his tent on the commanding eminence of the second hill. To perpetuate the memory of his success, he chose the same advantageous position for the principal Forum, which appears to have been of a circular or rather elliptical form. The two opposite entrances formed triumphal arches; the porticos which inclosed it on every side were filled with statues; and the center of the Forum was occupied by a lofty column, of which a mutilated fragment is now degraded by the appellation of the *burnt pillar*. This column was erected on a pedestal of white marble twenty feet high, and was composed of ten pieces of porphyry, each of which measured about ten feet in height and about thirty-three in circumference. On the summit of the pillar, above one hundred and twenty feet from the ground, stood the colossal statue of Apollo. It was of bronze, had been transported either from Athens or from a town of Phrygia, and was supposed to be the work of Phidias. The artist had represented the god of day, or as it was afterwards interpreted, the Emperor Constantine himself with a scepter in his right hand, the globe of the world in his left, and a crown of rays glittering on his head. The Circus, or Hippodrome, was a stately building about four hundred paces in length and one hundred in breadth. The space between the two *metæ* or goals was filled with statues and obelisks; and we may still remark a very singular fragment of antiquity — the bodies of three serpents twisted into one pillar of brass. Their triple heads had once supported the golden tripod which, after the defeat of Xerxes, was consecrated in the temple of Delphi by the victorious Greeks. The beauty of the Hippodrome has been long since defaced by the rude hands of the Turkish conquerors; but under the similar appellation of Atmeidan, it still serves as a place of exercise for their horses. From the throne whence the Emperor viewed the Circensian games, a winding staircase descended to the palace: a magnificent edifice which scarcely yielded to the residence of Rome itself, and which, together with the dependent courts, gardens, and porticos, covered a considerable extent of ground upon the banks of the Propontis between the Hippodrome and

the church of St. Sophia. We might likewise celebrate the baths, which still retained the name of Zeuxippus, after they had been enriched by the munificence of Constantine with lofty columns, various marbles, and above three-score statues of bronze. But we should deviate from the design of this history if we attempted minutely to describe the different buildings or quarters of the city. It may be sufficient to observe that whatever could adorn the dignity of a great capital, or contribute to the benefit or pleasure of its numerous inhabitants, was contained within the walls of Constantinople. A particular description, composed about a century after its foundation, enumerates a capitol or school of learning, a circus, two theaters, eight public and one hundred and fifty-three private baths, fifty-two porticos, five granaries, eight aqueducts or reservoirs of water, four spacious halls for the meetings of the senate or courts of justice, fourteen churches, fourteen palaces, and four thousand three hundred and eighty-eight houses which for their size or beauty deserved to be distinguished from the multitude of plebeian habitations.

The populousness of his favored city was the next and most serious object of the attention of its founder. In the dark ages which succeeded the translation of the empire, the remote and the immediate consequences of that memorable event were strangely confounded by the vanity of the Greeks and the credulity of the Latins. It was asserted and believed that all the noble families of Rome, the Senate, and the equestrian order, with their innumerable attendants, had followed their Emperor to the banks of the Propontis; that a spurious race of strangers and plebeians was left to possess the solitude of the ancient capital; and that the lands of Italy, long since converted into gardens, were at once deprived of cultivation and inhabitants. In the course of this history such exaggerations will be reduced to their just value: yet, since the growth of Constantinople cannot be ascribed to the general increase of mankind and of industry, it must be admitted that this artificial colony was raised at the expense of the ancient cities of the empire. Many opulent senators of Rome and of the eastern provinces were probably invited by Constantine to adopt for their country the fortunate spot which he had chosen for his own residence. The invitations of a master are scarcely to be distinguished from commands; and the liberality of the Emperor obtained a ready and cheerful obedience. He bestowed on his favorites the palaces which he had built in the several quarters of the city, assigned them lands and pensions for the support of their dignity, and alienated the demesnes of Pontus and Asia to grant hereditary estates by the easy tenure of maintaining a house in the capital. But these encouragements and obligations soon became superfluous, and were gradually abolished. Wherever the seat of government is fixed, a considerable part of the public revenue will be expended by the prince himself, by his ministers, by the officers of justice, and by the domestics of the palace. The most wealthy of the provincials will be attracted by the powerful motives of interest and duty, of

amusement and curiosity. A third and more numerous class of inhabitants will insensibly be formed, of servants, of artificers, and of merchants, who derive their subsistence from their own labor and from the wants or luxury of the superior ranks. In less than a century Constantinople disputed with Rome itself the pre-eminence of riches and numbers. New piles of buildings, crowded together with too little regard to health or convenience, scarcely allowed the intervals of narrow streets for the perpetual throng of men, of horses, and of carriages. The allotted space of ground was insufficient to contain the increasing people; and the additional foundations, which on either side were advanced into the sea, might alone have composed a very considerable city.

The frequent and regular distributions of wine and oil, of corn or bread, of money or provisions, had almost exempted the poorer citizens of Rome from the necessity of labor. The magnificence of the first Cæsars was in some measure imitated by the founder of Constantinople; but his liberality, however it might excite the applause of the people, has incurred the censure of posterity. A nation of legislators and conquerors might assert their claim to the harvests of Africa, which had been purchased with their blood; and it was artfully contrived by Augustus that in the enjoyment of plenty the Romans should lose the memory of freedom. But the prodigality of Constantine could not be excused by any consideration either of public or private interest; and the annual tribute of corn imposed upon Egypt for the benefit of his new capital was applied to feed a lazy and insolent populace at the expense of the husbandmen of an industrious province. Some other regulations of this Emperor are less liable to blame, but they are less deserving of notice. He divided Constantinople into fourteen regions or quarters, dignified the public council with the appellation of senate, communicated to the citizens the privileges of Italy, and bestowed on the rising city the title of colony, the first and most favored daughter of ancient Rome. The venerable parent still maintained the legal and acknowledged supremacy which was due to her age, her dignity, and to the remembrance of her former greatness.

As Constantine urged the progress of the work with the impatience of a lover, the walls, the porticos, and the principal edifices were completed in a few years, or according to another account, in a few months; but this extraordinary diligence should excite the less admiration, since many of the buildings were finished in so hasty and imperfect a manner that under the succeeding reign they were preserved with difficulty from impending ruin. But while they displayed the vigor and freshness of youth, the founder prepared to celebrate the dedication of his city. The games and largesses which crowned the pomp of this memorable festival may easily be supposed; but there is one circumstance of a more singular and permanent nature which ought not entirely to be overlooked. As often as the birthday of the city returned, the statue of Constantine, framed by his order, of gilt wood, and

bearing in its right hand a small image of the genius of the place, was erected on a triumphal car. The guards, carrying white tapers and clothed in their richest apparel, accompanied the solemn procession as it moved through the Hippodrome. When it was opposite to the throne of the reigning emperor, he rose from his seat, and with grateful reverence adored the memory of his predecessor. At the festival of the dedication an edict, engraved on a column of marble, bestowed the title of SECOND or NEW ROME on the city of Constantine. But the name of Constantinople has prevailed over that honorable epithet, and after the revolution of fourteen centuries still perpetuates the fame of its author.

### CHARACTER OF CONSTANTINE

THE character of the prince who removed the seat of empire, and introduced such important changes into the civil and religious constitution of his country, has fixed the attention and divided the opinions of mankind. By the grateful zeal of the Christians, the deliverer of the Church has been decorated with every attribute of a hero and even of a saint, while the discontent of the vanquished party has compared Constantine to the most abhorred of those tyrants who by their vice and weakness dishonored the imperial purple. The same passions have in some degree been perpetuated to succeeding generations, and the character of Constantine is considered, even in the present age, as an object either of satire or of panegyric. By the impartial union of those defects which are confessed by his warmest admirers, and of those virtues which are acknowledged by his most implacable enemies, we might hope to delineate a just portrait of that extraordinary man which the truth and candor of history should adopt without a blush. But it would soon appear, that the vain attempt to blend such discordant colors and to reconcile such inconsistent qualities must produce a figure monstrous rather than human, unless it is viewed in its proper and distinct lights, by a careful separation of the different periods of the reign of Constantine.

The person as well as the mind of Constantine had been enriched by nature with her choicest endowments. His stature was lofty, his countenance majestic, his deportment graceful, his strength and activity were displayed in every manly exercise, and from his earliest youth to a very advanced season of life he preserved the vigor of his constitution by a strict adherence to the domestic virtues of chastity and temperance. He delighted in the social intercourse of familiar conversation; and though he might sometimes indulge his disposition to raillery with less reserve than was required by the severe dignity of his station, the courtesy and liberality of his manners gained the

hearts of all who approached him. The sincerity of his friendship has been suspected; yet he showed on some occasions that he was not incapable of a warm and lasting attachment. The disadvantage of an illiterate education had not prevented him from forming a just estimate of the value of learning; and the arts and sciences derived some encouragement from the munificent protection of Constantine. In the dispatch of business, his diligence was indefatigable; and the active powers of his mind were almost continually exercised in reading, writing, or meditating, in giving audience to ambassadors, and in examining the complaints of his subjects. Even those who censured the propriety of his measures were compelled to acknowledge that he possessed magnanimity to conceive and patience to execute the most arduous designs, without being checked either by the prejudices of education or by the clamors of the multitude. In the field he infused his own intrepid spirit into the troops, whom he conducted with the talents of a consummate general; and to his abilities, rather than to his fortune, we may ascribe the signal victories which he obtained over the foreign and domestic foes of the republic. He loved glory as the reward, perhaps as the motive, of his labors. The boundless ambition which, from the moment of his accepting the purple at York, appears as the ruling passion of his soul, may be justified by the dangers of his own situation, by the character of his rivals, by the consciousness of superior merit, and by the prospect that his success would enable him to restore peace and order to the distracted empire. In his civil wars against Maxentius and Licinius he had engaged on his side the inclinations of the people, who compared the undissembled vices of those tyrants with the spirit of wisdom and justice which seemed to direct the general tenor of the administration of Constantine.

Had Constantine fallen on the banks of the Tiber, or even in the plains of Hadrianople, such is the character which, with a few exceptions, he might have transmitted to posterity. But the conclusion of his reign (according to the moderate and indeed tender sentence of a writer of the same age) degraded him from the rank which he had acquired among the most deserving of the Roman princes. In the life of Augustus we behold the tyrant of the republic converted, almost by imperceptible degrees, into the father of his country and of human kind. In that of Constantine we may contemplate a hero who had so long inspired his subjects with love and his enemies with terror, degenerating into a cruel and dissolute monarch, corrupted by his fortune or raised by conquest above the necessity of dissimulation. The general peace which he maintained during the last fourteen years of his reign was a period of apparent splendor rather than of real prosperity; and the old age of Constantine was disgraced by the opposite yet reconcilable vices of rapaciousness and prodigality. The accumulated treasures found in the palaces of Maxentius and Licinius were lavishly consumed; the various innovations introduced by the conqueror were attended with an

increasing expense; the cost of his buildings, his court, and his festivals required an immediate and plentiful supply; and the oppression of the people was the only fund which could support the magnificence of the sovereign. His unworthy favorites, enriched by the boundless liberality of their master, usurped with impunity the privilege of rapine and corruption. A secret but universal decay was felt in every part of the public administration; and the Emperor himself, though he still retained the obedience, gradually lost the esteem of his subjects. The dress and manners which towards the decline of life he chose to affect, served only to degrade him in the eyes of mankind. The Asiatic pomp which had been adopted by the pride of Diocletian assumed an air of softness and effeminacy in the person of Constantine. He is represented with false hair of various colors, laboriously arranged by the skilful artists of the times; a diadem of a new and more expensive fashion; a profusion of gems and pearls, of collars and bracelets, and a variegated flowing robe of silk, most curiously embroidered with flowers of gold. In such apparel, scarcely to be excused by the youth and folly of Elagabalus, we are at a loss to discover the wisdom of an aged monarch and the simplicity of a Roman veteran. A mind thus relaxed by prosperity and indulgence was incapable of rising to that magnanimity which disdains suspicion and dares to forgive. The deaths of Maximian and Licinius may perhaps be justified by the maxims of policy as they are taught in the schools of tyrants; but an impartial narrative of the executions, or rather murders, which sullied the declining age of Constantine, will suggest to our most candid thoughts the idea of a prince who could sacrifice without reluctance the laws of justice and the feelings of nature, to the dictates either of his passions or of his interest.

The same fortune which so invariably followed the standard of Constantine seemed to secure the hopes and comforts of his domestic life. Those among his predecessors who had enjoyed the longest and most prosperous reigns, Augustus, Trajan, and Diocletian, had been disappointed of posterity; and the frequent revolutions had never allowed sufficient time for any imperial family to grow up and multiply under the shade of the purple. But the royalty of the Flavian line, which had been first ennobled by the Gothic Claudius, descended through several generations; and Constantine himself derived from his royal father the hereditary honors which he transmitted to his children. The Emperor had been twice married. Minervina, the obscure but lawful object of his youthful attachment, had left him only one son, who was called Crispus. By Fausta, the daughter of Maximian, he had three daughters, and three sons known by the kindred names of Constantine, Constantius, and Constans. The unambitious brothers of the great Constantine, Julius Constantius, Dalmatius, and Hannibalianus, were permitted to enjoy the most honorable rank and the most affluent fortune that could be consistent with a private station. The youngest of the three lived without a name and died with-

out posterity. His two elder brothers obtained in marriage the daughters of wealthy senators, and propagated new branches of the imperial race. Gallus and Julian afterwards became the most illustrious of the children of Julius Constantius the *Patrician*. The two sons of Dalmatius, who had been decorated with the vain title of *censor*, were named Dalmatius and Hannibalianus. The two sisters of the great Constantine, Anastasia and Eutropia, were bestowed on Optatus and Nepotianus, two senators of noble birth and of consular dignity. His third sister, Constantia, was distinguished by her pre-eminence of greatness and of misery. She remained the widow of the vanquished Licinius; and it was by her entreaties that an innocent boy, the offspring of their marriage, preserved for some time his life, the title of Caesar, and a precarious hope of the succession. Besides the females and the allies of the Flavian house, ten or twelve males to whom the language of modern courts would apply the title of princes of the blood, seemed, according to the order of their birth, to be destined either to inherit or to support the throne of Constantine. But in less than thirty years this numerous and increasing family was reduced to the persons of Constantius and Julian, who alone had survived a series of crimes and calamities such as the tragic poets have deplored in the devoted lines of Pelops and of Cadmus.

### DEATH OF JULIAN

WHILE Julian struggled with the almost insuperable difficulties of his situation, the silent hours of the night were still devoted to study and contemplation. Whenever he closed his eyes in short and interrupted slumbers, his mind was agitated with painful anxiety; nor can it be thought surprising that the Genius of the Empire should once more appear before him, covering with a funeral veil his head and his horn of abundance, and slowly retiring from the imperial tent. The monarch started from his couch, and stepping forth to refresh his wearied spirits with the coolness of the midnight air, he beheld a fiery meteor which shot athwart the sky and suddenly vanished. Julian was convinced that he had seen the menacing countenance of the god of war; the council which he summoned of Tuscan Haruspices unanimously pronounced that he should abstain from action; but on this occasion necessity and reason were more prevalent than superstition, and the trumpets sounded at the break of day. The army marched through a hilly country, and the hills had been secretly occupied by the Persians. Julian led the van with the skill and attention of a consummate general; he was alarmed by the intelligence that his rear was suddenly attacked. The heat of the weather had tempted him to lay aside his cuirass; but he snatched a shield from one of his attendants and hastened with a sufficient reinforcement to the

relief of the rear guard. A similar danger recalled the intrepid prince to the defense of the front; and as he galloped between the columns, the center of the left was attacked and almost overpowered by a furious charge of the Persian cavalry and elephants. This huge body was soon defeated by the well-timed evolution of the light infantry, who aimed their weapons, with dexterity and effect, against the backs of the horsemen and the legs of the elephants. The Barbarians fled; and Julian, who was foremost in every danger, animated the pursuit with his voice and gestures. His trembling guards, scattered and oppressed by the disorderly throng of friends and enemies, reminded their fearless sovereign that he was without armor, and conjured him to decline the fall of the impending ruin. As they exclaimed, a cloud of darts and arrows was discharged from the flying squadrons; and a javelin, after razing the skin of his arm, transpierced the ribs and fixed in the inferior part of the liver. Julian attempted to draw the deadly weapon from his side, but his fingers were cut by the sharpness of the steel, and he fell senseless from his horse. His guards flew to his relief, and the wounded Emperor was gently raised from the ground and conveyed out of the tumult of the battle into an adjacent tent. The report of the melancholy event passed from rank to rank; but the grief of the Romans inspired them with invincible valor and the desire of revenge. The bloody and obstinate conflict was maintained by the two armies till they were separated by the total darkness of the night. The Persians derived some honor from the advantage which they obtained against the left wing, where Anatolius, master of the offices, was slain, and the præfect Salust very narrowly escaped. But the event of the day was adverse to the Barbarians. They abandoned the field, their two generals, Meranes and Nohordates, fifty nobles or satraps, and a multitude of their bravest soldiers; and the success of the Romans, if Julian had survived, might have been improved into a decisive and useful victory.

The first words that Julian uttered after his recovery from the fainting fit into which he had been thrown by loss of blood, were expressive of his martial spirit. He called for his horse and arms, and was impatient to rush into the battle. His remaining strength was exhausted by the painful effort, and the surgeons who examined his wound discovered the symptoms of approaching death. He employed the awful moments with the firm temper of a hero and a sage; the philosophers who had accompanied him in this fatal expedition compared the tent of Julian with the prison of Socrates; and the spectators whom duty or friendship or curiosity had assembled round his couch listened with respectful grief to the funeral oration of their dying emperor: — "Friends and fellow soldiers, the seasonable period of my departure is now arrived, and I discharge, with the cheerfulness of a ready debtor, the demands of nature. I have learned from philosophy how much the soul is more excellent than the body; and that the separation of the nobler substance should be the subject of joy rather than of affliction. I have learned from religion than an earthly

death has often been the reward of piety; and I accept, as a favor of the gods, the mortal stroke that secures me from the danger of disgracing a character which has hitherto been supported by virtue and fortitude. I die without remorse, as I have lived without guilt. I am pleased to reflect on the innocence of my private life; and I can affirm with confidence that the supreme authority, that emanation of the divine power, has been preserved in my hands pure and immaculate. Detesting the corrupt and destructive maxims of despotism, I have considered the happiness of the people as the end of government. Submitting my actions to the laws of prudence, of justice, and of moderation, I have trusted the event to the care of Providence. Peace was the object of my counsels as long as peace was consistent with the public welfare; but when the imperious voice of my country summoned me to arms, I exposed my person to the dangers of war with the clear foreknowledge (which I had acquired from the art of divination) that I was destined to fall by the sword. I now offer my tribute of gratitude to the Eternal Being, who has not suffered me to perish by the cruelty of a tyrant, by the secret dagger of conspiracy, or by the slow tortures of lingering disease. He has given me, in the midst of an honorable career, a splendid and glorious departure from this world; and I hold it equally absurd, equally base, to solicit or to decline the stroke of fate. Thus much I have attempted to say; but my strength fails me, and I feel the approach of death. I shall cautiously refrain from any word that may tend to influence your suffrages in the election of an emperor. My choice might be imprudent or injudicious; and if it should not be ratified by the consent of the army, it might be fatal to the person whom I should recommend. I shall only, as a good citizen, express my hopes that the Romans may be blessed with the government of a virtuous sovereign." After this discourse, which Julian pronounced in a firm and gentle tone of voice, he distributed by a military testament the remains of his private fortune; and making some inquiry why Anatolius was not present, he understood from the answer of Sallust that Anatolius was killed, and bewailed with amiable inconsistency the loss of his friend. At the same time he reproved the immoderate grief of the spectators, and conjured them not to disgrace by unmanly tears the fate of a prince who in a few moments would be united with heaven and with the stars. The spectators were silent; and Julian entered into a metaphysical argument with the philosophers Priscus and Maximus on the nature of the soul. The efforts which he made, of mind as well as body, most probably hastened his death. His wound began to bleed with fresh violence; his respiration was embarrassed by the swelling of the veins; he called for a draught of cold water, and as soon as he had drunk it expired without pain, about the hour of midnight. Such was the end of that extraordinary man, in the thirty-second year of his age, after a reign of one year and about eight months from the death of Constantius. In his last moments he displayed, perhaps with some ostentation, the love of virtue and of fame which had been the ruling passions of his life.

## THE FALL OF ROME

AT the hour of midnight the Salarian gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet. Eleven hundred and sixty-three years after the foundation of Rome, the imperial city which had subdued and civilized so considerable a part of mankind was delivered to the licentious fury of the tribes of Germany and Scythia.

The proclamation of Alaric, when he forced his entrance into a vanquished city, discovered, however, some regard for the laws of humanity and religion. He encouraged his troops boldly to seize the rewards of valor, and to enrich themselves with the spoils of a wealthy and effeminate people, but he exhorted them at the same time to spare the lives of the unresisting citizens, and to respect the churches of the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul as holy and inviolable sanctuaries. Amidst the horrors of a nocturnal tumult, several of the Christian Goths displayed the fervor of a recent conversion; and some instances of their uncommon piety and moderation are related, and perhaps adorned, by the zeal of ecclesiastical writers. While the Barbarians roamed through the city in quest of prey, the humble dwelling of an aged virgin who had devoted her life to the service of the altar was forced open by one of the powerful Goths. He immediately demanded, though in civil language, all the gold and silver in her possession; and was astonished at the readiness with which she conducted him to a splendid hoard of massy plate of the richest materials and the most curious workmanship. The Barbarian viewed with wonder and delight this valuable acquisition, till he was interrupted by a serious admonition addressed to him in the following words: "These," said she, "are the consecrated vessels belonging to St. Peter; if you presume to touch them, the sacrilegious deed will remain on your conscience. For my part, I dare not keep what I am unable to defend." The Gothic captain, struck with reverential awe, dispatched a messenger to inform the king of the treasure which he had discovered, and received a peremptory order from Alaric that all the consecrated plate and ornaments should be transported, without damage or delay, to the church of the Apostle. From the extremity, perhaps, of the Quirinal hill, to the distant quarter of the Vatican, a numerous detachment of Goths, marching in order of battle through the principal streets, protected with glittering arms the long train of their devout companions, who bore aloft on their heads the sacred vessels of gold and silver; and the martial shouts of the Barbarians were mingled with the sound of religious psalmody. From all the adjacent houses a crowd of Christians hastened to join this edifying procession; and a multitude of fugitives, without distinction of age, or rank, or even of sect, had the good fortune to escape to the secure and hospitable sanc-

tuary of the Vatican. The learned work 'Concerning the City of God' was professedly composed by St. Augustine to justify the ways of Providence in the destruction of the Roman greatness. He celebrates with peculiar satisfaction this memorable triumph of Christ, and insults his adversaries by challenging them to produce some similar example of a town taken by storm, in which the fabulous gods of antiquity had been able to protect either themselves or their deluded votaries.

In the sack of Rome, some rare and extraordinary examples of Barbarian virtue have been deservedly applauded. But the holy precincts of the Vatican and the Apostolic churches could receive a very small proportion of the Roman people; many thousand warriors, more especially of the Huns who served under the standard of Alaric, were strangers to the name, or at least to the faith, of Christ; and we may suspect without any breach of charity or candor that in the hour of savage license, when every passion was inflamed and every restraint was removed, the precepts of the gospel seldom influenced the behavior of the Gothic Christians. The writers the best disposed to exaggerate their clemency have freely confessed that a cruel slaughter was made of the Romans, and that the streets of the city were filled with dead bodies, which remained without burial during the general consternation. The despair of the citizens was sometimes converted into fury; and whenever the Barbarians were provoked by opposition, they extended the promiscuous massacre to the feeble, the innocent, and the helpless. The private revenge of forty thousand slaves was exercised without pity or remorse; and the ignominious lashes which they had formerly received were washed away in the blood of the guilty or obnoxious families. The matrons and virgins of Rome were exposed to injuries more dreadful, in the apprehension of chastity, than death itself. . . .

The want of youth, or beauty, or chastity protected the greatest part of the Roman women from the danger of a rape. But avarice is an insatiate and universal passion, since the enjoyment of almost every object that can afford pleasure to the different tastes and tempers of mankind may be procured by the possession of wealth. In the pillage of Rome, a just preference was given to gold and jewels, which contain the greatest value in the smallest compass and weight; but after these portable riches had been removed by the more diligent robbers, the palaces of Rome were rudely stripped of their splendid and costly furniture. The sideboards of massy plate, and the variegated wardrobes of silk and purple, were irregularly piled in the wagons that always followed the march of a Gothic army. The most exquisite works of art were roughly handled or wantonly destroyed; many a statue was melted for the sake of the precious materials; and many a vase, in the division of the spoil, was shattered into fragments by the stroke of a battle-axe. The acquisition of riches served only to stimulate the avarice of the rapacious Barbarians, who proceeded, by threats, by blows, and by tortures, to force from their prisoners the confession of hidden treasure. Visible splendor and expense were alleged

as the proof of a plentiful fortune; the appearance of poverty was imputed to a parsimonious disposition; and the obstinacy of some misers, who endured the most cruel torments before they would discover the secret object of their affection, was fatal to many unhappy wretches, who expired under the lash for refusing to reveal their imaginary treasures. The edifices of Rome, though the damage has been much exaggerated, received some injury from the violence of the Goths. At their entrance through the Salarian gate, they fired the adjacent houses to guide their march and to distract the attention of the citizens; the flames, which encountered no obstacle in the disorder of the night, consumed many private and public buildings; and the ruins of the palace of Sallust remained, in the age of Justinian, a stately monument of the Gothic conflagration. Yet a contemporary historian has observed that fire could scarcely consume the enormous beams of solid brass, and that the strength of man was insufficient to subvert the foundations of ancient structures. Some truth may possibly be concealed in his devout assertion that the wrath of Heaven supplied the imperfections of hostile rage, and that the proud Forum of Rome, decorated with the statues of so many gods and heroes, was leveled in the dust by the stroke of lightning. . . .

It was not easy to compute the multitudes who, from an honorable station and a prosperous future, were suddenly reduced to the miserable condition of captives and exiles. . . . The nations who invaded the Roman empire had driven before them into Italy whole troops of hungry and affrighted provincials, less apprehensive of servitude than of famine. The calamities of Rome and Italy dispersed the inhabitants to the most lonely, the most secure, the most distant places of refuge. . . . The Italian fugitives were dispersed through the provinces, along the coast of Egypt and Asia, as far as Constantinople and Jerusalem; and the village of Bethlehem, the solitary residence of St. Jerome and his female converts, was crowded with illustrious beggars of either sex and every age, who excited the public compassion by the remembrance of their past fortune. This awful catastrophe of Rome filled the astonished empire with grief and terror. So interesting a contrast of greatness and ruin disposed the fond credulity of the people to deplore, and even to exaggerate, the afflictions of the queen of cities. The clergy, who applied to recent events the lofty metaphors of Oriental prophecy, were sometimes tempted to confound the destruction of the capital and the dissolution of the globe.

### MAHOMET'S DEATH AND CHARACTER

**T**ILL the age of sixty-three years, the strength of Mahomet was equal to the temporal and spiritual fatigues of his mission. His epileptic fits, an absurd calumny of the Greeks, would be an object of pity rather than abhorrence; but he seriously believed that he was poisoned at Chai-

bar by the revenge of a Jewish female. During four years the health of the prophet declined; his infirmities increased; but his mortal disease was a fever of fourteen days which deprived him by intervals of the use of reason. As soon as he was conscious of his danger, he edified his brethren by the humility of his virtue or penitence. "If there be any man," said the apostle from the pulpit, "whom I have unjustly scourged, I submit my own back to the lash of retaliation. Have I aspersed the reputation of a Mussulman? let him proclaim *my* thoughts in the face of the congregation. Has any one been despoiled of his goods? the little that I possess shall compensate the principal and the interest of the debt." "Yes," replied a voice from the crowd, "I am entitled to three drams of silver." Mahomet heard the complaint, satisfied the demand, and thanked his creditor for accusing him in this world rather than at the day of judgment. He beheld with temperate firmness the approach of death; enfranchised his slaves (seventeen men, as they are named, and eleven women), minutely directed the order of his funeral, and moderated the lamentations of his weeping friends, on whom he bestowed the benediction of peace. Till the third day before his death, he regularly performed the function of public prayer: the choice of Abubeker to supply his place appeared to mark that ancient and faithful friend as his successor in the sacerdotal and regal office; but he prudently declined the risk and envy of a more explicit nomination. At a moment when his faculties were visibly impaired, he called for pen and ink to write, or more properly, to dictate, a divine book, the sum and accomplishment of all his revelations: a dispute arose in the chamber whether he should be allowed to supersede the authority of the Koran, and the prophet was forced to reprove the indecent vehemence of his disciples. If the slightest credit may be afforded to the traditions of his wives and companions, he maintained, in the bosom of his family, and to the last moments of his life, the dignity of an apostle and the faith of an enthusiast; described the visits of Gabriel, who bade an everlasting farewell to the earth, and expressed his lively confidence not only of the mercy but of the favor of the Supreme Being. In a familiar discourse he had mentioned his special prerogative, that the angel of death was not allowed to take his soul till he had respectfully asked the permission of the prophet. The request was granted; and Mahomet immediately fell into the agony of his dissolution: his head was reclined on the lap of Ayesha, the best beloved of all his wives; he fainted with the violence of pain; recovering his spirits, he raised his eyes towards the roof of the house, and with a steady look, though a faltering voice, uttered the last broken though articulate words: — "O God! . . . pardon my sins . . . Yes . . . I come . . . among my fellow-citizens on high"; and thus peaceably expired on a carpet spread upon the floor. An expedition for the conquest of Syria was stopped by this mournful event: the army halted at the gates of Medina, the chiefs were assembled round their dying master. The city, more especially the house, of the prophet, was a scene of clamorous sorrow or silent despair: fanaticism alone could sug-

gest a ray of hope and consolation. "How can he be dead — our witness, our intercessor, our mediator with God? By God, he is not dead: like Moses and Jesus, he is wrapped in a holy trance, and speedily will he return to his faithful people." The evidence of sense was disregarded, and Omar, unsheathing his cimeter, threatened to strike off the heads of the infidels who should dare to affirm that the prophet was no more. The tumult was appeased by the weight and moderation of Abubeker. "Is it Mahomet," said he to Omar and the multitude, "or the God of Mahomet, whom you worship? The God of Mahomet liveth forever; but the apostle was a mortal like ourselves, and according to his own prediction, he has experienced the common fate of mortality." He was piously interred by the hands of his nearest kinsman, on the same spot on which he expired. Medina has been sanctified by the death and burial of Mahomet, and the innumerable pilgrims of Mecca often turn aside from the way, to bow in voluntary devotion before the simple tomb of the prophet.

At the conclusion of the life of Mahomet it may perhaps be expected that I should balance his faults and virtues, that I should decide whether the title of enthusiast or impostor more properly belongs to that extraordinary man. Had I been intimately conversant with the son of Abdallah, the task would still be difficult and the success uncertain: at the distance of twelve centuries, I darkly contemplate his shade through a cloud of religious incense; and could I truly delineate the portrait of an hour, the fleeting resemblance would not equally apply to the solitary of Mount Hera, to the preacher of Mecca, and to the conqueror of Arabia. The author of a mighty revolution appears to have been endowed with a pious and contemplative disposition; so soon as marriage had raised him above the pressure of want, he avoided the paths of ambition and avarice; and till the age of forty he lived with innocence, and would have died without a name. The unity of God is an idea most congenial to nature and reason; and a slight conversation with the Jews and Christians would teach him to despise and detest the idolatry of Mecca. It was the duty of a man and a citizen to impart the doctrine of salvation, to rescue his country from the dominion of sin and error. The energy of a mind incessantly bent on the same object would convert a general obligation into a particular call; the warm suggestions of the understanding or the fancy would be felt as the inspirations of Heaven; the labor of thought would expire in rapture and vision; and the inward sensation, the invisible monitor, would be described with the form and attributes of an angel of God. From enthusiasm to imposture the step is perilous and slippery: the dæmon of Socrates affords a memorable instance how a wise man may deceive himself, how a good man may deceive others, how the conscience may slumber in a mixed and middle state between self-illusion and voluntary fraud. Charity may believe that the original motives of Mahomet were those of pure and genuine benevolence; but a human missionary is incapable of cherishing the obstinate unbelievers who

reject his claims, despise his arguments, and persecute his life; he might forgive his personal adversaries, he may lawfully hate the enemies of God; the stern passions of pride and revenge were kindled in the bosom of Mahomet, and he sighed, like the prophet of Nineveh, for the destruction of the rebels whom he had condemned. The injustice of Mecca and the choice of Medina transformed the citizen into a prince, the humble preacher into the leader of armies; but his sword was consecrated by the example of the saints, and the same God who afflicts a sinful world with pestilence and earthquakes might inspire for their conversion or chastisement the valor of his servants. In the exercise of political government, he was compelled to abate of the stern rigor of fanaticism, to comply in some measure with the prejudices and passions of his followers, and to employ even the vices of mankind as the instruments of their salvation. The use of fraud and perfidy, of cruelty and injustice, were often subservient to the propagation of the faith; and Mahomet commanded or approved the assassination of the Jews and idolators who had escaped from the field of battle. By the repetition of such acts the character of Mahomet must have been gradually stained; and the influence of such pernicious habits would be poorly compensated by the practice of the personal and social virtues which are necessary to maintain the reputation of a prophet among his sectaries and friends. Of his last years, ambition was the ruling passion; and a politician will suspect that he secretly smiled (the victorious impostor!) at the enthusiasm of his youth and the credulity of his proselytes. A philosopher will observe that *their* credulity and *his* success would tend more strongly to fortify the assurance of his divine mission; that his interest and religion were inseparately connected; and that his conscience would be soothed by the persuasion that he alone was absolved by the Deity from the obligation of positive and moral laws. If he retained any vestige of his native innocence, the sins of Mahomet may be allowed as an evidence of his sincerity. In the support of truth, the arts of fraud and fiction may be deemed less criminal; and he would have started at the foulness of the means, had he not been satisfied of the importance and justice of the end. Even in a conqueror or a priest, I can surprise a word or action of unaffected humanity; and the decree of Mahomet that in the sale of captives the mothers should never be separated from their children, may suspend or moderate the censure of the historian.

The good sense of Mahomet despised the pomp of royalty; the apostle of God submitted to the menial offices of the family; he kindled the fire, swept the floor, milked the ewes, and mended with his own hands his shoes and his woollen garment. Disdaining the penance and merit of a hermit, he observed, without effort or vanity, the abstemious diet of an Arab and a soldier. On solemn occasions he feasted his companions with rustic and hospitable plenty; but in his domestic life, many weeks would elapse without a fire being kindled on the hearth of the prophet. The interdiction of wine was confirmed by his example; his hunger was appeased with a sparing

allowance of barley bread; he delighted in the taste of milk and honey, but his ordinary food consisted of dates and water. Perfumes and women were the two sensual enjoyments which his nature required and his religion did not forbid; and Mahomet affirmed that the fervor of his devotion was increased by these innocent pleasures. The heat of the climate inflames the blood of the Arabs, and their libidinous complexion has been noticed by the writers of antiquity. Their incontinence was regulated by the civil and religious laws of the Koran; their incestuous alliances were blamed; the boundless license of polygamy was reduced to four legitimate wives or concubines: their rights both of bed and of dowry were equitably determined; the freedom of divorce was discouraged; adultery was condemned as a capital offense; and fornication in either sex was punished with a hundred stripes. Such were the calm and rational precepts of the legislator, but in his private conduct Mahomet indulged the appetites of a man and abused the claims of a prophet. A special revelation dispensed him from the laws which he had imposed on his nation: the female sex, without reserve, was abandoned to his desires; and this singular prerogative excited the envy rather than the scandal, the veneration rather than the envy, of the devout Mussulmans. If we remember the seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines of the wise Solomon, we shall applaud the modesty of the Arabian, who espoused no more than seventeen or fifteen wives; eleven are enumerated, who occupied at Medina their separate apartments round the house of the apostle, and enjoyed in their turns the favor of his conjugal society. What is singular enough, they were all widows, excepting only Ayesha, the daughter of Abubeker. *She* was doubtless a virgin, since Mahomet consummated his nuptials (such is the premature ripeness of the climate) when she was only nine years of age. The youth, the beauty, the spirit of Ayesha gave her a superior ascendant; she was beloved and trusted by the prophet, and after his death the daughter of Abubeker was long revered as the mother of the faithful. Her behavior had been ambiguous and indiscreet; in a nocturnal march she was accidentally left behind, and in the morning Ayesha returned to the camp with a man. The temper of Mahomet was inclined to jealousy; but a divine revelation assured him of her innocence: he chastised her accusers, and published a law of domestic peace, that no woman should be condemned unless four male witnesses had seen her in the act of adultery. In his adventures with Zeineb the wife of Zeid, and with Mary, an Egyptian captive, the amorous prophet forgot the interest of his reputation. At the house of Zeid, his freedman and adopted son, he beheld in a loose undress the beauty of Zeineb, and burst forth into an ejaculation of devotion and desire. The servile, or grateful, freedman understood the hint, and yielded without hesitation to the love of his benefactor. But as the filial relation had excited some doubt and scandal, the angel Gabriel descended from heaven to ratify the deed, to annul the adoption, and gently to reprove the apostle

for distrusting the indulgence of his God. One of his wives, Hafna the daughter of Omar, surprised him on her own bed, in the embraces of his Egyptian captive: she promised secrecy and forgiveness; he swore that he would renounce the possession of Mary. Both parties forgot their engagements; and Gabriel again descended with a chapter of the Koran, to absolve him from his oath and to exhort him freely to enjoy his captives and concubines, without listening to the clamors of his wives. In a solitary retreat of thirty days, he labored, alone with Mary, to fulfil the commands of the angel. When his love and revenge were satiated, he summoned to his presence his eleven wives, reproached their disobedience and indiscretion, and threatened them with a sentence of divorce, both in this world and in the next; a dreadful sentence, since those who had ascended the bed of the prophet were forever excluded from the hope of a second marriage. Perhaps the incontinence of Mahomet may be palliated by the tradition of his natural or preternatural gifts; he united the manly virtue of thirty of the children of Adam; and the apostle might rival the thirteenth labor of the Grecian Hercules. A more serious and decent excuse may be drawn from his fidelity to Cadijah. During the twenty-four years of their marriage, her youthful husband abstained from the right of polygamy, and the pride or tenderness of the venerable matron was never insulted by the society of a rival. After her death he placed her in the rank of the four perfect women, with the sister of Moses, the mother of Jesus, and Fatima, the best beloved of his daughters. "Was she not old?" said Ayesha, with the insolence of a blooming beauty: "has not God given you a better in her place?" "No, by God," said Mahomet, with an effusion of honest gratitude, "there never can be a better! She believed in me when men despised me; she relieved my wants when I was poor and persecuted by the world."

### THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY

I SHOULD deceive the expectation of the reader if I passed in silence the fate of the Alexandrian library as it is described by the learned Abulpharagius. The spirit of Amrou was more curious and liberal than that of his brethren, and in his leisure hours the Arabian chief was pleased with the conversation of John, the last disciple of Ammonius, and who derived the surname of *Philoponus* from his laborious studies of grammar and philosophy. Emboldened by this familiar intercourse, Philoponus presumed to solicit a gift, inestimable in *his* opinion, contemptible in that of the Barbarians — the royal library, which alone among the spoils of Alexandria had not been appropriated by the visit and the seal of the conqueror. Amrou was inclined to gratify the wish of the grammarian, but his rigid integrity re-

fused to alienate the minutest object without the consent of the caliph; and the well-known answer of Omar was inspired by the ignorance of a fanatic: "If these writings of the Greeks agree with the book of God, they are useless, and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed." The sentence was executed with blind obedience, the volumes of paper or parchment were distributed to the four thousand baths of the city; and such was their incredible multitude, that six months were barely sufficient for the consumption of this precious fuel. Since the Dynasties of Abulpharagius have been given to the world in a Latin version, the tale has been repeatedly transcribed; and every scholar, with pious indignation, has deplored the irreparable shipwreck of the learning, the arts, and the genius of antiquity. For my own part, I am strongly tempted to deny both the fact and the consequences. The fact is indeed marvelous. "Read and wonder!" says the historian himself; and the solitary report of a stranger who wrote at the end of six hundred years on the confines of Media is overbalanced by the silence of two annalists of a more early date, both Christians, both natives of Egypt, and the most ancient of whom, the patriarch Eutychius, has amply described the conquest of Alexandria. The rigid sentence of Omar is repugnant to the sound and orthodox precept of the Mahometan casuists: they expressly declare that the religious books of the Jews and Christians which are acquired by the right of war should never be committed to the flames; and that the works of profane science, historians or poets, physicians or philosophers, may be lawfully applied to the use of the faithful. A more destructive zeal may perhaps be attributed to the first successors of Mahomet; yet in this instance, the conflagration would have speedily expired in the deficiency of materials. I shall not recapitulate the disasters of the Alexandrian library, the involuntary flame that was kindled by Cæsar in his own defense, or the mischievous bigotry of the Christians, who studied to destroy the monuments of idolatry. But if we gradually descend from the age of the Antonines to that of Theodosius, we shall learn from a chain of contemporary witnesses that the royal palace and the temple of Serapis no longer contained the four, or the seven, hundred thousand volumes which had been assembled by the curiosity and magnificence of the Ptolemies. Perhaps the church and seat of the patriarchs might be enriched with a repository of books; but if the ponderous mass of Arian and Monophysite controversy were indeed consumed in the public baths, a philosopher may allow, with a smile, that it was ultimately devoted to the benefit of mankind. I sincerely regret the more valuable libraries which have been involved in the ruin of the Roman Empire; but when I seriously compute the lapse of ages, the waste of ignorance, and the calamities of war, our treasures, rather than our losses, are the objects of my surprise. Many curious and interesting facts are buried in oblivion; the three great historians of Rome have been transmitted to our hands in a mutilated state, and we are deprived of many

pleasing compositions of the lyric, iambic, and dramatic poetry of the Greeks. Yet we should gratefully remember that the mischances of time and accident have spared the classic works to which the suffrage of antiquity had adjudged the first place of genius and glory; the teachers of ancient knowledge who are still extant had perused and compared the writings of their predecessors; nor can it fairly be presumed that any important truth, any useful discovery in art or nature, has been snatched away from the curiosity of modern ages.

### THE FINAL RUIN OF ROME

**I**N the last days of Pope Eugenius the Fourth, two of his servants, the learned Poggius and a friend, ascended the Capitoline Hill, reposed themselves among the ruins of columns and temples, and viewed from that commanding spot the wide and various prospect of desolation. The place and the object gave ample scope for moralizing on the vicissitudes of fortune, which spares neither man nor the proudest of his works, which buries empires and cities in a common grave; and it was agreed that in proportion to her former greatness the fall of Rome was the more awful and deplorable. "Her primeval state, such as she might appear in a remote age, when Evander entertained the stranger of Troy, has been delineated by the fancy of Vergil. This Tarpeian Rock was then a savage and solitary thicket; in the time of the poet it was crowned with the golden roofs of a temple; the temple is overthrown, the gold has been pillaged, the wheel of fortune has accomplished her revolution, and the sacred ground is again disfigured with thorns and brambles. The hill of the Capitol, on which we sit, was formerly the head of the Roman Empire, the citadel of the earth, the terror of kings; illustrated by the footsteps of so many triumphs, enriched with the spoils and tributes of so many nations. This spectacle of the world, how is it fallen! how changed! how defaced! The path of victory is obliterated by vines, and the benches of the senators are concealed by a dunghill. Cast your eyes on the Palatine Hill, and seek among the shapeless and enormous fragments the marble theater, the obelisks, the colossal statues, the porticos of Nero's palace; survey the other hills of the city — the vacant space is interrupted only by ruins and gardens. The Forum of the Roman people, where they assembled to enact their laws and elect their magistrates, is now inclosed for the cultivation of pot-herbs, or thrown open for the reception of swine and buffaloes. The public and private edifices that were founded for eternity lie prostrate, naked, and broken, like the limbs of a mighty giant; and the ruin is the more visible, from the stupendous relics that have survived the injuries of time and fortune."

These relics are minutely described by Poggius, one of the first who raised

his eyes from the monuments of legendary to those of classic superstition. 1. Besides a bridge, an arch, a sepulcher, and the pyramid of Cestius, he could discern, of the age of the republic, a double row of vaults in the salt office of the Capitol, which were inscribed with the name and munificence of Catulus. 2. Eleven temples were visible in some degree, from the perfect form of the Pantheon to the three arches and a marble column of the temple of Peace which Vespasian erected after the civil wars and the Jewish triumph. 3. Of the number which he rashly defines, of seven *thermæ*, or public baths, none were sufficiently entire to represent the use and distribution of the several parts; but those of Diocletian and Antoninus Caracalla still retained the titles of the founders and astonished the curious spectator who in observing their solidity and extent, the variety of marbles, the size and multitude of the columns, compared the labor and expense with the use and importance. Of the baths of Constantine, of Alexander, of Domitian, or rather of Titus, some vestige might yet be found. 4. The triumphal arches of Titus, Severus, and Constantine were entire, both the structure and the inscriptions; a falling fragment was honored with the name of Trajan; and two arches then extant in the Flaminian Way have been ascribed to the baser memory of Faustina and Gallienus. 5. After the wonder of the Coliseum, Poggius might have overlooked a small amphitheater of brick, most probably for the use of the prætorian camp; the theaters of Marcellus and Pompey were occupied in a great measure by public and private buildings; and in the Circus, Agonalis and Maximus, little more than the situation and the form could be investigated. 6. The columns of Trajan and Antonine were still erect; but the Egyptian obelisks were broken or buried. A people of gods and heroes, the workmanship of art, was reduced to one equestrian figure of gilt brass and to five marble statues, of which the most conspicuous were the two horses of Phidias and Praxiteles. 7. The two mausoleums or sepulchers of Augustus and Hadrian could not totally be lost; but the former was only visible as a mound of earth, and the latter, the castle of St. Angelo, had acquired the name and appearance of a modern fortress. With the addition of some separate and nameless columns, such were the remains of the ancient city; for the marks of a more recent structure might be detected in the walls, which formed a circumference of ten miles, included three hundred and seventy-nine turrets, and opened into the country by thirteen gates.

This melancholy picture was drawn above nine hundred years after the fall of the Western Empire, and even of the Gothic kingdom of Italy. A long period of distress and anarchy, in which empire, and arts, and riches had migrated from the banks of the Tiber, was incapable of restoring or adorning the city; and as all that is human must retrograde if it do not advance, every successive age must have hastened the ruin of the works of antiquity. To measure the progress of decay, and to ascer-

tain, at each era, the state of each edifice, would be an endless and a useless labor; and I shall content myself with two observations which will introduce a short inquiry into the general causes and effect. 1. Two hundred years before the eloquent complaint of Poggius, an anonymous writer composed a description of Rome. His ignorance may repeat the same objects under strange and fabulous names. Yet this barbarous topographer had eyes and ears; he could observe the visible remains; he could listen to the tradition of the people; and he distinctly enumerates seven theaters, eleven baths, twelve arches, and eighteen palaces, of which many had disappeared before the time of Poggius. It is apparent that many stately monuments of antiquity survived till a late period, and that the principles of destruction acted with vigorous and increasing energy in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. 2. The same reflection must be applied to the three last ages; and we should vainly seek the Septizonium of Severus, which is celebrated by Petrarch and the antiquarians of the sixteenth century. While the Roman edifices were still entire, the first blows, however weighty and impetuous, were resisted by the solidity of the mass and the harmony of the parts; but the slightest touch would precipitate the fragments of arches and columns that already nodded to their fall.

After a diligent inquiry, I can discern four principal causes of the ruin of Rome, which continued to operate in a period of more than a thousand years. I. The injuries of time and nature. II. The hostile attacks of the Barbarians and Christians. III. The use and abuse of the materials. And IV. The domestic quarrels of the Romans.

I. The art of man is able to construct monuments far more permanent than the narrow span of his own existence; yet these monuments, like himself, are perishable and frail; and in the boundless annals of time his life and his labors must equally be measured as a fleeting moment. Of a simple and solid edifice it is not easy, however, to circumscribe the duration. As the wonders of ancient days, the Pyramids attracted the curiosity of the ancients: a hundred generations, the leaves of autumn, have dropped into the grave; and after the fall of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies, the Cæsars and caliphs, the same Pyramids stand erect and unshaken above the floods of the Nile. A complex figure of various and minute parts is more accessible to injury and decay; and the silent lapse of time is often accelerated by hurricanes and earthquakes, by fires and inundations. The air and earth have doubtless been shaken, and the lofty turrets of Rome have tottered from their foundations, but the seven hills do not appear to be placed on the great cavities of the globe; nor has the city in any age been exposed to the convulsions of nature which in the climate of Antioch, Lisbon, or Lima have crumbled in a few moments the works of ages in the dust. Fire is the most powerful agent of life and death: the rapid mischief may be kindled and propagated by the industry or negligence of mankind; and

every period of the Roman annals is marked by the repetition of similar calamities. A memorable conflagration, the guilt or misfortune of Nero's reign, continued, though with unequal fury, either six or nine days. Innumerable buildings, crowded in close and crooked streets, supplied perpetual fuel for the flames; and when they ceased, four only of the fourteen regions were left entire; three were totally destroyed, and seven were deformed by the relics of smoking and lacerated edifices. In the full meridian of empire, the metropolis arose with fresh beauty from her ashes; yet the memory of the old deplored the irreparable losses, the arts of Greece, the trophies of victory, the monuments of primitive or fabulous antiquity. In the days of distress and anarchy every wound is mortal, every fall irretrievable; nor can the damage be restored either by the public care of government or the activity of private interest. Yet two causes may be alleged which render the calamity of fire more destructive to a flourishing than a decayed city.

1. The more combustible materials of brick, timber, and metals are first melted and consumed, but the flames may play without injury or effect on the naked walls and massy arches that have been despoiled of their ornaments.
2. It is among the common and plebeian habitations that a mischievous spark is most easily blown to a conflagration; but as soon as they are devoured, the greater edifices which have resisted or escaped are left as so many islands in a state of solitude and safety. From her situation, Rome is exposed to the danger of frequent inundations. Without excepting the Tiber, the rivers that descend from either side of the Apennine have a short and irregular course; a shallow stream in the summer heats; an impetuous torrent when it is swelled in the spring or winter by the fall of rain and the melting of the snows. When the current is repelled from the sea by adverse winds, when the ordinary bed is inadequate to the weight of waters, they rise above the banks and overspread without limits or control the plains and cities of the adjacent country. Soon after the triumph of the first Punic War, the Tiber was increased by unusual rains; and the inundation, surpassing all former measure of time and place, destroyed all the buildings that were situate below the hills of Rome. According to the variety of ground, the same mischief was produced by different means; and the edifices were either swept away by the sudden impulse, or dissolved and undermined by the long continuance of the flood. Under the reign of Augustus the same calamity was renewed: the lawless river overturned the palaces and temples on its banks; and after the labors of the Emperor in cleansing and widening the bed that was incumbered with ruins, the vigilance of his successors was exercised by similar dangers and designs. The project of diverting into new channels the Tiber itself, or some of the dependent streams, was long opposed by superstition and local interests; nor did the use compensate the toil and costs of the tardy and imperfect execution. The servitude of rivers is the noblest and most im-

portant victory which man has obtained over the licentiousness of nature; and if such were the ravages of the Tiber under a firm and active government, what could oppose, or who can enumerate, the injuries of the city after the fall of the Western Empire? A remedy was at length produced by the evil itself: the accumulation of rubbish and the earth that has been washed down from the hills is supposed to have elevated the plain of Rome fourteen or fifteen feet perhaps above the ancient level: and the modern city is less accessible to the attacks of the river.

II. The crowd of writers of every nation who impute the destruction of the Roman monuments to the Goths and the Christians, have neglected to inquire how far they were animated by a hostile principle, and how far they possessed the means and the leisure to satiate their enmity. In the preceding volumes of this history I have described the triumph of barbarism and religion; and I can only resume in a few words their real or imaginary connection with the ruin of ancient Rome. Our fancy may create or adopt a pleasing romance: that the Goths and Vandals sallied from Scandinavia, ardent to avenge the flight of Odin, to break the chains and to chastise the oppressors of mankind; that they wished to burn the records of classic literature, and to found their national architecture on the broken members of the Tuscan and Corinthian orders. But in simple truth, the Northern conquerors were neither sufficiently savage nor sufficiently refined to entertain such aspiring ideas of destruction and revenge. The shepherds of Scythia and Germany had been educated in the armies of the Empire, whose discipline they acquired and whose weakness they invaded; with the familiar use of the Latin tongue, they had learned to reverence the name and titles of Rome; and though incapable of emulating, they were more inclined to admire than to abolish the arts and studies of a brighter period. In the transient possession of a rich and unresisting capital, the soldiers of Alaric and Genseric were stimulated by the passions of a victorious army; amidst the wanton indulgence of lust or cruelty, portable wealth was the object of their search; nor could they derive either pride or pleasure from the unprofitable reflection that they had battered to the ground the works of the consuls and Cæsars. Their moments were indeed precious: the Goths evacuated Rome on the sixth, the Vandals on the fifteenth day, and though it be far more difficult to build than to destroy, their hasty assault would have made a slight impression on the solid piles of antiquity. We may remember that both Alaric and Genseric affected to spare the buildings of the city; that they subsisted in strength and beauty under the auspicious government of Theodoric; and that the momentary resentment of Totila was disarmed by his own temper and the advice of his friends and enemies. From these innocent Barbarians the reproach may be transferred to the Catholics of Rome. The statues, altars, and houses of the dæmons were an abomination in their eyes; and in the absolute command of the city,

they might labor with zeal and perseverance to erase the idolatry of their ancestors. The demolition of the temples in the East affords to *them* an example of conduct, and to *us* an argument of belief; and it is probable that a portion of guilt or merit may be imputed with justice to the Roman proselytes. Yet their abhorrence was confined to the monuments of heathen superstition; and the civil structures that were dedicated to the business or pleasure of society might be preserved without injury or scandal. The change of religion was accomplished not by a popular tumult, but by the decrees of the emperors, of the Senate, and of time. Of the Christian hierarchy, the bishops of Rome were commonly the most prudent and least fanatic; nor can any positive charge be opposed to the meritorious act of saving and converting the majestic structure of the Pantheon.

III. The value of any object that supplies the wants or pleasures of mankind is compounded of its substance and its form, of the materials and the manufacture. Its price must depend on the number of persons by whom it may be acquired and used; on the extent of the market; and consequently on the ease or difficulty of remote exportation according to the nature of the commodity, its local situation, and the temporary circumstances of the world. The Barbarian conquerors of Rome usurped in a moment the toil and treasure of successive ages; but except the luxuries of immediate consumption, they must view without desire all that could not be removed from the city in the Gothic wagons or the fleet of the Vandals. Gold and silver were the first objects of their avarice; as in every country, and in the smallest compass, they represent the most ample command of the industry and possessions of mankind. A vase or a statue of those precious metals might tempt the vanity of some Barbarian chief; but the grosser multitude, regardless of the form, was tenacious only of the substance; and the melted ingots might be readily divided and stamped into the current coin of the empire. The less active or less fortunate robbers were reduced to the baser plunder of brass, lead, iron, and copper: whatever had escaped the Goths and Vandals was pillaged by the Greek tyrants; and the Emperor Constans in his rapacious visit stripped the bronze tiles from the roof of the Pantheon. The edifices of Rome might be considered as a vast and various mine: the first labor of extracting the materials was already performed; the metals were purified and cast; the marbles were hewn and polished; and after foreign and domestic rapine had been satiated, the remains of the city, could a purchaser have been found, were still venal. The monuments of antiquity had been left naked of their precious ornaments; but the Romans would demolish with their own hands the arches and walls, if the hope of profit could surpass the cost of the labor and exportation. If Charlemagne had fixed in Italy the seat of the Western Empire, his genius would have aspired to restore, rather than to violate, the works of the Cæsars: but policy confined the French monarch to the forests of Germany; his taste could be

gratified only by destruction; and the new palace of Aix-la-Chapelle was decorated with the marbles of Ravenna and Rome. Five hundred years after Charlemagne, a king of Sicily, Robert—the wisest and most liberal sovereign of the age—was supplied with the same materials by the easy navigation of the Tiber and the sea; and Petrarch sighs an indignant complaint that the ancient capital of the world should adorn from her own bowels the slothful luxury of Naples. But these examples of plunder or purchase were rare in the darker ages; and the Romans, alone and unenvied, might have applied to their private or public use the remaining structures of antiquity, if in their present form and situation they had not been useless in a great measure to the city and its inhabitants. The walls still described the old circumference, but the city had descended from the seven hills into the Campus Martius; and some of the noblest monuments which had braved the injuries of time were left in a desert, far remote from the habitations of mankind. The palaces of the senators were no longer adapted to the manners or fortunes of their indigent successors: the use of baths and porticos was forgotten; in the sixth century the games of the theater, amphitheater, and circus had been interrupted; some temples were devoted to the prevailing worship, but the Christian churches preferred the holy figure of the cross; and fashion, or reason, had distributed after a peculiar model the cells and offices of the cloister. Under the ecclesiastical reign, the number of these pious foundations was enormously multiplied; and the city was crowded with forty monasteries of men, twenty of women, and sixty chapters and colleges of canons and priests, who aggravated instead of relieving the depopulation of the tenth century. But if the forms of ancient architecture were disregarded by a people insensible of their use and beauty, the plentiful materials were applied to every call of necessity or superstition; till the fairest columns of the Ionic and Corinthian orders, the richest marbles of Paros and Numidia, were degraded, perhaps to the support of a convent or a stable. The daily havoc which is perpetrated by the Turks in the cities of Greece and Asia may afford a melancholy example; and in the gradual destruction of the monuments of Rome, Sixtus the Fifth may alone be excused for employing the stones of the Septizonium in the glorious edifice of St. Peter's. A fragment, a ruin, howsoever mangled or profaned, may be viewed with pleasure and regret; but the greater part of the marble was deprived of substance, as well as of place and proportion: it was burnt to lime for the purpose of cement. Since the arrival of Poggius, the temple of Concord and many capital structures had vanished from his eyes; and an epigram of the same age expresses a just and pious fear that the continuance of this practice would finally annihilate all the monuments of antiquity. The smallness of their numbers was the sole check on the demands and depredations of the Romans. The imagination of Petrarch might create the presence of a mighty people; and I hesitate to believe that

even in the fourteenth century they could be reduced to a contemptible list of thirty-three thousand inhabitants. From that period to the reign of Leo the Tenth, if they multiplied to the amount of eighty-five thousand, the increase of citizens was in some degree pernicious to the ancient city.

IV. I have reserved for the last, the most potent and forcible cause of destruction, the domestic hostilities of the Romans themselves. Under the dominion of the Greek and French emperors, the peace of the city was disturbed by accidental though frequent seditions: it is from the decline of the latter, from the beginning of the tenth century, that we may date the licentiousness of private war, which violated with impunity the laws of the Code and the gospel, without respecting the majesty of the absent sovereign or the presence and person of the vicar of Christ. In a dark period of five hundred years, Rome was perpetually afflicted by the sanguinary quarrels of the nobles and the people, the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the Colonna and Ursini; and if much has escaped the knowledge, and much is unworthy of the notice, of history, I have exposed in the two preceding chapters the causes and effects of the public disorders. At such a time, when every quarrel was decided by the sword and none could trust their lives or properties to the impotence of law, the powerful citizens were armed for safety, or offense, against the domestic enemies whom they feared or hated. Except Venice alone, the same dangers and designs were common to all the free republics of Italy; and the nobles usurped the prerogative of fortifying their houses and erecting strong towers that were capable of resisting a sudden attack. The cities were filled with these hostile edifices; and the example of Lucca, which contained three hundred towers, her law which confined their height to the measure of fourscore feet, may be extended with suitable latitude to the more opulent and populous States. The first step of the senator Brancalione in the establishment of peace and justice, was to demolish (as we have already seen) one hundred and forty of the towers of Rome; and in the last days of anarchy and discord, as late as the reign of Martin the Fifth, forty-four still stood in one of the thirteen or fourteen regions of the city. To this mischievous purpose the remains of antiquity were most readily adapted: the temples and arches afforded a broad and solid basis for the new structures of brick and stone; and we can name the modern turrets that were raised on the triumphal monuments of Julius Cæsar, Titus, and the Antonines. With some slight alterations, a theater, an amphitheater, a mausoleum, was transformed into a strong and spacious citadel. I need not repeat that the mole of Hadrian has assumed the title and form of the castle of St. Angelo; the Septizonium of Severus was capable of standing against a royal army; the sepulcher of Metella has sunk under its outworks; the theaters of Pompey and Marcellus were occupied by the Savelli and Ursini families; and the rough fortress has been gradually softened to the splendor and elegance of an

Italian palace. Even the churches were encompassed with arms and bulwarks, and the military engines on the roof of St. Peter's were the terror of the Vatican and the scandal of the Christian world. Whatever is fortified will be attacked; and whatever is attacked may be destroyed. Could the Romans have wrested from the popes the castle of St. Angelo, they had resolved by a public decree to annihilate that monument of servitude. Every building of defense was exposed to a siege; and in every siege the arts and engines of destruction were laboriously employed. After the death of Nicholas the Fourth, Rome, without a sovereign or a senate, was abandoned six months to the fury of civil war. "The houses," says a cardinal and poet of the times, "were crushed by the weight and velocity of enormous stones; the walls were perforated by the strokes of the battering-ram; the towers were involved in fire and smoke; and the assailants were stimulated by rapine and revenge." The work was consummated by the tyranny of the laws; and the factions of Italy alternately exercised a blind and thoughtless vengeance on their adversaries, whose houses and castles they razed to the ground. In comparing the *days* of foreign, with the *ages* of domestic hostility, we must pronounce that the latter have been far more ruinous to the city; and our opinion is confirmed by the evidence of Petrarch. "Behold," says the laureate, "the relics of Rome, the image of her pristine greatness! neither time nor the Barbarian can boast the merit of this stupendous destruction: it was perpetrated by her own citizens, by the most illustrious of her sons; and your ancestors (he writes to a noble Annibaldi) have done with battering-ram what the Punic hero could not accomplish with the sword." The influence of the two last principles of decay must in some degree be multiplied by each other, since the houses and towers which were subverted by civil war required a new and perpetual supply from the monuments of antiquity.

These general observations may be separately applied to the amphitheater of Titus, which has obtained the name of the Coliseum, either from its magnitude or from Nero's colossal statue; an edifice, had it been left to time and nature, which might perhaps have claimed an eternal duration. The curious antiquaries who have computed the numbers and seats are disposed to believe that above the upper row of stone steps the amphitheater was encircled and elevated with several stages of wooden galleries, which were repeatedly consumed by fire, and restored by the emperors. Whatever was precious, or portable, or profane, the statues of gods and heroes, and the costly ornaments of sculpture which were cast in brass or overspread with leaves of silver and gold, became the first prey of conquest or fanaticism, of the avarice of the Barbarians or the Christians. In the massy stones of the Coliseum, many holes are discerned; and the two most probable conjectures represent the various accidents of its decay. These stones were connected by solid links of brass or iron, nor had the eye

of rapine overlooked the value of the baser metals; the vacant space was converted into a fair or market; the artisans of the Coliseum are mentioned in an ancient survey; and the chasms were perforated or enlarged to receive the poles that supported the shops or tents of the mechanic trades. Reduced to its naked majesty, the Flavian amphitheater was contemplated with awe and admiration by the pilgrims of the North; and their rude enthusiasm broke forth in a sublime proverbial expression, which is recorded in the eighth century, in the fragments of the venerable Bede: "As long as the Coliseum stands, Rome shall stand; when the Coliseum falls, Rome will fall; when Rome falls, the world will fall." In the modern system of war a situation commanded by the three hills would not be chosen for a fortress: but the strength of the walls and arches could resist the engines of assault; a numerous garrison might be lodged in the inclosure; and while one faction occupied the Vatican and the Capitol, the other was intrenched in the Lateran and the Coliseum.

The abolition at Rome of the ancient games must be understood with some latitude; and the carnival sports of the Testacean Mount and the Circus Agonalis were regulated by the law or custom of the city. The senator presided with dignity and pomp to adjudge and distribute the prizes, the gold ring, or the *pallium*, as it was styled, of cloth or silk. A tribute on the Jews supplied the annual expense; and the races on foot, on horseback, or in chariots, were ennobled by a tilt and tournament of seventy-two of the Roman youth. In the year 1332 a bull-feast, after the fashion of the Moors and Spaniards, was celebrated in the Coliseum itself; and the living manners are painted in a diary of the times. A convenient order of benches was restored, and a general proclamation as far as Rimini and Ravenna invited the nobles to exercise their skill and courage in this perilous adventure. The Roman ladies were marshaled in three squadrons and seated in three balconies, which on this day, the third of September, were lined with scarlet cloth. The fair Jacova di Rovere led the matrons from beyond the Tiber, a pure and native race who still represent the features and character of antiquity. The remainder of the city was divided as usual between the Colonna and Ursini: the two factions were proud of the number and beauty of their female bands; the charms of Savella Ursini are mentioned with praise, and the Colonna regretted the absence of the youngest of their house, who had sprained her ankle in the garden of Nero's tower. The lots of the champions were drawn by an old and respectable citizen; and they descended into the arena, or pit, to encounter the wild bulls, on foot as it should seem, with a single spear. Amidst the crowd, our annalist has selected the names, colors, and devices of twenty of the most conspicuous knights. Several of the names are the most illustrious of Rome and the ecclesiastical State: Malatesta, Polenta, Della Valle, Cafarello, Savelli, Capoccio, Conti, Annibaldi, Altieri, Corsi: the colors

were adapted to their taste and situation; the devices are expressive of hope or despair, and breathe the spirit of gallantry and arms. "I am alone, like the youngest of the Horatii," the confidence of an intrepid stranger; "I live disconsolate," a weeping widower; "I burn under the ashes," a discreet lover; "I adore Lavinia, or Lucretia," the ambiguous declaration of a modern passion; "My faith is as pure," the motto of a white livery; "Who is stronger than myself?" of a lion's hide; "If I am drowned in blood, what a pleasant death!" the wish of ferocious courage. The pride or prudence of the Ursini restrained them from the field, which was occupied by three of their hereditary rivals, whose inscriptions denoted the lofty greatness of the Colonna name: "Though sad, I am strong;" "Strong as I am great;" "If I fall," addressing himself to the spectators, "you fall with me" — intimating (says the contemporary writer) that while the other families were the subjects of the Vatican, they alone were the supporters of the Capitol. The combats of the amphitheater were dangerous and bloody. Every champion successively encountered a wild bull; and the victory may be ascribed to the quadrupeds, since no more than eleven were left on the field, with the loss of nine wounded and eighteen killed on the side of their adversaries. Some of the noblest families might mourn; but the pomp of the funerals in the churches of St. John Lateran and Sta. Maria Maggiore afforded a second holiday to the people. Doubtless it was not in such conflicts that the blood of the Romans should have been shed: yet in blaming their rashness we are compelled to applaud their gallantry; and the noble volunteers who display their magnificence and risk their lives under the balconies of the fair, excite a more generous sympathy than the thousands of captives and malefactors who were reluctantly dragged to the scene of slaughter.

This use of the amphitheater was a rare, perhaps a singular, festival: the demand for the materials was a daily and continual want which the citizens could gratify without restraint or remorse. In the fourteenth century a scandalous act of concord secured to both factions the privilege of extracting stones from the free and common quarry of the Coliseum; and Poggius laments that the greater part of these stones had been burnt to lime by the folly of the Romans. To check this abuse, and to prevent the nocturnal crimes that might be perpetrated in the vast and gloomy recess, Eugenius the Fourth surrounded it with a wall; and by a charter long extant, granted both the ground and edifice to the monks of an adjacent convent. After his death the wall was overthrown in a tumult of the people; and had they themselves respected the noblest monument of their fathers, they might have justified the resolve that it should never be degraded to private property. The inside was damaged; but in the middle of the sixteenth century, an era of taste and learning, the exterior circumference of one thousand six hundred and twelve feet was still entire and inviolate; a

triple elevation of fourscore arches which rose to the height of one hundred and eight feet. Of the present ruin, the nephews of Paul the Third are the guilty agents; and every traveler who views the Farnese palace may curse the sacrilege and luxury of these upstart princes. A similar reproach is applied to the Barberini; and the repetition of injury might be dreaded from every reign, till the Coliseum was placed under the safeguard of religion by the most liberal of the pontiffs, Benedict the Fourteenth, who consecrated a spot which persecution and fable had stained with the blood of so many Christian martyrs.

When Petrarch first gratified his eyes with a view of those monuments, whose scattered fragments so far surpass the most eloquent descriptions, he was astonished at the supine indifference of the Romans themselves; he was humbled rather than elated by the discovery that, except his friend Rienzi and one of the Colonna, a stranger of the Rhône was more conversant with these antiquities than the nobles and natives of the metropolis. The ignorance and credulity of the Romans are elaborately displayed in the old survey of the city, which was composed about the beginning of the thirteenth century; and without dwelling on the manifold errors of name and place, the legend of the Capitol may provoke a smile of contempt and indignation. "The Capitol," says the anonymous writer, 'is so named as being the head of the world, where the consuls and senators formerly resided for the government of the city and the globe. The strong and lofty walls were covered with glass and gold, and crowned with a roof of the richest and most curious carving. Below the citadel stood a palace, of gold for the greatest part, decorated with precious stones, and whose value might be esteemed at one-third of the world itself. The statues of all the provinces were arranged in order, each with a small bell suspended from its neck; and such was the contrivance of art magic, that if the province rebelled against Rome the statue turned round to that quarter of the heavens, the bell rang, the prophet of the Capitol reported the prodigy, and the Senate was admonished of the impending danger.'" A second example, of less importance though of equal absurdity, may be drawn from the two marble horses, led by two naked youths, which have since been transported from the baths of Constantine to the Quirinal Hill. The groundless application of the names of Phidias and Praxiteles may perhaps be excused: but these Grecian sculptors should not have been removed above four hundred years from the age of Pericles to that of Tiberius; they should not have been transformed into two philosophers or magicians, whose nakedness was the symbol of truth or knowledge, who revealed to the Emperor his most secret actions, and after refusing all pecuniary recompense, solicited the honor of leaving this eternal monument of themselves. Thus, awake to the power of magic, the Romans were insensible to the beauties of art: no more than five statues were visible to the eyes of Poggius; and of the multitudes which chance

or design had buried under the ruins, the resurrection was fortunately delayed till a safer and more enlightened age. The Nile, which now adorns the Vatican, had been explored by some laborers in digging a vineyard near the temple, or convent, of the Minerva: but the impatient proprietor, who was tormented by some visits of curiosity, restored the unprofitable marble to its former grave. The discovery of the statue of Pompey, ten feet in length, was the occasion of a lawsuit. It had been found under a partition wall: the equitable judge had pronounced that the head should be separated from the body to satisfy the claims of the contiguous owners; and the sentence would have been executed if the intercession of a cardinal and the liberality of a pope had not rescued the Roman hero from the hands of his barbarous countrymen.

But the clouds of barbarism were gradually dispelled, and the peaceful authority of Martin the Fifth and his successors restored the ornaments of the city as well as the order of the ecclesiastical State. The improvements of Rome since the fifteenth century have not been the spontaneous produce of freedom and industry. The first and most natural root of a great city is the labor and populousness of the adjacent country, which supplies the materials of subsistence, of manufactures, and of foreign trade. But the greater part of the Campagna of Rome is reduced to a dreary and desolate wilderness; the overgrown estates of the princes and the clergy are cultivated by the lazy hands of indigent and hopeless vassals; and the scanty harvests are confined or exported for the benefit of a monopoly. A second and more artificial cause of the growth of a metropolis is the residence of a monarch, the expense of a luxurious court, and the tributes of dependent provinces. Those provinces and tributes had been lost in the fall of the Empire: and if some streams of the silver of Peru and the gold of Brazil have been attracted by the Vatican, the revenues of the cardinals, the fees of office, the oblations of pilgrims and clients, and the remnant of ecclesiastical taxes, afford a poor and precarious supply, which maintains however the idleness of the court and city. The population of Rome, far below the measure of the great capitals of Europe, does not exceed one hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants; and within the spacious inclosure of the walls the largest portion of the seven hills is overspread with vineyards and ruins. The beauty and splendor of the modern city may be ascribed to the abuses of the government, to the influence of superstition. Each reign (the exceptions are rare) has been marked by the rapid elevation of a new family, enriched by the childless pontiff at the expense of the Church and country. The palaces of these fortunate nephews are the most costly monuments of elegance and servitude: the perfect arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture have been prostituted in their service; and their galleries and gardens are decorated with the most precious works of antiquity which taste or vanity has prompted them to collect. The ecclesiastical revenues

were more decently employed by the popes themselves in the pomp of the Catholic worship; but it is superfluous to enumerate their pious foundations of altars, chapels, and churches, since these lesser stars are eclipsed by the sun of the Vatican, by the dome of St. Peter, the most glorious structure that ever has been applied to the use of religion. The fame of Julius the Second, Leo the Tenth, and Sixtus the Fifth is accompanied by the superior merit of Bramante and Fontana, of Raphael and Michael Angelo; and the same munificence which had been displayed in palaces and temples was directed with equal zeal to revive and emulate the labors of antiquity. Prostrate obelisks were raised from the ground and erected in the most conspicuous places; of the eleven aqueducts of the Cæsars and consuls, three were restored; the artificial rivers were conducted over a long series of old or of new arches, to discharge into marble basins a flood of salubrious and refreshing waters: and the spectator, impatient to ascend the steps of St. Peter's, is detained by a column of Egyptian granite, which rises between two lofty and perpetual fountains to the height of one hundred and twenty feet. The map, the description, the monuments of ancient Rome have been elucidated by the diligence of the antiquarian and the student; and the footsteps of heroes, the relics, not of superstition but of empire, are devoutly visited by a new race of pilgrims from the remote and once savage countries of the North.

All the foregoing selections are made from 'The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire'

## FRANCES BURNEY (MADAME D'ARBLAY)

THERE is a suggestion of the 'Ugly Duckling' story in Fanny Burney's early life. The personality of the shy little girl, who was neither especially pretty nor precocious, was rather merged in the half-dozen of gayer brothers and sisters. The first eight years of her life were passed at Lynn Regis in Norfolk; then the family moved to London, where her father continued his career as an important writer on music and a fashionable music-master. Soon after, Mrs. Burney died. All the children but young Fanny were sent away to school. She was to have been educated at home, but received little attention from the learned, kind, but heedless Dr. Burney, who seems to have considered her the dull member of his flock. "Poor Fanny!" he often said, until her sudden fame overwhelmed him with surprise as well as exultation. Only his friend, her beloved "Daddy Crisp" of the letters, appreciated her; himself a disappointed dramatic author, soured by what he felt to be an incomprehensible failure, yet of fine critical talent, with kind and wise suggestions for his favorite Fanny.

But while her book-education was of the slightest, her social advantages were great. Pleasure-loving Dr. Burney had a delightful faculty of attracting witty and musical friends to enliven his home. Fanny's great unnoticed gift was power of observation. The shy girl who avoided notice herself, found her social pleasure in watching and listening to clever people. Perhaps a Gallic strain — for her mother was of French descent — gave her clear-sightedness. She had a turn for social satire which added humorous discrimination to her judgments. She understood people better than books, and perceived their petty hypocrisies, self-deceptions, and conventional standards, with witty good sense and love of sincerity. Years of this silent note-taking and personal intercourse with brilliant people gave her unusual knowledge of the world.

She was a docile girl, ready always to heed her father and her "Daddy Crisp," ready to obey her kindly stepmother, and try to exchange for practical occupations her pet pastime of scribbling. But from the time she was ten she had loved to write down her impressions, and the habit was too strong to be more than temporarily renounced. Like many imaginative persons, she was fond of carrying on serial inventions in which repressed fancies found expression. One long story she destroyed; but the characters haunted her, and she began a sequel which became 'Evelina.' In the young,

beautiful, virtuous heroine, with her many mortifying experiences and her ultimate triumph, she may have found compensation for a starved vanity of her own.

For a long time she and her sisters enjoyed Evelina's tribulations; then Fanny grew ambitious, and encouraged by her brother, thought of publication. When she tremblingly asked her father's consent, he carelessly countenanced the venture and gave it no second thought. After much negotiation, a publisher offered twenty pounds for the manuscript, and in 1778 the appearance of 'Evelina' ended Fanny Burney's obscurity when she was twenty-six years of age. For a long time the book was the topic of boundless praise and endless discussion. Every one wondered who could have written the clever story, which was usually attributed to a society man. The great Dr. Johnson was enthusiastic, insisted upon knowing the author, and soon grew very fond of his little Fanny. He introduced her to his friends, and she became the celebrity of a delightful circle. Sir Joshua Reynolds and Burke sat up all night to finish 'Evelina.' The Thrales, Madame Delaney — who later introduced her at court — Sheridan, Gibbon, and Sir Walter Scott were among those who admired her most cordially.

It was a happy time for Fanny, encouraged to believe her talent far greater than it was. She wrote a drama which was read in solemn judgment by her father and "Daddy Crisp," who decided against it as too like 'Les Précieuses Ridicules,' a play she had never read. A second novel, 'Cecilia,' appeared in 1782, and was as successful as its predecessor. Later readers find it less spontaneous, and after it she never resumed her early style except in her journal and correspondence. Her ambition was fully astir. She had every incentive from her family and friends. But the old zest in composition had departed. The self-consciousness which had always tormented her in society seized her now, when she was trying to cater to public taste, and made her change her frank, free, personal expression for a stilted, artificial formality of phrase.

Her reputation was now at its height, and she was very happy in her position as society favorite and pride of the father whom she had always passionately admired, when she made the mistake of her life. Urged by her father, she accepted a position at court as Second Keeper of the Queen's Robes. There she spent five pleasureless and worse than profitless years. In her 'Diary and Letters,' the most readable today of all her works, she has told the story of wretched discomfort, of stupidly uncongenial companionship, of arduous tasks made worse by the selfish thoughtlessness of her superiors. She has also given our best historical picture of that time; the every-day life at court, the slow agony of King George's increasing insanity. But the drudgery and mean hardships of the place, and the depression of being separated from her family, broke down her health; and after much opposition she was allowed to resign in 1791.

Soon afterwards she astonished her friends by marrying General D'Arblay, a French officer and a gentleman, although very poor. As the pair had an income of only one hundred pounds, this seems a perilously rash act for a woman over forty. Fortunately the match proved a very happy one, and the situation stimulated Madame D'Arblay to renewed authorship. 'Camilla,' her third novel, was sold by subscription, and was a very remunerative piece of work. But from a critical point of view it was a failure; and being written in a heavy pedantic style, is quite deficient in her early charm. With the proceeds she built a modest home, Camilla Cottage. Later the family moved to France, where her husband died and where her only son received his early education. When he was nearly ready for an English university she returned to England, and passed a tranquil old age among her friends until she died in 1840 at eighty-eight.

What Fanny Burney did in all unconsciousness was to establish fiction upon a new basis. She may be said to have created the family novel. Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne had bequeathed their legacy impregnated with qualities which many considered objectionable, in spite of strength and charm; they were read rather secretly, and tabooed for women. On the other hand, the followers of Richardson were too didactic to be readable. Fanny Burney proved that entertaining tales, unweighted by heavy moralizing, may be written, adapted to young and old. Her sketches of life were witty, sincere, and vigorous, yet always moral in tone. 'Evelina,' the work of an innocent, frank girl, could be read by any one.

A still greater source of her success was her robust and abounding, though sometimes rather broad and cheap, fun. In her time decent novels were apt to be appallingly serious in tone, and not infrequently stupid; humor in spite of Addison still connoted much coarseness, and in fiction had to be sought in the novels written for men only. As humor is the deadly foe to sentimentalism and hysterics, the Richardson school were averse to it on these further grounds. Fanny Burney produced novels fit for women's and family reading, yet full of humor of a masculine vigor — and it must be added, with something of masculine insensitiveness. There is little fineness to most of it: some is mere horseplay, some is extravagant farce; but it is deep and genuine, it supplied an exigent want, and deserved its welcome. De Morgan says it was like introducing dresses of glaring red and yellow and other crude colors into a country where every one had previously dressed in drab — a great relief, but not art. This is hard measure, however; some of her character-drawing is almost as richly humorous and valid as Jane Austen's own.

Fanny Burney undoubtedly did much to augment the new respect for woman's intellectual ability, and was a stimulus to the brilliant group which succeeded her. Miss Ferrier, Maria Edgeworth, and Jane Austen all owe her something of their inspiration and more of their welcome.

## A DAY AT VAUXHALL GARDENS

From 'Evelina'

HOLBORN, June 17

**Y**ESTERDAY Mr. Smith carried his point of making a party for Vauxhall, consisting of Madame Duval, M. Du Bois, all the Branghtons, Mr. Brown, himself — and me! — for I find all endeavors vain to escape anything which these people desire I should not.

There were twenty disputes previous to our setting out; first as to the *time* of our going: Mr. Branghton, his son, and young Brown, were for six o'clock, and all the ladies and Mr. Smith were for eight; — the latter, however, conquered. Then as to the *way* we should go: some were for a boat, others for a coach, and Mr. Branghton himself was for walking; but the boat at length was decided upon. Indeed, this was the only part of the expedition that was agreeable to me; for the Thames was delightfully pleasant.

The garden is very pretty, but too formal; I should have been better pleased had it consisted less of straight walks, where

Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother.

The trees, the numerous lights and the company in the circle round the orchestra make a most brilliant and gay appearance; and had I been with a party less disagreeable to me, I should have thought it a place formed for animation and pleasure. There was a concert, in the course of which a haut-bois concerto was so charmingly played that I could have thought myself upon enchanted ground, had I had spirits more gentle to associate with. The hautbois in the open air is heavenly.

Mr. Smith endeavored to attach himself to me, with such officious assiduity and impertinent freedom that he quite sickened me. Indeed, M. Du Bois was the only man of the party to whom, voluntarily, I ever addressed myself. He is civil and respectful, and I have found nobody else so since I left Howard Grove. His English is very bad; but I prefer it to speaking French myself, which I dare not venture to do. I converse with him frequently, both to disengage myself from others and to oblige Madame Duval, who is always pleased when he is attended to.

As we were walking about the orchestra, I heard a bell ring; and in a moment Mr. Smith, flying up to me, caught my hand, and with a motion too quick to be resisted, ran away with me many yards before I had breath to ask his meaning; though I struggled as well as I could to get from him. At last, however, I insisted upon stopping. "Stopping, ma'am!" cried he, "why, we must run on, or we shall lose the cascade!"

And then again he hurried me away, mixing with a crowd of people, all running with so much velocity that I could not imagine what had raised such an alarm. We were soon followed by the rest of the party; and my surprise and ignorance proved a source of diversion to them all which was not exhausted the whole evening. Young Branghton, in particular, laughed till he could hardly stand.

The scene of the cascade I thought extremely pretty, and the general effect striking and lively.

But this was not the only surprise which was to divert them at my expense; for they led me about the garden purposely to enjoy my first sight of various other deceptions.

About ten o'clock, Mr. Smith having chosen a *box* in a very conspicuous place, we all went to supper. Much fault was found with everything that was ordered, though not a morsel of anything was left, and the dearness of the provisions, with conjectures upon what profit was made by them, supplied discourse during the whole meal.

When wine and cider were brought, Mr. Smith said, "Now let's enjoy ourselves; now is the time, or never. Well, ma'am, and how do you like Vauxhall?"

"Like it!" cried young Branghton; "why, how can she help liking it? She has never seen such a place before, that I'll answer for."

"For my part," said Miss Branghton, "I like it because it is not vulgar."

"This must have been a fine treat for you, Miss," said Mr. Branghton; "why, I suppose you was never so happy in all your life before?"

I endeavored to express my satisfaction with some pleasure; yet I believe they were much amazed at my coldness.

"Miss ought to stay in town till the last night," said young Branghton; "and then, it's my belief, she'd say something to it! Why, Lord, it's the best night of any; there's always a riot — and there the folks run about — and then there's such squealing and squalling! — and there, all the lamps are broke — and the women run skimper-scamper — I declare, I would not take five guineas to miss the last night!"

I was very glad when they all grew tired of sitting, and called for the waiter to pay the bill. The Miss Branghtons said they would walk on while the gentlemen settled the account, and asked me to accompany them; which however I declined.

"You girls may do as you please," said Madame Duval, "but as to me, I promise you, I shan't go nowhere without the gentlemen."

"No more, I suppose, will my *cousin*," said Miss Branghton, looking reproachfully towards Mr. Smith.

This reflection, which I feared would flatter his vanity, made me most unfortunately request Madame Duval's permission to attend them. She granted it; and away we went, having promised to meet in the room.

To the room, therefore, I would immediately have gone: but the sisters agreed that they would first have a *little pleasure*; and they tittered and talked so loud that they attracted universal notice.

"Lord, Polly," said the eldest, "suppose we were to take a turn in the dark walks?"

"Ay, do," answered she; "and then we'll hide ourselves, and then Mr. Brown will think we are lost."

I remonstrated very warmly against this plan, telling them it would endanger our missing the rest of the party all the evening.

"O dear," cried Miss Branghton, "I thought how uneasy Miss would be, without a beau!"

This impertinence I did not think worth answering; and quite by compulsion I followed them down a long alley, in which there was hardly any light.

By the time we came near the end, a large party of gentlemen, apparently very riotous, and who were hallooing, leaning on one another, and laughing immoderately, seemed to rush suddenly from behind some trees, and meeting us face to face, put their arms at their sides and formed a kind of circle, which first stopped our proceeding and then our retreating, for we were presently entirely enclosed. The Miss Branghtons screamed aloud, and I was frightened exceedingly; our screams were answered with bursts of laughter, and for some minutes we were kept prisoners, till at last one of them, rudely seizing hold of me, said I was a pretty little creature.

Terrified to death, I struggled with such vehemence to disengage myself from him that I succeeded, in spite of his efforts to detain me: and immediately, and with a swiftness which fear only could have given me, I flew rather than ran up the walk, hoping to secure my safety by returning to the lights and company we had so foolishly left; but before I could possibly accomplish my purpose, I was met by another party of men, one of whom placed himself directly in my way, calling out, "Whither so fast, my love?"—so that I could only have proceeded by running into his arms.

In a moment both my hands, by different persons, were caught hold of and one of them, in a most familiar manner, desired when I ran next to accompany me in a race; while the rest of the party stood still and laughed. I was almost distracted with terror, and so breathless with running that I could not speak; till another, advancing, said I was as handsome as an angel, and desired to be of the party. I then just articulated, "For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, let me pass!"

Another, then rushing suddenly forward, exclaimed, "Heaven and earth! what voice is that?"

"The voice of the prettiest little actress I have seen this age," answered one of my persecutors.

"No — no — no —" I *panted* out, "I am no actress — pray let me go — pray let me pass —"

"By all that's sacred," cried the same voice, which I then knew for Sir Clement Willoughby's, "'tis herself!"

## DR. JOHNSON AND 'EVELINA'

From the 'Letters'

**B**UT Dr. Johnson's approbation! — it almost crazed me with agreeable surprise — it gave me such a flight of spirits that I danced a jig to Mr. Crisp, without any preparation, music, or explanation — to his no small amazement and diversion. I left him, however, to make his own comments upon my friskiness, without affording him the smallest assistance.

Susan also writes me word that when my father went last to Streatham, Dr. Johnson was not there, but Mrs. Thrale told him that when he gave her the first volume of 'Evelina,' which she had lent him, he said, "Why, madam, why, what a charming book you lent me!" and eagerly inquired for the rest. He was particularly pleased with the snow-hill scenes, and said that Mr. Smith's vulgar gentility was admirably portrayed; and when Sir Clement joins them, he said there was a shade of character prodigiously well marked. Well may it be said, that the greatest minds are ever the most candid to the inferior set! I think I should love Dr. Johnson for such lenity to a poor mere worm in literature, even if I were not myself the identical grub he has obliged.

Susan has sent me a little note which has really been less pleasant to me, because it has alarmed me for my future concealment. It is from Mrs. Williams, an exceedingly pretty poetess, who has the misfortune to be blind, but who has, to make some amends, the honor of residing in the house of Dr. Johnson; for though he lives almost wholly at Streatham, he always keeps his apartments in town, and this lady acts as mistress of his house.

JULY 25

"Mrs. Williams sends compliments to Dr. Burney, and begs he will intercede with Miss Burney to do her the favor to lend her the reading of 'Evelina.'"

Though I am frightened at this affair, I am by no means insensible to the honor which I receive from the certainty that Dr. Johnson must have spoken very well of the book, to have induced Mrs. Williams to send to our house for it.

I now come to last Saturday evening, when my beloved father came to Chesington, in full health, charming spirits, and all kindness, openness, and entertainment.

In his way hither he had stopped at Streatham, and he settled with Mrs. Thrale that he would call on her again in his way to town, and carry me with him! and Mrs. Thrale said, "We all long to know her."

I have been in a kind of twitter ever since, for there seems something very formidable in the idea of appearing as an authoress! I ever dreaded it, as it is a title which must raise more expectations than I have any chance of answering. Yet I am highly flattered by her invitation, and highly delighted in the prospect of being introduced to the Streatham society.

She sent me some very serious advice to write for the theater, as she says I so naturally run into conversations that 'Evelina' absolutely and plainly points out that path to me; and she hinted how much she should be pleased to be "honored with my confidence."

My dear father communicated this intelligence, and a great deal more, with a pleasure that almost surpassed that with which I heard it, and he seems quite eager for me to make another attempt. He desired to take upon himself the communication to my Daddy Crisp; and as it is now in so many hands that it is possible accident might discover it to him, I readily consented.

Sunday evening, as I was going into my father's room, I heard him say, "The variety of characters — the variety of scenes — and the language — why, she has had very little education but what she has given herself — less than any of the others!" and Mr. Crisp exclaimed, "Wonderful! — it's wonderful!"

I now found what was going forward, and therefore deemed it most fitting to decamp.

About an hour after, as I was passing through the hall, I met my daddy [Crisp]. His face was all animation and archness; he doubled his fist at me and would have stopped me, but I ran past him into the parlor.

Before supper, however, I again met him, and he would not suffer me to escape; he caught both my hands and looked as if he would have looked me through, and then exclaimed, "Why, you little hussy — you young devil! — ain't you ashamed to look me in the face, you *Evelina*, you! Why, what a dance have you led me about it! Young friend, indeed! O you little hussy, what tricks have you served me!"

I was obliged to allow of his running on with these gentle appellations for I know not how long, ere he could sufficiently compose himself, after his great surprise, to ask or hear any particulars; and then he broke out every three instants with exclamations of astonishment at how I had found time to write so much unsuspected, and how and where I had picked up such various materials; and not a few times did he with me, as he had with my father, exclaim "Wonderful!"

He has since made me read him all my letters upon this subject. He said Lowndes would have made an estate had he given me £1000 for it, and that he ought not to have given less! "You have nothing to do now," continued he, "but to take your pen in hand; for your fame and reputation are made, and any bookseller will snap at what you write."

I then told him that I could not but really and unaffectedly regret that the affair was spread to Mrs. Williams and her friends.

"Pho," said he: "if those who are proper judges think it right that it should be known, why should you trouble yourself about it? You have not spread it, there can no imputation of vanity fall to your share, and it cannot come out more to your honor than through such a channel as Mrs. Thrale."

LONDON, AUGUST—I have now to write an account of the most consequential day I have spent since my birth; namely, my Streatham visit.

Our journey to Streatham was the least pleasant part of the day, for the roads were dreadfully dusty, and I was really in the fidgets from thinking what my reception might be, and from fearing they would expect a less awkward and backward kind of person than I was sure they would find.

Mr. Thrale's house is white, and very pleasantly situated in a fine paddock. Mrs. Thrale was strolling about, and came to us as we got out of the chaise.

She then received me, taking both my hands, and with mixed politeness and cordiality welcoming me to Streatham. She led me into the house, and addressed herself almost wholly for a few minutes to my father, as if to give me an assurance she did not mean to regard me as a show, or to distress or frighten me by drawing me out. Afterwards she took me upstairs, and showed me the house, and said she had very much wished to see me at Streatham; and should always think herself much obliged to Dr. Burney for his goodness in bringing me, which she looked upon as a very great favor.

But though we were some time together, and though she was so very civil, she did not *hint* at my book, and I love her much more than ever for her delicacy in avoiding a subject which she could not but see would have greatly embarrassed me.

When we returned to the music-room, we found Miss Thrale was with my father. Miss Thrale is a very fine girl, about fourteen years of age, but cold and reserved, though full of knowledge and intelligence.

Soon after, Mrs. Thrale took me to the library; she talked a little while upon common topics, and then at last she mentioned 'Evelina.'

"Yesterday at supper," said she, "we talked it all over, and discussed all your characters; but Dr. Johnson's favorite is Mr. Smith. He declares the fine gentleman *manqué* was never better drawn, and he acted him all the evening, saying 'he was all for the ladies!' He repeated whole scenes by heart. I declare I was astonished at him. Oh, you can't imagine how much he is pleased with the book; he 'could not get rid of the rogue,' he told me. But was it not droll,"

said she, "that I should recommend it to Dr. Burney? and tease him so innocently to read it?"

I now prevailed upon Mrs. Thrale to let me amuse myself, and she went to dress. I then prowled about to choose some book, and I saw upon the reading-table 'Evelina.' I had just fixed upon a new translation of Cicero's *Lælius*, when the library door was opened, and Mr. Seward entered. I instantly put away my book because I dreaded being thought studious and affected. He offered his services to find anything for me, and then in the same breath ran on to speak of the book with which I had myself "favored the world"!

The exact words he began with I cannot recollect, for I was actually confounded by the attack; and his abrupt manner of letting me know he was *au fait* equally astonished and provoked me. How different from the delicacy of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale!

When we were summoned to dinner, Mrs. Thrale made my father and me sit on each side of her. I said that I hoped I did not take Dr. Johnson's place; — for he had not yet appeared.

"No," answered Mrs. Thrale, "he will sit by you, which I am sure will give him great pleasure."

Soon after we were seated, this great man entered. I have so true a veneration for him, that the very sight of him inspires me with delight and reverence, notwithstanding the cruel infirmities to which he is subject; for he has almost perpetual convulsive movements, either of his hands, lips, feet, or knees, and sometimes of all together.

Mrs. Thrale introduced me to him, and he took his place. We had a noble dinner, and a most elegant dessert. Dr. Johnson, in the middle of dinner, asked Mrs. Thrale what was in some little pies that were near him.

"Mutton," answered she, "so I don't ask you to eat any, because I know you despise it!"

"No, madam, no," cried he; "I despise nothing that is good of its sort; but I am too proud now to eat of it. Sitting by Miss Burney makes me very proud today!"

"Miss Burney," said Mrs. Thrale, laughing, "you must take great care of your heart if Dr. Johnson attacks it; for I assure you he is not often successful."

"What's that you say, madam?" cried he; "are you making mischief between the young lady and me already?"

A little while after he drank Miss Thrale's health and mine, and then added: —

"'Tis a terrible thing that we cannot wish young ladies well without wishing them to become old women!"

"But some people," said Mr. Seward, "are old and young at the same time, for they wear so well that they never look old."

"No, sir, no," cried the doctor, laughing; "that never yet was: you might as well say they are at the same time tall and short."

## RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

**R**ICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN was the most distinguished member of a distinguished family. His grandfather was Dr. Sheridan, the friend and correspondent of Swift. His father was Thomas Sheridan, elocutionist, actor, manager, and lexicographer. His mother was Frances Sheridan, author of the comedy of 'The Discovery' (acted by David Garrick), and of the novel 'Miss Sidney Biddulph' (praised by Samuel Johnson). His three granddaughters, known as the beautiful Sheridans, became, one the Duchess of Somerset, another the Countess of Dufferin, and the third the Hon. Mrs. Norton (afterward Lady Stirling-Maxwell). His great-grandson was Lord Dufferin, author and diplomatist. Thus, in six generations of the family, remarkable power of one kind or another has been revealed.

Richard Brinsley was born in Dublin, Ireland, in September 1751. Before he was ten the family moved to England; and he was presently sent to Harrow. Later he received from his father lessons in elocution, which he was destined to turn to account in Parliament. Before he was nineteen the family settled in Bath, then the resort of fashion. Here the young man observed life, wrote brilliant bits of verse, and fell in love with Miss Linley. The Linleys were all musicians: Miss Elizabeth Linley was a public singer of great promise; she was not seventeen when Sheridan first met her. She was beset by suitors, with one of whom, a disreputable Captain Mathews (who was the author of a good book on whist), the future dramatist fought two duels. Sheridan eloped with Miss Linley to France; and after many obstacles, the course of true love ran smooth at last and the young pair were married. Although he was wholly without fortune, the husband withdrew his wife from the stage.

Sheridan's education had been fragmentary, and he lacked serious training. But he had wit and self-confidence; and he determined to turn dramatist. His father was an actor, his mother had written plays, and his father-in-law was a composer; and so the stage door swung wide open before him. His first piece, the five-act comedy 'The Rivals,' was brought out at Covent Garden Theater, January 17, 1775; and it then failed blankly, as it did again on a second performance. Withdrawn and revised, it was soon reproduced with approval. A similar experience is recorded of 'The Barber of Seville,' the first comedy of Beaumarchais, whose career is not without points of resemblance to Sheridan's. 'The Rivals' and 'The Barber of Seville' are among the few comedies of the eighteenth century which have survived.

In gratitude to the actor who had played Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Sheridan improvised the farce of 'St. Patrick's Day; or, The Scheming Lieutenant';

brought out May 2, 1775, and long since dropped out of the list of acting plays. During the summer he wrote the book of a comic opera, 'The Duenna,' for which his father-in-law Linley prepared the score, and which was produced at Covent Garden November 21, 1775 — making three new plays which the young dramatist had brought out within the year.

The great actor, David Garrick, who had managed Drury Lane Theater with the utmost skill for many years, was now about to retire. He owned half of the theater, and this half he sold to Sheridan and to some of Sheridan's friends; and a little later Sheridan was able to buy the other half also, paying for it not in cash, but by assuming mortgages and granting annuities. It was in the middle of 1776 that David Garrick was succeeded in the management of Drury Lane Theater by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was then not yet twenty-five years old.

The first new play of the new manager was only an old comedy altered. 'A Trip to Scarborough,' acted February 24, 1777, was a deodorized version of Vanbrugh's 'Relapse'; rather better than most of the revisions of old plays, and yet a disappointment to the play-goers who were awaiting a new comedy. The new comedy came at last in the spring, and those who had high expectations were not disappointed. It was on May 8, 1777, that 'The School for Scandal' was acted for the first time, with immense success — a success which bids fair to endure. With a stronger dramatic framework than 'The Rivals,' and a slighter proportion of broad farce, 'The School for Scandal' is as effective in the acting as its predecessor, while it repays perusal far better.

When Garrick died, early in 1779, Sheridan wrote a 'Monody,' to be recited at the theater the incomparable actor had so long directed. And in the fall of that year, on October 30, 1779, he brought out the brightest of farces and the best of burlesques, 'The Critic; or, A Tragedy Rehearsed'; a delightful piece of theatrical humor — suggested by Buckingham's 'Rehearsal,' no doubt, but distinctly superior. 'The Critic,' like 'The Rivals' and 'The School for Scandal,' continues to be acted both in Great Britain and the United States. Sheridan's best plays have revealed a sturdy vitality, and a faculty of readaptation to changing theatrical conditions. After the production of 'The Critic,' Sheridan did not again appear before the public as an original dramatist. Perhaps he was jealous of his reputation; and, aware of the limit of his powers, he knew that he could not surpass 'The School for Scandal.' Just as Molière used to talk about his 'Homme de Cour,' which he had not begun when he died, so Sheridan used to talk about a comedy to be called 'Affectation,' for which he had done no more than jot down a few stray notes and suggestions. Thereafter he confined himself to the outlining of plots for pantomimes, and to improving the plays of other authors. Thus 'The Stranger' indubitably owed some of its former effectiveness in English to his adroit touch. Perhaps it was the success of 'The Stranger' which led him to rework another of Kotzebue's plays into a rather turgid melodrama

with a high patriotic flavor. This, 'Pizarro,' was produced May 24, 1799; and it hit the temper of the time so skilfully that it filled all the theaters in England for many months.

But long before this, Sheridan had entered into political life. He took his seat in Parliament in 1780 — being then not yet thirty. His first speech was a failure, as his first play had been. But he persevered; and in time he became as completely master of the platform as he was of the stage. He was a Whig; and when Fox and North drove out Shelburne, Sheridan was Secretary of the Treasury: but the Whigs went out in 1783. When Burke impeached Warren Hastings, Sheridan was one of the managers of the prosecution; and in the course of the proceedings he delivered two speeches, the recorded effect of which was simply marvelous.

In 1792 Sheridan's wife died, and from that hour the fortune that had waxed so swiftly waned as surely. He neglected the theater for politics, and his debts began to harass him. He married again in 1795; but it may be doubted whether this second marriage was not a mistake. In 1809 Drury Lane was burnt to the ground; and Sheridan had rebuilt it at enormous cost only fifteen years before. This fire ruined him. In 1812 he made his last speech in Parliament. In 1815 he suffered the indignity of arrest for debt. He died July 7, 1816.

Sheridan's indebtedness was found to be less than £5000: that it had not been paid long before was due to his procrastination, his carelessness, and his total lack of business training. He seems to have allowed himself to be swindled right and left. In other ways also is his character not easy to apprehend aright. In his political career he unhesitatingly sacrificed place to patriotism; and during the mutiny at the Nore he put party advantage behind him, and came forward to urge the course of conduct best for the country as a whole. In his private life he was not altogether circumspect; but he lived in days when it was thought no disgrace for a statesman to be overtaken with wine. In all things he was his own worst enemy.

It is as a writer of comedies that Sheridan claims admission into this work; and here his position is impregnable. Of the four comic dramatists of the Restoration — Congreve, Vanbrugh, Wycherley, and Farquhar — only one, Congreve, was Sheridan's superior as a wit; and Sheridan is the superior of every one of the four as a playwright, as an artist in stage effect, as a master of the medium in which they all of them worked. His only later rival is his fellow-Irishman, Oliver Goldsmith: but of Goldsmith's two comedies, one, 'The Good-Natured Man,' has always been a failure, when first acted and whenever a revival has been attempted; and the other, 'She Stoops to Conquer,' delightful as it is, is what its hostile critics called it when it was first seen, a farce — it has the arbitrary plot of a farce, though its manner is the manner of comedy. Neither in the library nor in the theater does 'She Stoops to Conquer' withstand the comparison with 'The School for Scandal'; and

Sheridan has still to his credit 'The Rivals' and 'The Critic.' (It is true that Goldsmith has to his credit 'The Vicar of Wakefield' and his poems and his essays; but it is of his plays that a comparison is here made.)

Sheridan is not of course to be likened to Molière: the Frenchman had a depth and a power to which the Irishman could not pretend. But a comparison with Beaumarchais is fair enough, and it can be drawn only in favor of Sheridan; for brilliant as 'The Marriage of Figaro' is, it lacks the solid structure and the broad outlook of 'The School for Scandal.' Both the French wit and the Irish are masters of fence, and the dialogue of these comedies still scintillates as steel crosses steel. Neither of them put much heart into his plays; and perhaps 'The School for Scandal' is even more artificial than 'The Marriage of Figaro' — but it is wholly free from the declamatory shrillness which today mars the masterpiece of Beaumarchais.

It is curious that the British novelists have often taken up their task in the maturity of middle age, and that the British dramatists have often been young fellows just coming into man's estate. One might say that Farquhar and Vanbrugh, Congreve and Sheridan, all composed their comedies when they were only recently out of their 'teens. Lessing has told us that the young man just entering on the world cannot possibly know it. He may be ingenious, he may be clever, he may be brilliant — but he is likely to lack depth and breadth. Here is the weak spot in Sheridan's work. Dash he had, and ardor, and dexterity, and wit; but when his work is compared with the solid and more human plays of Molière, for example, its relative superficiality is apparent. And yet superficiality is a harsh word, and perhaps misleading. What is not to be found in Sheridan's comedies is essential richness of inspiration. Liveliness there is, and dramaturgic skill, and comic invention, and animal spirits, and hearty enjoyment: these are gifts to be prized. To seek for more in 'The Rivals' and 'The School for Scandal' is to be disappointed.

BRANDER MATTHEWS

## MRS. MALAPROP'S VIEWS

From 'The Rivals'

*The scene is Mrs. Malaprop's lodgings at Bath. Present, Lydia Languish.*

*Enter Mrs. Malaprop and Sir Anthony Absolute*

MRS. MALAPROP. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

*Lydia.* Madam, I thought you once —

*Mrs. Malaprop.* You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all: thought does not become a young woman. But the point

we would request of you is, you will promise to forget this fellow; to illiterate him, I say, from your memory.

*Lydia.* Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

*Mrs. Malaprop.* But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed — and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

*Sir Anthony.* Why, sure she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not! Ay, this comes of her reading!

*Lydia.* What crime, madam, have I committed to be treated thus?

*Mrs. Malaprop.* Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it. But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

*Lydia.* Madam, I must tell you plainly that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

*Mrs. Malaprop.* What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know that as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a blackamoor; and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made? and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed! But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

*Lydia.* Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

*Mrs. Malaprop.* Take yourself to your room. You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humors.

*Lydia.* Willingly, ma'am — I cannot change for the worse. [Exit.]

*Mrs. Malaprop.* There's a little intricate hussy for you!

*Sir Anthony.* It is not to be wondered at, ma'am: all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by Heaven I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

*Mrs. Malaprop.* Nay, nay, Sir Anthony: you are an absolute misanthropy.

*Sir Anthony.* In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library! She had a book in each hand; they were half-bound volumes with marble covers! From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

*Mrs. Malaprop.* Those are vile places indeed!

*Sir Anthony.* Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge — it blossoms through the year! And depend

on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves will long for the fruit at last.

*Mrs. Malaprop.* Fy, fy, Sir Anthony! you surely speak laconically.

*Sir Anthony.* Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know?

*Mrs. Malaprop.* Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman: for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning; neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments. But, Sir Anthony, I would send her at nine years old to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and as she grew up I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries: but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

*Sir Anthony.* Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate: you say you have no objection to my proposal?

*Mrs. Malaprop.* None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres; and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

*Sir Anthony.* Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

*Mrs. Malaprop.* We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

*Sir Anthony.* Objection! let him object if he dare! No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple: in their younger days, 'twas "Jack, do this"; if he demurred I knocked him down, and if he grumbled at that I always sent him out of the room.

*Mrs. Malaprop.* Ay, and the properest way, o' my conscience! Nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity. Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations; and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

*Sir Anthony.* Madam, I will handle the subject prudently. Well, I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl. Take my advice — keep a tight hand: if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about. [Exit.]

*Mrs. Malaprop.* Well, at any rate I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition. She has somehow discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger: sure, Lucy can't have betrayed me! No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it. [Calls.] Lucy! Lucy! — Had she been one of your artificial ones, I should never have trusted her.

## SIR LUCIUS DICTATES A CARTEL

From 'The Rivals'

*The scene is Bob Acres's lodgings at Bath. Acres is discovered as his servant shows in Sir Lucius.*

**S**IR LUCIUS. Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

*Acres.* My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

*Sir Lucius.* Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

*Acres.* Faith! I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last. In short, I have been very ill used, Sir Lucius. I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as on a very ill-used gentleman.

*Sir Lucius.* Pray, what is the case? I ask no names.

*Acres.* Mark me, Sir Lucius, I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady: her friends take my part — I follow her to Bath — send word of my arrival; and receive answer that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of. This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill used.

*Sir Lucius.* Very ill, upon my conscience. Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

*Acres.* Why, there's the matter: she has another lover, one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath. Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

*Sir Lucius.* A rival in the case, is there? and you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

*Acres.* Unfairly! to be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

*Sir Lucius.* Then sure you know what is to be done!

*Acres.* Not I, upon my soul.

*Sir Lucius.* We wear no swords here, but you understand me.

*Acres.* What! fight him?

*Sir Lucius.* Ay, to be sure: what can I mean else?

*Acres.* But he has given me no provocation.

*Sir Lucius.* Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offense against another than to fall in love with the same woman? Oh, by my soul! it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

*Acres.* Breach of friendship! ay, ay; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

*Sir Lucius.* That's no argument at all: he has the less right then to take such a liberty.

*Acres.* Gad, that's true. I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius! I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valor in him and not know it! But couldn't I contrive to have a little right on my side?

*Sir Lucius.* What the devil signifies right, when your honor is concerned? Do you think Achilles, or my little Alexander the Great, ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul: they drew their broadswords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

*Acres.* Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart: I believe courage must be catching! I certainly do feel a kind of valor rising, as it were — a kind of courage, as I may say. Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

*Sir Lucius.* Ah, my little friend, if I had Blunderbuss Hall here, I could show you a range of ancestry in the O'Trigger line that would furnish the new room, every one of whom had killed his man! For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank heaven our honor and the family pictures are as fresh as ever.

*Acres.* O Sir Lucius! I have had ancestors too! every man of 'em colonel or captain in the militia! Odds balls and barrels! say no more — I'm braced for it. The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast. Zounds! as the man in the play says, *I could do such deeds.*

*Sir Lucius.* Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case: these things should always be done civilly.

*Acres.* I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius — I must be in a rage. Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here's pen and paper. [*Sits down to write.*] I would the ink were red! Indite, I say indite! How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

*Sir Lucius.* Pray compose yourself.

*Acres.* Come, now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a "damme."

*Sir Lucius.* Pho! pho! do the thing decently, and like a Christian. Begin now. "Sir —"

*Acres.* That's too civil by half.

*Sir Lucius.* "To prevent the confusion that might arise —"

*Acres.* Well —

*Sir Lucius.* "From our both addressing the same lady —"

*Acres.* Ay, there's the reason — "same lady": well —

*Sir Lucius.* "I shall expect the honor of your company —"

*Acres.* Zounds! I'm not asking him to dinner.

*Sir Lucius.* Pray be easy.

*Acres.* Well then, "honor of your company —"

*Sir Lucius.* "To settle our pretensions —"

*Acres.* Well —

*Sir Lucius.* Let me see: ay, King's-Mead Fields will do — "in King's-Mead Fields."

*Acres.* So, that's done. Well, I'll fold it up presently; my own crest — a hand and a dagger — shall be the seal.

*Sir Lucius.* You see how this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

*Acres.* Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

*Sir Lucius.* Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time. Take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening if you can; then let the worst come of it, 'twill be off your mind tomorrow.

*Acres.* Very true.

*Sir Lucius.* So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening. I would do myself the honor to carry your message; but to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here, who put a jest on me lately at the expense of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman to call him out.

*Acres.* By my valor, I should like to see you fight first! Odds life! I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson.

*Sir Lucius.* I shall be very proud of instructing you. Well, for the present — but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

THE DUEL

From 'The Rivals'

*Scene: King's-Mead Fields, Bath. Enter Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Acres with pistols*

**A**CRES. By my valor! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims! I say it is a good distance.

*Sir Lucius.* Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me. Stay now — I'll show you. [*Measures paces along the stage.*] There now, that is a very pretty distance — a pretty gentleman's distance.

*Acres.* Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

*Sir Lucius.* Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

*Acres.* No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty or eight-and-thirty yards —

*Sir Lucius.* Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

*Acres.* Odds bullets, no! — by my valor! there is no merit in killing him so near: do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot; — a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

*Sir Lucius.* Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

*Acres.* I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius, but I don't understand —

*Sir Lucius.* Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk; and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it — I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

*Acres.* A quietus!

*Sir Lucius.* For instance, now — if that should be the case — would you choose to be pickled and sent home? or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey? I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

*Acres.* Pickled! Snug lying in the Abbey! Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

*Sir Lucius.* I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

*Acres.* No, Sir Lucius, never before.

*Sir Lucius.* Ah! that's a pity! — there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

*Acres.* Odds files! I've practised that — there, Sir Lucius — there. [*Puts*

*himself in an attitude.*] A side-front, hey? Odd! I'll make myself small enough: I'll stand edgeways.

*Sir Lucius.* Now you're quite out; for if you stand so when I take my aim — [Leveling at him.]

*Acres.* Zounds! Sir Lucius — are you sure it is not cocked?

*Sir Lucius.* Never fear.

*Acres.* But — but — you don't know — it may go off of its own head!

*Sir Lucius.* Pho! be easy. Well, now, if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance: for if it misses a vital part of your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

*Acres.* A vital part!

*Sir Lucius.* But there — fix yourself so [*placing him*]: let him see the broad-side of your full front — there — now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

*Acres.* Clean through me! — a ball or two clean through me!

*Sir Lucius.* Ay, may they; and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

*Acres.* Look'ee! Sir Lucius — I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valor! I will stand edgeways.

*Sir Lucius* [*looking at his watch*]. Sure they don't mean to disappoint us — hah! — no, faith, I think I see them coming.

*Acres.* Hey! — what! — coming!

*Sir Lucius.* Ay. Who are those yonder getting over the stile?

*Acres.* There are two of them indeed! Well — let them come — hey, Sir Lucius! — we — we — we — we — won't run.

*Sir Lucius.* Run!

*Acres.* No — I say — we won't run, by my valor!

*Sir Lucius.* What the devil's the matter with you?

*Acres.* Nothing — nothing — my dear friend — my dear Sir Lucius — but — I — I — I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

*Sir Lucius.* O fy! Consider your honor.

*Acres.* Ay — true — my honor. Do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honor.

*Sir Lucius.* Well, here they're coming.

[Looking.]

*Acres.* Sir Lucius — if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid. If my valor should leave me! Valor will come and go.

*Sir Lucius.* Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

*Acres.* Sir Lucius — I doubt it is going — yes — my valor is certainly going! It is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands!

*Sir Lucius.* Your honor — your honor! Here they are.

*Acres.* O mercy! — now — that I was safe at Clod-Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

[Enter Faulkland and Captain Absolute]

*Sir Lucius.* Gentlemen, your most obedient. Hah! — what, Captain Absolute! So — I suppose, sir, you are come here just like myself: to do a kind office, first for your friend, then to proceed to business on your own account.

*Acres.* What — Jack! — my dear Jack! — my dear friend!

*Absolute.* Hark'ee, Bob, Beverley's at hand.

*Sir Lucius.* Well, Mr. Acres — I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly. [To Faulkland.] So, Mr. Beverley, if you'll choose your weapons, the captain and I will measure the ground.

*Faulkland.* My weapons, sir!

*Acres.* Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland: these are my particular friends.

*Sir Lucius.* What, sir, did you not come here to fight Mr. Acres?

*Faulkland.* Not I, upon my word, sir.

*Sir Lucius.* Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game, you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by sitting out.

*Absolute.* Oh pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

*Faulkland.* Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter —

*Acres.* No, no, Mr. Faulkland: I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian. — Look'ee, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

*Sir Lucius.* Observe me, Mr. Acres — I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody, and you came here to fight him. Now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him — I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

*Acres.* Why, no, Sir Lucius: I tell you 'tis one Beverley I've challenged — a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face! If he were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly!

*Absolute.* Hold, Bob — let me set you right: there is no such man as Beverley in the case. The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

*Sir Lucius.* Well, this is lucky. Now you have an opportunity —

*Acres.* What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute! Not if he were fifty Beverleys! Zounds, Sir Lucius, you would not have me so unnatural!

*Sir Lucius.* Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valor has oozed away with a vengeance!

*Acres.* Not in the least! Odds backs and abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart; and if you should get a quietus, you may command me entirely. I'll get you snug lying in the Abbey here; or pickle you, and send you over to Blunderbuss Hall, or anything of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

*Sir Lucius.* Pho! pho! you are little better than a coward.

*Acres.* Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward; coward was the word, by my valor!

*Sir Lucius.* Well, sir?

*Acres.* Look'ee, Sir Lucius, 't isn't that I mind the word coward — coward may be said in joke. But if you had called me a poltroon, odds daggers and balls! —

*Sir Lucius.* Well, sir?

*Acres.* I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

*Sir Lucius.* Pho! you are beneath my notice.

*Absolute.* Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres. He is a most determined dog — called in the country, Fighting Bob. He generally kills a man a week — don't you, Bob?

*Acres.* Ay — at home!

*Sir Lucius.* Well, then, captain, 'tis we must begin; so come out, my little counselor [*draws his sword*], and ask the gentleman whether he will resign the lady, without forcing you to proceed against him?

*Absolute.* Come on then, sir [*draws*]: since you won't let it be an amicable suit, here's my reply.

[*Enter Sir Anthony Absolute, David, Mrs. Malaprop, Lydia, and Julia*]

*David.* Knock 'em all down, sweet Sir Anthony: knock down my master in particular, and bind his hands over to their good behavior!

*Sir Anthony.* Put up, Jack, put up, or I shall be in a frenzy: how came you in a duel, sir?

*Absolute.* Faith, sir, that gentleman can tell you better than I: 'twas he called on me — and you know, sir, I serve his Majesty.

*Sir Anthony.* Here's a pretty fellow: I catch him going to cut a man's throat, and he tells me he serves his Majesty! Zounds, sirrah! then how durst you draw the King's sword against one of his subjects?

*Absolute.* Sir, I tell you that gentleman called me out, without explaining his reasons.

*Sir Anthony.* Gad, sir! how came you to call my son out, without explaining your reasons?

*Sir Lucius.* Your son, sir, insulted me in a manner which my honor could not brook.

*Sir Anthony.* Zounds, Jack! how durst you insult the gentleman in a manner which his honor could not brook?

*Mrs. Malaprop.* Come, come, let's have no honor before ladies. — Captain Absolute, come here: How could you intimidate us so? Here's Lydia has been terrified to death for you.

*Absolute.* For fear I should be killed, or escape, ma'am?

*Mrs. Malaprop.* Nay, no delusions to the past: Lydia is convinced. — Speak, child.

*Sir Lucius.* With your leave, ma'am, I must put in a word here: I believe I could interpret the young lady's silence. Now mark —

*Lydia.* What is it you mean, sir?

*Sir Lucius.* Come, come, Delia, we must be serious now: this is no time for trifling.

*Lydia.* 'Tis true, sir; and your reproof bids me offer this gentleman my hand, and solicit the return of his affections.

*Absolute.* O my little angel, say you so! *Sir Lucius*, I perceive there must be some mistake here with regard to the affront which you affirm I have given you. I can only say that it could not have been intentional. And as you must be convinced that I should not fear to support a real injury, you shall now see that I am not ashamed to atone for an inadvertency: I ask your pardon. But for this lady, while honored with her approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever.

*Sir Anthony.* Well said, Jack, and I'll stand by you, my boy.

*Acres.* Mind, I give up all my claim — I make no pretensions to anything in the world; and if I can't get a wife without fighting for her — by my valor! I'll live a bachelor.

*Sir Lucius.* Captain, give me your hand: an affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation; and as for the lady, if she chooses to deny her own handwriting, here —

[*Takes out letters.*]

*Mrs. Malaprop.* Oh, he will dissolve my mystery! — *Sir Lucius*, perhaps there's some mistake — perhaps I can illuminate —

*Sir Lucius.* Pray, old gentlewoman, don't interfere where you have no business. Miss Languish, are you my Delia or not?

*Lydia.* Indeed, *Sir Lucius*, I am not.

[*Walks aside with Captain Absolute.*]

*Mrs. Malaprop.* *Sir Lucius* O'Trigger — ungrateful as you are, I own the soft impeachment — pardon my blushes; I am Delia.

*Sir Lucius.* You Delia! — pho! pho! be easy.

*Mrs. Malaprop.* Why, thou barbarous Vandyke! those letters are mine. When you are more sensible of my benignity, perhaps I may be brought to encourage your addresses.

*Sir Lucius.* *Mrs. Malaprop*, I am extremely sensible of your condescension; and whether you or Lucy have put this trick on me, I am equally beholden to you. And to show you I am not ungrateful, Captain Absolute, since you have taken that lady from me I'll give you my Delia into the bargain.

*Absolute.* I am much obliged to you, *Sir Lucius*; but here's my friend Fighting Bob unprovided for.

*Sir Lucius.* Hah! little Valor — here, will you make your fortune?

*Acres.* Odds wrinkles! No. But give me your hand, *Sir Lucius*; forget and forgive: but if ever I give you a chance of pickling me again, say Bob Acres is a dunce, that's all.

*Sir Anthony.* Come, Mrs. Malaprop, don't be cast down: you are in your bloom yet.

*Mrs. Malaprop.* O Sir Anthony, men are all barbarians.

## THE SCANDAL CLASS MEETS

From 'The School for Scandal'

*Scene: A room in Lady Sneerwell's house. Lady Sneerwell, Mrs. Candour, Crabtree, Sir Benjamin Backbite, and Joseph Surface discovered.*

**L**ADY SNEERWELL. Nay, positively we will hear it.

*Joseph Surface.* Yes, yes, the epigram; by all means.

*Sir Benjamin.* Oh, plague on't, uncle! 'tis mere nonsense.

*Crabtree.* No, no; 'fore Gad, very clever for an extempore!

*Sir Benjamin.* But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstance. You must know that one day last week, as Lady Betty Curricule was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies; upon which I took out my pocket-book, and in one moment produced the following: —

Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;  
Other horses are clowns, but these macaronies:<sup>1</sup>  
To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong —  
Their legs are so slim and their tails are so long.

*Crabtree.* There, ladies: done in the smack of a whip, and on horseback too.

*Joseph Surface.* A very Phœbus, mounted — indeed, Sir Benjamin!

*Sir Benjamin.* O dear, sir! trifles — trifles.

[Enter Lady Teazle and Maria]

*Mrs. Candour.* I must have a copy.

*Lady Sneerwell.* Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter?

*Lady Teazle.* I believe he'll wait on your Ladyship presently.

*Lady Sneerwell.* Maria, my love, you look grave. Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

*Maria.* I take very little pleasure in cards; however, I'll do as your Ladyship pleases.

*Lady Teazle* [aside]. I am surprised Mr. Surface should sit down with her; I thought he would have embraced this opportunity of speaking to me before Sir Peter came.

*Mrs. Candour.* Now I'll die; but you are so scandalous, I'll forswear your society.

<sup>1</sup> I.e., resembling the "Italomaniac" dandies of the day.

*Lady Teazle.* What's the matter, Mrs. Candour?

*Mrs. Candour.* They'll not allow our friend Miss Vermilion to be handsome.

*Lady Sneerwell.* Oh, surely she is a pretty woman.

*Crabtree.* I am very glad you think so, ma'am.

*Mrs. Candour.* She has a charming fresh color.

*Lady Teazle.* Yes, when it is fresh put on.

*Mrs. Candour.* O fy! I'll swear her color is natural: I have seen it come and go!

*Lady Teazle.* I dare swear you have, ma'am: it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning.

*Sir Benjamin.* True, ma'am: it not only comes and goes, but what's more, egad, her maid can fetch and carry it!

*Mrs. Candour.* Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely, now, her sister is — or was — very handsome.

*Crabtree.* Who? Mrs. Evergreen? O Lord! she's six-and-fifty if she's an hour!

*Mrs. Candour.* Now positively you wrong her: fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost — and I don't think she looks more.

*Sir Benjamin.* Ah! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

*Lady Sneerwell.* Well, well, if Mrs. Evergreen does take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity; and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre calks her wrinkles.

*Sir Benjamin.* Nay, now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints so ill; but when she has finished her face, she joins it on so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur may see at once that the head is modern, though the trunk's antique.

*Crabtree.* Ha! ha! ha! Well said, nephew!

*Mrs. Candour.* Ha! ha! ha! Well, you make me laugh; but I vow I hate you for it. What do you think of Miss Simper?

*Sir Benjamin.* Why, she has very pretty teeth.

*Lady Teazle.* Yes; and on that account, when she is neither speaking nor laughing (which very seldom happens), she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always ajar, as it were — thus. [Shuts her teeth.]

*Mrs. Candour.* How can you be so ill-natured?

*Lady Teazle.* Nay, I allow even that's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's-box, and all her words appear to slide out edgewise, as it were — thus: "How do you do, madam? Yes, madam."

[Mimics.]

*Lady Sneerwell.* Very well, Lady Teazle: I see you can be a little severe.

*Lady Teazle.* In defense of a friend it is but justice. But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

[*Enter Sir Peter Teazle*]

*Sir Peter.* Ladies, your most obedient. — [*Aside.*] Mercy on me, here is the whole set! a character dead at every word, I suppose.

*Mrs. Candour.* I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious; and Lady Teazle as bad as any one.

*Sir Peter.* That must be very distressing to you, indeed, Mrs. Candour.

*Mrs. Candour.* Oh, they will allow good qualities to nobody; not even good-nature to our friend Mrs. Pursy.

*Lady Teazle.* What, the fat dowager who was at Mrs. Quadrille's last night?

*Mrs. Candour.* Nay, her bulk is her misfortune; and when she takes so much pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.

*Lady Sneerwell.* That's very true, indeed.

*Lady Teazle.* Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey; laces herself by pulleys; and often, in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat pony, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's, and puffing round the Ring on a full trot.

*Mrs. Candour.* I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.

*Sir Peter.* Yes, a good defense, truly.

*Mrs. Candour.* Truly, Lady Teazle is as censorious as Miss Sallow.

*Crabtree.* Yes; and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious — an awkward gawky, without any one good point under heaven.

*Mrs. Candour.* Positively you shall not be so very severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by marriage: and as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for let me tell you, a woman labors under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl of six-and-thirty.

*Lady Sneerwell.* Though, surely, she is handsome still; and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candle-light, it is not to be wondered at.

*Mrs. Candour.* True; and then as to her manner: upon my word I think it is particularly graceful, considering she never had the least education; for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar-baker at Bristol.

*Sir Benjamin.* Ah! you are both of you too good-natured!

*Sir Peter* [*aside*]. Yes, damned good-natured! This their own relation! mercy on me!

*Mrs. Candour.* For my part, I own I cannot bear to hear a friend ill spoken of.

*Sir Peter.* No, to be sure!

*Sir Benjamin.* Oh! you are of a moral turn. Mrs. Candour and I can sit for an hour and hear Lady Stucco talk sentiment.

*Lady Teazle.* Nay, I vow Lady Stucco is very well with the dessert after dinner; for she's just like the French fruit one cracks for mottoes — made up of paint and proverb.

*Mrs. Candour.* Well, I will never join in ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle — and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

*Crabtree.* Oh, to be sure! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

*Sir Benjamin.* So she has, indeed — an Irish front —

*Crabtree.* Caledonian locks —

*Sir Benjamin.* Dutch nose —

*Crabtree.* Austrian lips —

*Sir Benjamin.* Complexion of a Spaniard —

*Crabtree.* And teeth *à la Chinoise* —

*Sir Benjamin.* In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa, where no two guests are of a nation —

*Crabtree.* Or a congress at the close of a general war, wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different interest; and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

*Mrs. Candour.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir Peter* [*aside*]. Mercy on my life! — a person they dine with twice a week!

*Mrs. Candour.* Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so; for give me leave to say that Mrs. Ogle —

*Sir Peter.* Madam, madam, I beg your pardon — there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues. But when I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part.

*Lady Sneerwell.* Ha! ha! ha! well said, Sir Peter! but you are a cruel creature: too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

*Sir Peter.* Ah, madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good-nature than your Ladyship is aware of.

*Lady Teazle.* True, Sir Peter: I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

*Sir Benjamin.* Or rather, suppose them man and wife, because one seldom sees them together.

*Lady Teazle.* But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by Parliament.

*Sir Peter.* 'Fore Heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with

reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame as well as game, I believe many would thank them for the bill.

*Lady Sneerwell.* O Lud, Sir Peter! would you deprive us of our privileges?

*Sir Peter.* Ay, madam; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputations but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

*Lady Sneerwell.* Go, you monster!

*Mrs. Candour.* But surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?

*Sir Peter.* Yes, madam: I would have law-merchant for them too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.

*Crabtree.* Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

*Lady Sneerwell.* Come, ladies, shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

[*Enter Servant, who whispers Sir Peter*]

*Sir Peter.* I'll be with them directly. [*Exit servant.*] [*Aside.*] I'll get away unperceived.

*Lady Sneerwell.* Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us?

*Sir Peter.* Your Ladyship must excuse me: I'm called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me. [*Exit.*]

*Sir Benjamin.* Well — certainly, Lady Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being: I could tell you some stories of him would make you laugh heartily if he were not your husband.

*Lady Teazle.* Oh, pray don't mind that: come, do let's hear them.

[*Exeunt all but Joseph Surface and Maria.*]

*Joseph Surface.* Maria, I see you have no satisfaction in this society.

*Maria.* How is it possible I should? If to raise malicious smiles at the infirmities or misfortunes of those who have never injured us be the province of wit or humor, Heaven grant me a double portion of dullness!

*Joseph Surface.* Yet they appear more ill-natured than they are: they have no malice at heart.

*Maria.* Then is their conduct still more contemptible; for in my opinion, nothing could excuse the intemperance of their tongues but a natural and uncontrollable bitterness of mind.

## MATRIMONIAL FELICITY

From 'The School for Scandal'

*Scene: A room in Sir Peter Teazle's house. Enter Sir Peter Teazle*

SIR PETER. When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men — and I have been the most miserable dog ever since. We tift a little going to church, and fairly quarreled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution: a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball. Yet she now plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of fashion and the town with as ready a grace as if she never had seen a bush or a grassplot out of Grosvenor Square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humors; yet the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

[Enter Rowley]

*Rowley.* Oh! Sir Peter, your servant: how is it with you, sir?*Sir Peter.* Very bad, Master Rowley, very bad. I meet with nothing but crosses and vexations.*Rowley.* What can have happened since yesterday?*Sir Peter.* A good question to a married man!*Rowley.* Nay, I'm sure, Sir Peter, your lady can't be the cause of your uneasiness.*Sir Peter.* Why, has anybody told you she was dead?*Rowley.* Come, come, Sir Peter, you love her, notwithstanding your tempers don't exactly agree.*Sir Peter.* But the fault is entirely hers, Master Rowley. I am myself the sweetest-tempered man alive, and hate a teasing temper; and so I tell her a hundred times a day.*Rowley.* Indeed!*Sir Peter.* Ay; and what is very extraordinary, in all our disputes she is always in the wrong. But Lady Sneerwell, and the set she meets at her house, encourage the perverseness of her disposition. Then, to complete the vexation, Maria, my ward, whom I ought to have the power of a father over, is determined to turn rebel too, and absolutely refuses the man whom I have

long resolved on for her husband; meaning, I suppose, to bestow herself on his profligate brother.

*Rowley.* You know, Sir Peter, I have always taken the liberty to differ with you on the subject of these two young gentlemen. I only wish you may not be deceived in your opinion of the elder. For Charles, my life on't! he will retrieve his errors yet. Their worthy father, once my honored master, was at his years nearly as wild a spark; yet when he died, he did not leave a more benevolent heart to lament his loss.

*Sir Peter.* You are wrong, Master Rowley. On their father's death, you know, I acted as a kind of guardian to them both, till their uncle Sir Oliver's liberality gave them an early independence; of course, no person could have more opportunities of judging of their hearts: and I was never mistaken in my life. Joseph is indeed a model for the young men of the age. He is a man of sentiment, and acts up to the sentiments he professes; but for the other, take my word for't, if he had any grain of virtue by descent, he has dissipated it with the rest of his inheritance. Ah! my old friend Sir Oliver will be deeply mortified when he finds how part of his bounty has been misapplied.

*Rowley.* I am sorry to find you so violent against the young man, because this may be the most critical period of his fortune. I came hither with news that will surprise you.

*Sir Peter.* What! let me hear.

*Rowley.* Sir Oliver is arrived, and at this moment in town.

*Sir Peter.* How? you astonish me! I thought you did not expect him this month.

*Rowley.* I did not; but his passage has been remarkably quick.

*Sir Peter.* Egad, I shall rejoice to see my old friend. 'Tis sixteen years since we met. We have had many a day together; but does he still enjoin us not to inform his nephews of his arrival?

*Rowley.* Most strictly. He means, before it is known, to make some trial of their dispositions.

*Sir Peter.* Ah! there needs no art to discover their merits — however, he shall have his way; but pray, does he know I am married?

*Rowley.* Yes, and will soon wish you joy.

*Sir Peter.* What, as we drink health to a friend in a consumption! Ah! Oliver will laugh at me. We used to rail at matrimony together, but he has been steady to his text. Well, he must be soon at my house, though: I'll instantly give orders for his reception. But, Master Rowley, don't drop a word that Lady Teazle and I ever disagree.

*Rowley.* By no means.

*Sir Peter.* For I should never be able to stand Noll's jokes; so I'll have him think — Lord forgive me! — that we are a very happy couple.

*Rowley.* I understand you; but then you must be very careful not to differ while he is in the house with you.

*Sir Peter.* Egad, and so we must — and that's impossible. Ah! Master Rowley, when an old bachelor marries a young wife, he deserves — no, the crime carries its punishment along with it. [Exeunt.]

*Scene:* A room in Sir Peter Teazle's house. Enter Sir Peter and Lady Teazle

*Sir Peter.* Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it.

*Lady Teazle.* Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and what's more, I will, too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

*Sir Peter.* Very well, ma'am, very well: so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

*Lady Teazle.* Authority! No, to be sure. If you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

*Sir Peter.* Old enough! — ay, there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance!

*Lady Teazle.* My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

*Sir Peter.* No, no, madam: you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a *fête champêtre* at Christmas.

*Lady Teazle.* And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet.

*Sir Peter.* Oons! madam, if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

*Lady Teazle.* No, no, I don't: 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

*Sir Peter.* Yes, yes, madam: you were then in somewhat a humbler style — the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

*Lady Teazle.* Oh, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my Aunt Deborah's lapdog.

*Sir Peter.* Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

*Lady Teazle.* And then you know my evening amusements! To draw pat-

terns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a sermon to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

*Sir Peter.* I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach — *vis-à-vis* — and three powdered footmen before your chair; and in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse.

*Lady Teazle.* No — I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

*Sir Peter.* This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank — in short, I have made you my wife.

*Lady Teazle.* Well then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation; that is —

*Sir Peter.* My widow, I suppose?

*Lady Teazle.* Hem! hem!

*Sir Peter.* I thank you, madam — but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

*Lady Teazle.* Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

*Sir Peter.* 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

*Lady Teazle.* Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

*Sir Peter.* The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

*Lady Teazle.* For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

*Sir Peter.* Ay — there again — taste! Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

*Lady Teazle.* That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter! and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

*Sir Peter.* Ay, there's another precious circumstance — a charming set of acquaintance you have made there!

*Lady Teazle.* Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

*Sir Peter.* Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves! Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief

than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

*Lady Teazle.* What, would you restrain the freedom of speech?

*Sir Peter.* Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

*Lady Teazle.* Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

*Sir Peter.* Grace, indeed!

*Lady Teazle.* But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse: when I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good-humor; and I take it for granted they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

*Sir Peter.* Well, well, I'll call in, just to look after my own character.

*Lady Teazle.* Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So good-by to ye. [Exit.]

*Sir Peter.* So — I have gained much by my intended expostulation! Yet with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasantly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarreling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. [Exit.]

## OLIVER GOLDSMITH

**O**LIVER GOLDSMITH was born at Pallas, County Longford, Ireland, November 10, 1728. That was the year in which Pope issued his 'Dunciad,' Gay his 'Beggar's Opera,' and Thomson his 'Spring.' Goldsmith's father was a clergyman of the Established Church. In 1730 the family removed to Lissoy, a better living than that of Pallas. Oliver's school days in and around Westmeath were unsatisfactory; so also his course at Trinity, 1744 to 1749. For the next two years he loafed at Ballymahon, living on his mother, then a widow, and making vain attempts to take orders, to teach, to enter a law course, to sail for America. He was a bad sixpence. Finally his uncle Contarine, who saw good stuff in the awkward, ugly, humorous, and reckless youth, got him off to Edinburgh, where he studied medicine till 1752.

In 1754 he is studying, or pretending to study, at Leyden. In 1755 and 1756 he is singing, fluting, and otherwise "beating" his way through Europe, whence he returns with a mythical M. B. degree. From 1756 to 1759 he is in London, teaching, serving an apothecary, practising medicine, reading proof, writing as a hack, planning to practise surgery in Coromandel, failing to qualify as a hospital mate, and in general only not starving. In 1759 Dr. Percy finds him in Green Arbor Court amid a colony of washerwomen, writing an 'Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe.' Next follows the appearance of that work, and his acquaintance with publishers and men of letters. In 1761, with Percy, comes Johnson to visit him. In 1764 Goldsmith is one of the members of the famous Literary Club, where he counts among his friends, besides Percy and Johnson, Reynolds, Boswell, Garrick, Burke, and others who shone with their own or reflected light. The rest of his life, spent principally in or near London, is associated with his literary career. He died April 4, 1774, and was buried near the Temple Church.

Goldsmith was an essayist and critic, a story-writer, a poet, a comic dramatist, and a literary drudge: the last all the time, the others "between whiles." His drudgery produced such works as the 'Memoirs of Voltaire,' the 'Life of Nash,' two Histories of England, Histories of Rome and Greece, Lives of Parnell and Bolingbroke. The 'History of Animated Nature' was undertaken as an industry, but it reads, as Johnson said, "like a Persian tale"—and, of course, the more Persian the less like nature. For the prose of Goldsmith writing for a suit of clothes or for immortality is all of a piece, inimitable. "Nothing," says he, in his 'Essay on Taste,' "has been so often explained, and yet so little understood, as simplicity in

writing. . . . It is no other than beautiful nature, without affectation or extraneous ornament."

This ingenuous elegance is the accent of Goldsmith's work in verse and prose. It is nature improved, not from without but by exquisite and esoteric art, the better to prove its innate virtue and display its artless charm. Such a style is based upon a delicate "sensibility to the graces of natural and moral beauty and decorum." Hence the ideographic power, the directness, the sympathy, the lambent humor that characterize the 'Essays,' the 'Vicar,' 'The Deserted Village,' and 'She Stoops to Conquer.' This is the "plain language of ancient faith and sincerity" that, pretending to no novelty, renovated the prose of the eighteenth century, knocked the stilts from under Addison and Steele, tipped half the Latinity out of Johnson, and readjusted his ballast. Goldsmith goes without sprawling or tiptoeing; he sails without rolling. He borrows the carelessness but not the ostentation of the Spectator; the dignity but not the ponderousness of 'Rasselas'; and produces the prose of natural ease, the sweetest English of the century. It in turn prefaced the way for Charles Lamb, Hunt, and Sydney Smith. "It were to be wished that we no longer found pleasure with the inflated style," writes Goldsmith in his 'Polite Learning.' "We should dispense with loaded epithet and dressing up trifles with dignity. . . . Let us, instead of writing finely, try to write naturally; not hunt after lofty expressions to deliver mean ideas, nor be forever gaping when we only mean to deliver a whisper."

Just this naturalness constitutes the charm of the essay on 'The Bee' (1759), and of the essays collected in 1765. We do not read him for information: whether he knows more or less of his subject, whether he writes of Charles XII, or Dress, the Opera, Poetry, or Education, we read him for simplicity and humor. Still, his critical estimates, while they may not always square with ours, evince not only good sense and esthetic principle, but a range of reading not at all ordinary. When he condemns Hamlet's great soliloquy we may smile, but in a judicial respect for the father of our drama he yields to none of his contemporaries. The selections that he includes in his 'Beauties of English Poetry' would argue a conventional taste; but in his 'Essay on Poetry Distinguished from the Other Arts,' he not only defines poetry in terms that might content the Wordsworthians, he also to a certain extent anticipates Wordsworth's estimate of poetic figures.

While he makes no violent breach with the classical school, he prophesies the critical doctrine of the nineteenth century. He calls for the "energetic language of simple nature, which is now grown into disrepute." "If the production does not keep nature in view, it will be destitute of truth and probability, without which the beauties of imitation cannot subsist." Still he by no means falls into the quagmire of realism. For, continues he, "if on the other hand the imitation is so close as to be mistaken for nature, the pleasure will then cease, because the *μίμησις*, or imitation, no longer appears."

Even when wrong, Goldsmith is generally half-way right; and this is especially true of the critical judgments contained in his first published book. The impudence of the 'Enquiry' (1759) is delicious. What this young Irishman, fluting it through Europe some five years before, had *not* learned about the 'Condition of Polite Learning' in its principal countries, might fill a ponderous folio. What he did learn, eked out with harmless misstatement, flashes of inspiration, and a clever argument to prove that criticism has always been the foe of letters, managed to fill a respectable duodecimo, and brought him to the notice of publishers and scholars.

The essay has catholicity, independence, and wit, and it carries itself with whimsical ease. Every sentence steps out sprightly. Of the French 'Encyclopédies': "Wits and dunces contribute their share, and Diderot as well as Desmaretz are candidates for oblivion. The genius of the first supplies the gale of favor, and the latter adds the useful ballast of stupidity." Of the Germans: "They write through volumes, while they do not think through a page. . . . Were angels to write books, they never would write folios." And again: "If criticism could have improved the taste of a people, the Germans would have been the most polite nation alive." That settles the Encyclopedias and the Germans. So each nationality is sententiously reviewed and dismissed with an epigram that even today sounds not altogether unjust, rather amusing and urbane than acrimonious.

But it was not until Goldsmith began the series of letters in the Public Ledger (1760), afterwards published as 'The Citizen of the World,' that he took London. These letters purport to be from a philosophic Chinaman in Europe to his friends at home. Grave, gay, serene, ironical, they were at once an amusing image and a genial censor of current manners and morals. They are no less creative than critical; equally classic for the characters they contain: the Gentleman in Black, Beau Tibbs and his wife, the pawnbroker's widow, Tim Syllabub, and the procession of minor personages, romantic or ridiculous, but unique — equally classic for these characters and for the satire of the conception. These are Goldsmith's best sketches. Though the prose is not always precise, it seems to be clear, and is simple. The writer cares more for the judicious than the sublime; for the quaint, the comic, and the agreeable than the pathetic. He chuckles with sly laughter — genial, sympathetic; he looses his arrow phosphorescent with wit, but not barbed, dipped in something subacid — straight for the heart. Not Irving alone, but Thackeray, stands in line of descent from the Goldsmith of the 'Citizen.'

'The Traveller,' polished to a degree, appeared in 1764, and placed Goldsmith in the first rank of poets then living; but of that later. There is good reason for believing that his masterpiece in prose, 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' had been written as early as 1762, although it was not published until 1766. It made Goldsmith's mark as a story-teller. One can readily

imagine how, after the grim humor of Smollett, the broad and *risqué* realism of Fielding, the loitering of Sterne, and the moralizing of Richardson, the public would seize with a sense of relief upon this unpretentious chronicle of a country clergyman's life: his peaceful home, its ruin, its restoration. Not because the narrative was quieter and simpler, shorter and more direct than other narratives, but because to its humor, realism, grace, and depth it added the charity of First Corinthians Thirteenth. England soon discovered that the borders of the humanities had been extended; that the Vicar and his "durable" wife, Moses, Olivia with the prenatal tendency to romance, Sophia, the graceless Jenkinson — the habit and temper of the whole — were a new province. The prose idyl, with all its beauty and charity, does not entitle Goldsmith to rank with the great novelists; but of its kind, in spite of faults of inaccuracy, improbability, and impossibility, it is first and best. Goethe read and re-read it with moral and esthetic benefit; and the spirit of Goldsmith is not far to seek in 'Hermann and Dorothea.' The 'Vicar' is perhaps the most popular of English classics in foreign lands.

In poetry, if Goldsmith did not write much, it was for lack of opportunity. What he did write is good, nearly all of it. The philosophy of 'The Traveller' (1764) and the political economy of 'The Deserted Village' (1770) may be dubious, but the poetry is true. There is in both a heartiness which discards the formalized emotion, prefers the touch of nature and the homely adjective. The characteristic is almost feminine in the description of Auburn: "*Dear lovely bowers*"; it is inevitable, artless, in 'The Traveller': "His first, best country ever is at home." But on the other hand, an exquisite choice of expression marks every line, the nice selection of just the word or phrase richest in association, redolent of tradition, harmonious, classically proper, but still natural, true, and apt. "My heart untravel'd fondly turns to thee" — not a word but is hearty; and for all that, the line is stamped with the academic authority of centuries: "*Cælum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.*" [Those who cross the seas change their sky but not their nature.] Both poems are characterized by the infrequency of epithet and figure — the infrequency that marks sincerity and that heightens pleasure — and by a cunning in the use of proper names, resonant, remote, suggestive: "On Idra's cliffs or Arno's shelvy side" — the cunning of a musical poem. Both poems vibrate with personality, recall the experience of the writer. It would be hard to choose between them; but 'The Deserted Village' strikes the homelier chord, comes nearer, with its natural pathos, its sidelong smile, and its perennial novelty, to the heart of him who knows.

Goldsmith is less eloquent but more natural than Dryden, less precise but more simple than Pope. In poetic sensibility he has the advantage of both. Were the volume of his verse not so slight, were his conceptions more sublime, and their embodiment more epic or dramatic, he might rank with

the greatest of his century. As it is, in imaginative insight he has no superior in the eighteenth century; in observation, pathos, representative power, no equal: Dryden, Pope, Gray, Thomson, Young — none but Collins approaches him. The reflective or descriptive poem can of course not compete with the drama, epic, or even lyric of corresponding merit in its respective kind. But Goldsmith's poems are the best of their kind, better than all but the best in other kinds. His conception of life is more generous and direct, hence truer and gentler, than that of the Augustan age. Raising no revolt against classical principles, he rejects the artifices of decadent classicism, returns to nature, and expresses *it* simply. He is consequently in this respect the harbinger of Cowper, Crabbe, Bloomfield, Clare, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. In technique also he breaks away from Pope. His larger movement, his easier modulation, his richer tone, his rarer epithet and epigram, his metaphor "glowing from the heart," mark the defection from the poetry of cold conceit.

For lack of space we can only refer to the romantic quality of his ballad 'Edwin and Angelina' (1766), the spontaneous humor of 'The Haunch of Venison,' and the exquisite satire of 'Retaliation' (1774).

To appreciate the historical position of Goldsmith's comedies, one must regard them as a reaction against the school that had held the stage since the beginning of the century — a "genteel" and "sentimental" school, fearing to expose vice or ridicule absurdity. But Goldsmith felt that absurdity was the comic poet's game. Reverting therefore to Farquhar and the Comedy of Manners, he revived that species, at the same time infusing a strain of the "humors" of the tribe of Ben. Hence the approbation that welcomed his first comedy, and the applause that greeted the second. For 'The Good-natured Man' (1768) and 'She Stoops to Conquer' (1773) did by example what Hugh Kelly's 'Piety in Pattens' aimed to do by ridicule — ousted the hybrid comedy (tradesman's tragedy, Voltaire called it) of which 'The Conscious Lovers' had been the most tolerable specimen, and 'The School for Lovers' the most decorous and dull.

But "Goldy" had not only the gift of weighing the times, he had the gift of the popular dramatist. His *dramatis personæ* are on the one hand nearly all legitimate descendants of the national comedy, though none is a copy from dramatic predecessors; on the other hand, they are in every instance "imitations" of real life, more than once of some aspect of his own life; but none is so close an imitation as to detract from the pleasure which fiction should afford. The former quality makes his characters look familiar; the latter, true. So he accomplishes the feat most difficult for the dramatist: while idealizing the individual in order to realize the type, he does not for a moment lose the sympathy of his audience.

Even in his earlier comedy these two characteristics are manifest. In the world of drama, young Honeywood is the legitimate descendant of Massinger's Wellborn on the one side, and of Congreve's Valentine Legend on

the other, with a more distant collateral resemblance to Ben Jonson's Younger Knowell. But in the field of experience this "Good-natured Man" is that aspect of "Goldy" himself which, when he was poorest, made him not so poor but that Irishmen poorer still could live on him; that aspect of the glorious "idiot in affairs" which could make to the Earl of Northumberland, willing to be kind, no other suggestion of his wants than that he had a *brother* in Ireland, "poor, a clergyman, and much in need of help." Similarly might those rare creations Croaker and Jack Lofty be traced to their predecessors in the field of drama, even though remote. That they had their analogies in the life of Goldsmith, and have them in the lives of others, it is unnecessary to prove. But graphic as these characters are, they cannot make of 'The Good-natured Man' more than a passable second to 'She Stoops to Conquer.' For the premises of the plot are absurd, if not impossible; the complication is not much more natural than that of a Punch-and-Judy show, and the dénouement but one shade less improbable than that of 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' The value of the play is principally historical, not esthetic.

Congreve's 'Love for Love,' Vanbrugh's 'Relapse,' Farquhar's 'Beaux' Stratagem,' Goldsmith's 'She Stoops to Conquer,' and Sheridan's 'School for Scandal,' were the best comedies written since Jonson, Fletcher, and Massinger held the stage. In plot and diction 'She Stoops to Conquer' was equaled by Congreve; in character-drawing by Vanbrugh; in dramatic ease by Farquhar, in observation and wit by Sheridan: but by none is it equaled in humor, and in naturalness of dialogue it is *facile princeps*. Here again, the characterization presents the twofold charm of universality and reality. Young Marlow is the traditional lover of the type of Young Bellair, Mirabell, and Aimwell, suggesting each in turn but different from all; he is also, in his combination of embarrassment and impudence, not altogether unlike the lad Oliver who, years ago, on a journey back to school, had mistaken Squire Featherstone's house in Ardagh for an inn.

A similar adjustment of dramatic type and historic individual contributes to the durability of Tony Lumpkin. In his *dramatis persona* he is a practical joker of the family of Diccon and Truewit, and first cousin on the Blenkinsop side to that horse-flesh Sir Harry Beagle. But Anthony is more than the practical joker or the squire booby: he is a near relative of Captain O'Blunder and that whole countryside of generous, touch-and-go Irishmen; while in reality, in *propria persona*, he is that aspect of Noll Goldsmith that "lived the buckeen" in Ballymahon. Of the other characters of the play, Hardcastle, Mrs. Hardcastle, and Kate have a like prerogative of immortality. They are royally descended and personally unique.

The comedy has been absurdly called farcical. There is much less of the farcical than in many a so-called "legitimate" comedy. None of the circumstances are purely fortuitous; none unnecessary. Humor and caprice

tend steadily to complicate the action, and by natural interaction prepare the way for the dénouement. The misunderstandings are the more piquant because of their manifest irony and their ephemeral character. Indeed, if any fault is to be found with the play, it is that Goldsmith did not let it resolve itself without the assistance of Sir Charles Marlow.

One peculiarity not yet mentioned is illustrative of Goldsmith's method. A system of mutual borrowing characterizes his works. The same thought, in the same or nearly the same language, occurs in half a dozen. The 'Enquiry' lends a phrase to the 'Citizen,' who passes it on to the 'Vicar,' who, thinking it too good to keep, hands it over to the 'Good-natured Man,' whence it is borrowed by 'She Stoops to Conquer,' and turned to look like new — like a large family of sisters with a small wardrobe in common. This habit does not indicate poverty of invention in Goldsmith, but associative imagination and artistic conservatism.

Goldsmith was the only Irish story-writer and poet of his century. Four Irishmen adorned the prose of the period: Goldsmith is as eminent in the natural style as Swift in the satiric, or Steele in the polished, or Burke in the grand. In comedy the Irish led; but Steele, Macklin, Murphy, Kelly, do not compare with Farquhar, Sheridan, and Goldsmith. The worst work of these is good, and their best is the best of the century.

Turning to Goldsmith the man, what the "draggie-tail Muses" paid him we find him spending on dress and rooms and jovial magnificence, on relatives or countrymen or the unknown poor, with such freedom that he is never relieved of the necessity of drudgery. Still, sensitive, good-natured, improvident, Irish — and a genius — Goldsmith lived as happy a life as his disposition would allow. He had the companionship of congenial friends, the love of men like Johnson and Reynolds, the final assurance that his art was appreciated by the public. To be sure, he was never out of debt, but that was his own fault; he was never out of credit either. "Was there ever poet so trusted?" exclaimed Johnson, after this poet had got beyond reach of his creditors. His difficulties however affected him as they affect most Irishmen — only by cataclysms. He was serene or wretched, but generally the former: he packed *noctes cœnæque deûm* [the nights and banquets of the gods] by the dozen into his life. "There is no man," said Reynolds, "whose company is more liked." But maybe that was because his naïveté, his brogue, his absent-mindedness, and his blunders (real or apparent) made him a ready butt for ridicule, not at the hands of Reynolds or Johnson, but of Beauclerk and the rest. For though his humor was sly, and his wit inimitable, Goldsmith's conversation was queer. It seemed to go by contraries. If permitted, he would ramble along in his hesitating, inconsequential fashion, on any subject under heaven — "too eager," thought Johnson, "to get on without knowing how he should get off." But if ignored, he would sit silent and apart — sulking, thought Boswell. In fact, both the Dictator and laird

of Auchinleck were of a mind that he tried too much to shine in conversation, for which he had no temper. But "Goldy's" *bons-mots* — such as the "*Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis*" [Perhaps our names too will be associated with theirs] to Johnson, as they passed under the heads on Temple Bar — make it evident that Garrick, with his

Here lies Poet Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,  
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll,

and most of the members of the Literary Club, did not understand their Irishman. A timidity born of rough experience may have occasionally oppressed, a sensitiveness to ridicule or indifference may have confused him, a desire for approbation may frequently have led him to speak when silence had been golden; but that his conversation was "foolish" is the judgment of Philistines who make conversation an industry, not an amusement or an art.

Boswell himself recounts more witty sayings than incomprehensible. And the "incomprehensible" are so only to Boswells and Hawkinses, who can hardly be expected to appreciate a humor, the vein of which is a mockery of their own solemn stupidity. Probably Goldsmith did say unconsidered things; he liked to think aloud in company, to "rattle on" for diversion. Keenly alive to the riches of language, he was the more likely to feel the embarrassment of impromptu selection; and while he was too much of a genius to keep count of every pearl, he was too considerate of his fellows to cast pearls only. But most of his fellows (Reynolds excepted) appreciated neither his drollery nor his unselfishness — had not been educated up to the type of Irishman that with an artistic love of fun, is ever ready to promote the gaiety of nations by sacrificing itself in the interest of laughter. For none but an artist can, without cracking a smile, offer up his wit on the altar of his humor.

Prior describes Goldsmith as something under the middle size, sturdy, active, apparently capable of endurance; pale, forehead and upper lip rather projecting, face round, pitted with small-pox, and marked with strong lines of thinking. But Reynolds' painting idealizes and therefore best expresses the man, his twofold nature: on the one hand, self-depreciatory, generous, and improvident; on the other, aspiring, hungry for approval, laborious. Just such a man as would gild poverty with a smile, decline patronage and force his last sixpence on a street-singer, pile Pelion on Ossa for his publishers and turn out cameos for art.

CHARLES MILLS GAYLEY

## THE VICAR'S FAMILY BECOME AMBITIOUS

From 'The Vicar of Wakefield'

**I** NOW began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity, and contentment were entirely disregarded. The distinctions lately paid us by our betters awakened that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed. Our windows again, as formerly, were filled with washes for the neck and face. The sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without doors, and the fire as a spoiler of the complexion within. My wife observed that rising too early would hurt her daughters' eyes, that working after dinner would redden their noses, and she convinced me that the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing. Instead therefore of finishing George's shirts, we now had them new-modeling their old gauzes, or flourishing upon catgut. The poor Miss Flamboroughs, their former gay companions, were cast off as mean acquaintance, and the whole conversation ran upon high life and high-lived company, with pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.

But we could have borne all this, had not a fortune-telling gypsy come to raise us into perfect sublimity. The tawny sibyl no sooner appeared than my girls came running to me for a shilling apiece, to cross her hand with silver. To say the truth, I was tired of being always wise, and could not help gratifying their request, because I loved to see them happy. I gave each of them a shilling, though for the honor of the family it must be observed that they never went without money themselves, as my wife always generously let them have a guinea each to keep in their pockets, but with strict injunctions never to change it. After they had been closeted up with the fortune-teller for some time, I knew by their looks, upon their returning, that they had been promised something great. "Well, my girls, how have you sped? Tell me, Livy, has the fortune-teller given thee a pennyworth?" "I protest, papa," says the girl, "I believe she deals with somebody that is not right, for she positively declared that I am to be married to a squire in less than a twelvemonth!" "Well now, Sophy, my child," said I, "and what sort of a husband are you to have?" "Sir," replied she, "I am to have a lord soon after my sister has married the squire." "How," cried I, "is that all you are to have for your two shillings? Only a lord and a squire for two shillings? You fools, I could have promised you a prince and a nabob for half the money!"

This curiosity of theirs, however, was attended with very serious effects: we now began to think ourselves designed by the stars to something exalted, and already anticipated our future grandeur.

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case we cook the dish to our own appetite; in the latter, nature cooks it for us. It is impossible to repeat the train of agreeable reveries we called up for our entertainment. We looked upon our fortunes as once more rising; and as the whole parish asserted that the Squire was in love with my daughter, she was actually so with him, for they persuaded her into the passion. In this agreeable interval my wife had the most lucky dreams in the world, which she took care to tell us every morning with great solemnity and exactness. It was one night a coffin and cross-bones, the sign of an approaching wedding; at another time she imagined her daughter's pockets filled with farthings, a certain sign of their being shortly stuffed with gold. The girls themselves had their omens. They felt strange kisses on their lips; they saw rings in the candle; purses bounced from the fire, and true-love knots lurked in the bottom of every tea-cup.

Towards the end of the week we received a card from the town ladies, in which with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendor the next day. In the evening they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus: "I fancy, Charles dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church tomorrow." "Perhaps we may, my dear," returned I; "though you need be under no uneasiness about that; you shall have a sermon whether there be or not." "That is what I expect," returned she; "but I think, my dear, we ought to appear there as decently as possible, for who knows what may happen?" "Your precautions," replied I, "are highly commendable. A decent behavior and appearance in church is what charms me. We should be devout and humble, cheerful and serene." "Yes," cried she, "I know that; but I mean we should go there in as proper a manner as possible; not altogether like the scrubs about us." "You are quite right, my dear," returned I; "and I was going to make the very same proposal. The proper manner of going is to go there as early as possible, to have time for meditation before the service begins." "Phoo, Charles!" interrupted she; "all that is very true, but not what I would be at. I mean we should go there genteelly. You know the church is two miles off, and I protest I don't like to see my daughters trudging up to their pew all blowzed and red with walking, and looking for all the world as if they had been winners at a smock-race. Now, my dear, my proposal is this: there are our two plow-horses, the colt that has been in our family these nine years, and his companion Blackberry that has

scarcely done an earthly thing this month past. They are both grown fat and lazy. Why should not they do something as well as we? And let me tell you, when Moses has trimmed them a little they will cut a very tolerable figure."

To this proposal I objected that walking would be twenty times more genteel than such a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed and the colt wanted a tail; that they had never been broke to the rein, but had a hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections however were overruled; so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition, but as I found it would be a business of time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading-desk for their arrival, but not finding them come as I expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was increased when all was finished, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horseway, which was five miles round, though the footway was but two, and when I got about half-way home, perceived the procession marching slowly forward towards the church; my son, my wife, and the two little ones exalted upon one horse, and my two daughters upon the other. I demanded the cause of their delay; but I soon found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next, the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it into his head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. They were just recovering from this dismal situation when I found them; but perceiving everything safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it would give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.

Michaelmas Eve happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbor Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt; however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbor's goose and dumplings were fine, and the lamb's wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true his manner of telling stories was not quite so well; they were very long and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before; however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blindman's

buff. My wife too was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the meantime my neighbor and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles succeeded next, questions and commands followed that, and last of all they sat down to hunt the slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primeval pastime, it may be necessary to observe that the company at this play planted themselves in a ring upon the ground, all except one, who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a shoe which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible in this case for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making a defense. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in and thumped about, all blowzed in spirits, and bawling for fair play with a voice that might deafen a ballad-singer, when, confusion on confusion! who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs! Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe this new mortification. Death! To be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed stuck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in the summary way, only saying, "We were thrown from our horses." At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad; but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance; Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of lords, ladies, and Knights of the Garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

"All that I know of the matter," cried Miss Skeggs, "is this: that it may be true, or it may not be true; but this I can assure your ladyship, that the whole route was in amaze; his lordship turned all manner of colors,

my lady fell into a swoon, but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was hers to the last drop of his blood."

"Well," replied our peeress, "this I can say: that the duchess never told me a syllable of the matter; and I believe her Grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend upon as fact: that the next morning my lord duke cried out three times to his *valet-de-chambre*, 'Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan, bring me my garters!'"

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behavior of Mr. Burchell, who during this discourse sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out "*Fudge!*"—an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

"Besides, my dear Skeggs," continued our peeress, "there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Doctor Burdock made upon the occasion." *Fudge!*

"I am surprised at that," cried Miss Skeggs; "for he seldom leaves anything out, as he writes only for his own amusement. But can your Ladyship favor me with a sight of them?" *Fudge!*

"My dear creature," replied our peeress, "do you think I carry such things about me? Though they are very fine, to be sure, and I think myself something of a judge; at least I know what pleases myself. Indeed, I was ever an admirer of all Doctor Burdock's little pieces; for except what he does, and our dear countess at Hanover Square, there's nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature; not a bit of high life among them." *Fudge!*

"Your Ladyship should except," says t'other, "your own things in the Lady's Magazine. I hope you'll say there's nothing low-lived there? But I suppose we are to have no more from that quarter?" *Fudge!*

"Why, my dear," says the lady, "you know my reader and companion has left me to be married to Captain Roach, and as my poor eyes won't suffer me to write myself, I have been for some time looking out for another. A proper person is no easy matter to find, and to be sure, thirty pounds a year is a small stipend for a well-bred girl of character, that can read, write, and behave in company; as for the chits about town, there is no bearing them about one." *Fudge!*

"That I know," cried Miss Skeggs, "by experience. For of the three companions I had this last half-year, one of them refused to do plain work an hour in the day, another thought twenty-five guineas a year too small a salary, and I was obliged to send away the third because I suspected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?" *Fudge!*

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this discourse, but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-

five guineas a year made fifty-six pounds five shillings, English money, all which was in a manner going a-begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation; and to own a truth, I was of opinion that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the Squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife therefore was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. "I hope," cried she, "your ladyships will pardon my present presumption. It is true, we have no right to pretend to such favors; but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say my two girls have had a pretty good education and capacity; at least, the country can't show better. They can read, write, and cast accounts; they understand their needle, broad-stitch, cross-and-change, and all manner of plain work; they can pink, point, and frill, and know something of music; they can do up small-clothes, work upon catgut; my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards." *Fudge!*

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few moments in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments. "But a thing of this kind, madam," cried she, addressing my spouse, "requires a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not, madam," continued she, "that I in the least suspect the young ladies' virtue, prudence, and discretion; but there is a form in these things, madam, there is a form."

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing that she was very apt to be suspicious herself; but referred her to all the neighbors for a character; but this our peeress declined as unnecessary, alleging that her cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient, and upon this we rested our petition.

When we returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the Squire's recommendation; but he had already shown us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed my wife kept up the usual theme: "Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it." "Pretty well," cried I, not knowing what to say. "What, only pretty well!" returned she; "I think it is very

well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town! This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day; and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be! *Entre nous*, I protest I like my Lady Blarney vastly; so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there?" "Ay," returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter; "Heaven grant that they may be both the better for it this day three months!" This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity; for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if anything unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy.

[The two ladies, who were, in fact, abandoned women of the town, without breeding or pity, decoy Olivia to London, where she is seduced by Mr. Thornhill under a pretense of marriage.]

## NEW MISFORTUNES: BUT OFFENSES ARE EASILY PARDONED WHERE THERE IS LOVE AT BOTTOM

From 'The Vicar of Wakefield'

THE next morning I took my daughter [Olivia] behind me, and set out on my return home. As we traveled along, I strove by every persuasion to calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution to bear the presence of her offended mother. I took every opportunity, from the prospect of a fine country through which we passed, to observe how much kinder Heaven was to us than we were to each other, and that the misfortunes of nature's making were very few. I assured her that she should never perceive any change in my affections, and that during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and an instructor. I armed her against the censures of the world; showed her that books were sweet, unrepublishing companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

The hired horse that we rode was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house; and as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to return for her accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night before we reached our ap-

pointed stage; however, after seeing her provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure, the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frightened from its nest, my affections outwent my haste, and hovered round my little fireside with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked slowly, the night waned apace. The laborers of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog at the hollow distance. I approached my little abode of pleasure, and before I was within a furlong of the place our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

It was now near midnight that I came to knock at my door; all was still and silent; my heart dilated with unutterable happiness; when to my amazement I saw the house bursting out in a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration! I gave a loud convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement insensible. This alarmed my son, who had till this been asleep, and he perceiving the flames instantly waked my wife and daughter, and all running out naked and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to objects of new terror; for the flames had by this time caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood with silent agony looking on, as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my two little ones: but they were not to be seen. Oh misery! "Where," cried I, "where are my two little ones?" "They are burnt to death in the flames," said my wife calmly, "and I will die with them." That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awakened by the fire; and nothing could have stopped me. "Where, where are my children?" cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined; "where are my little ones?" "Here, dear papa, here we are," cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and snatched them through the fire as fast as possible, while just as I was got out, the roof sunk in. "Now," cried I, holding up my children, "now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish. Here they are; I have saved my treasure. Here, my dearest, here are our treasures, and we shall yet be happy." We kissed our little darlings a thousand times, they clasped us round the neck and seemed to share our transports, while their mother laughed and wept by turns.

I now stood a calm spectator of the flames, and after some time began to perceive that my arm to the shoulder was scorched in a terrible manner. It was therefore out of my power to give my son any assistance, either in

attempting to save our goods, or preventing the flames spreading to our corn. By this time the neighbors were alarmed, and came running to our assistance; but all they could do was to stand, like us, spectators of the calamity. My goods, among which were the notes I had reserved for my daughters' fortunes, were entirely consumed, except a box with some papers that stood in the kitchen, and two or three things more of little consequence which my son brought away in the beginning. The neighbors contributed, however, what they could to lighten our distress. They brought us clothes, and furnished one of our out-houses with kitchen utensils; so that by daylight we had another, though a wretched, dwelling to retire to. My honest next neighbor and his children were not the least assiduous in providing us with everything necessary, and offering whatever consolation untutored benevolence could suggest.

When the fears of my family had subsided, curiosity to know the cause of my long stay began to take place; having therefore informed them of every particular, I proceeded to prepare them for the reception of our lost one, and though we had nothing but wretchedness now to impart, I was willing to procure her a welcome to what we had. This task would have been more difficult but for our recent calamity, which had humbled my wife's pride and blunted it by more poignant afflictions. Being unable to go for my poor child myself, as my arm grew very painful, I sent my son and daughter, who soon returned, supporting the wretched delinquent, who had not the courage to look up at her mother, whom no instructions of mine could persuade to a perfect reconciliation; for women have a much stronger sense of female error than men. "Ah, madam," cried her mother, "this is but a poor place you have come to after so much finery. My daughter Sophy and I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept company only with people of distinction. Yes, Miss Livy, your poor father and I have suffered very much of late; but I hope Heaven will forgive you." During this reception the unhappy victim stood pale and trembling, unable to weep or to reply; but I could not continue a silent spectator of her distress; wherefore, assuming a degree of severity in my voice and manner which was ever followed with instant submission: — "I entreat, woman, that my words may be now marked once for all: I have here brought you back a poor deluded wanderer; her return to duty demands the revival of our tenderness. The real hardships of life are now coming fast upon us; let us not therefore increase them by dissension among each other. If we live harmoniously together, we may yet be contented, as there are enough of us to shut out the censuring world and keep each other in countenance. The kindness of Heaven is promised to the penitent, and let ours be directed by the example. Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner than ninety-nine persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude. And this is right; for that single effort by which we stop short in

the down-hill path to perdition, is itself a greater exertion of virtue than a hundred acts of justice."

The next morning the sun arose with peculiar warmth for the season; so that we agreed to breakfast together on the honeysuckle bank; where, while we sat, my youngest daughter, at my request, joined her voice to the concert on the trees about us. It was in this place my poor Olivia first met her seducer, and every object served to recall her sadness. But that melancholy which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of corroding it. Her mother, too, upon this occasion felt a pleasing distress, and wept, and loved her daughter as before. "Do, my pretty Olivia," cried she, "let us have that little melancholy air your papa was so fond of; your sister Sophy has already obliged us. Do, child; it will please your old father." She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic as moved me:

When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that men betray,  
What charm can soothe her melancholy?  
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,  
To hide her shame from every eye,  
To give repentance to her lover,  
And wring his bosom, is — to die.

[Olivia, however, does not die. Her marriage turns out to be legal, after all, though Mr. Thornhill thought it only a pretended ceremony. Falling into misfortune through the exposure of his villainies, he takes service as companion to a relative, "who is a little melancholy"; the once gay seducer spends his time in keeping his employer in spirits and learning to blow the French horn. The good Vicar adds at the conclusion of the story: "My eldest daughter, however, still remembers him with regret; and she has even told me, though I make a great secret of it, that when he reforms she may be brought to relent."]

#### PICTURES FROM 'THE DESERTED VILLAGE'

SWEET Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,  
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.  
Here, as I take my solitary rounds  
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,

And, many a year elapsed, return to view  
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,  
 Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,  
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.  
 In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
 In all my griefs — and God has given my share —  
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;  
 To husband out life's taper at the close,  
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose.  
 I still had hopes — for pride attends us still —  
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill;  
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;  
 And as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue  
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,  
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
 Here to return — and die at home at last.

Oh, blest retirement! friend to life's decline,  
 Retreat from care, that never must be mine,  
 How blest is he who crowns in shades like these  
 A youth of labor with an age of ease;  
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
 And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!  
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,  
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;  
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,  
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate:  
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;  
 Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,  
 While resignation gently slopes the way;  
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,  
 His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close  
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.  
 There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,  
 The mingling notes came softened from below;  
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,  
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;  
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool;  
 The playful children just let loose from school;

The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,  
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:  
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.  
But now the sounds of population fail;  
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;  
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,  
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.  
All but yon widowed, solitary thing  
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;  
She, wretched matron — forced in age, for bread,  
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,  
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn —  
She only left of all the harmless train,  
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place:  
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;  
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train —  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;  
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Safe by his fire, and talked the night away,  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.  
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
 And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side:  
 But in his duty prompt at every call,  
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.  
 And as a bird each fond endearment tries  
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,  
 The reverend champion stood. At his control,  
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;  
 Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,  
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
 His looks adorned the venerable place;  
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
 And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.  
 The service past, around the pious man,  
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
 Even children followed, with endearing wile,  
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.  
 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;  
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;  
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,  
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven:  
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
 With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,  
 There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,  
 The village master taught his little school.  
 A man severe he was, and stern to view;  
 I knew him well, and every truant knew:  
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
 The day's disasters in his morning face;

Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,  
At all his jokes — for many a joke had he;  
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.  
Yet he was kind; or if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault.  
The village all declared how much he knew:  
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And even the story ran that he could *gauge*.  
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,  
For even though vanquished he could argue still;  
While words of learned length and thundering sound,  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all he knew.  
But past is all his fame. The very spot  
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,  
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,  
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,  
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,  
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,  
And news much older than their ale went round.  
Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
The parlor splendors of that festive place:  
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,  
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;  
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;  
The pictures placed for ornament and use,  
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;  
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,  
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay,  
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,  
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain, transitory splendors! could not all  
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?  
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.

Thither no more the peasant shall repair  
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;  
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,  
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;  
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,  
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;  
 The host himself no longer shall be found  
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;  
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,  
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain  
 These simple blessings of the lowly train;  
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art.  
 Spontaneous joys where nature has its play,  
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;  
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,  
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.  
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed —  
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;  
 And even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
 The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

## SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

From Act I, Scene 1

*A Chamber in an Old-fashioned House. Enter Mr. Hardcastle and Miss Hardcastle.*

**H**ARDCASTLE. Blessings on my pretty innocence. Dressed as usual, my Kate! Goodness! What a quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain.

*Miss Hardcastle.* You know our agreement, sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner; and in the evening, I put on my housewife's dress, to please you.

*Hardcastle.* Well, remember, I insist on the terms of our agreement; and, by the by, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

*Miss Hardcastle.* I protest, sir, I don't comprehend your meaning.

*Hardcastle.* Then, to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow himself shortly after.

*Miss Hardcastle.* Indeed! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave? It's a thousand to one I shan't like him; our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

*Hardcastle.* Depend upon it, child, I'll never control your choice; but Mr. Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I am told he's a man of an excellent understanding.

*Miss Hardcastle.* Is he?

*Hardcastle.* Very generous.

*Miss Hardcastle.* I believe I shall like him.

*Hardcastle.* Young and brave.

*Miss Hardcastle.* I'm sure I shall like him.

*Hardcastle.* And very handsome.

*Miss Hardcastle.* My dear papa, say no more [*kissing his hand*], he's mine, I'll have him!

*Hardcastle.* And, to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in all the world.

*Miss Hardcastle.* Eh! you have frozen me to death again. That word *reserved* has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.

*Hardcastle.* On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

*Miss Hardcastle.* He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so everything, as you mention, I believe he'll do still, I think I'll have him.

*Hardcastle.* Ay, Kate, but there is still an obstacle. It's more than an even wager, he may not have you.

*Miss Hardcastle.* My dear papa, why will you mortify one so? — Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flattery, set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

*Hardcastle.* Bravely resolved! In the meantime, I'll go prepare the servants for his reception; as we seldom see company, they want as much training as a company of recruits the first day's muster. [Exit.]

[*Miss Hardcastle, sola.*]

*Miss Hardcastle.* Lud, this news of papa's puts me all in a flutter. *Young, handsome*; these he put last; but I put them foremost. *Sensible, good-natured*; I like all that. But then *reserved*, and *sheepish*, that's much against him. Yet, can't he be cured of his timidity by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes, and can't I — But I vow I'm disposing of the husband before I have secured the lover!

### From Act II

*Scene: An Old-fashioned House. Enter Servant with candles, showing in Marlow and Hastings, who have been told by the mischievous Tony Lumpkin that it is an inn.*

*Servant.* Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome. This way.

*Hastings.* After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking house; antique but creditable.

*Marlow.* The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first ruined the master by good housekeeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an inn.

*Hastings.* As you say, we passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have often seen a good sideboard, or a marble chimney-piece, though not actually put in the bill, inflame a reckoning confoundedly.

*Marlow.* Travelers, George, must pay in all places. The only difference is that in good inns you pay dearly for luxuries; in bad inns you are fleeced and starved.

*Hastings.* You have lived pretty much among them. In truth, I have been often surprised that you who have seen so much of the world, with your natural good sense, and your many opportunities, could never yet acquire a requisite share of assurance.

*Marlow.* The Englishman's malady. But tell me, George, where could I have learned that assurance you talk of? My life has been chiefly spent in a college, or an inn, in seclusion from that lovely part of the creation that chiefly teach men confidence. I don't know that I was ever familiarly acquainted with a single modest woman — except my mother — But among females of another class, you know —

*Hastings.* Ay, among them you are impudent enough of all conscience!

*Marlow.* They are of *us*, you know.

*Hastings.* But in the company of women of reputation I never saw such

an idiot, such a trembler; you look for all the world as if you wanted an opportunity of stealing out of the room.

*Marlow.* Why, man, that's because I *do* want to steal out of the room. Faith, I have often formed a resolution to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But I don't know how, a single glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally upset my resolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty, but I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit impudence.

*Hastings.* If you could but say half the fine things to them that I have heard you lavish upon the barmaid of an inn, or even a college bed maker —

*Marlow.* Why, George, I can't say fine things to them. They freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some such bagatelle. But to me, a modest woman, dressed out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

*Hastings.* Ha! ha! ha! At this rate, man, how can you ever expect to marry!

*Marlow.* Never, unless, as among kings and princes, my bride were to be courted by proxy. If, indeed, like an Eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife he never saw before, it might be endured. But to go through all the terrors of a formal courtship, together with the episode of aunts, grandmothers, and cousins, and at last to blurt out the broad, staring question of, *Madam, will you marry me?* No, no, that's a strain much above me, I assure you!

*Hastings.* I pity you. But how do you intend behaving to the lady you are come down to visit at the request of your father?

*Marlow.* As I behave to all other ladies. Bow very low. Answer yes, or no, to all her demands — But for the rest, I don't think I shall venture to look in her face till I see my father's again.

*Hastings.* I'm surprised that one who is so warm a friend can be so cool a lover. . . .

*Marlow.* Happy man! You have talents and art to captivate any woman. I'm doomed to adore the sex, and yet to converse with the only part of it I despise. This stammer in my address, and this awkward, unprepossessing visage of mine, can never permit me to soar above the reach of a milliner's 'prentice, or one of the duchesses of Drury Lane. Pshaw, this fellow here to interrupt us!

[*Enter Hardcastle.*]

*Hardcastle.* Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception, in the old style, at my gate. I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

*Marlow* [*aside*]. He has got our names from the servants already. [*To*

him.] We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. [*To Hastings.*] I have been thinking, George, of changing our traveling dresses in the morning. I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

*Hardcastle.* I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

*Hastings.* I fancy, George, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

*Hardcastle.* Mr. Marlow — Mr. Hastings — gentlemen — pray be under no constraint in this house. This is Liberty Hall, gentlemen. You may do just as you please here.

*Marlow.* Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

*Hardcastle.* Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when we went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison —

*Marlow.* Don't you think the *ventre d'or* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

*Hardcastle.* He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men —

*Hastings.* I think not: brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

*Hardcastle.* I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men —

*Marlow.* The girls like finery.

*Hardcastle.* Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. "Now," says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him — you must have heard of George Brooks; "I'll pawn my dukedom," says he, "but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood!" So —

*Marlow.* What, my good friend, if you gave us a glass of punch in the meantime, it would help us to carry on the siege with vigor.

*Hardcastle.* Punch, sir! — [*Aside.*] This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with!

*Marlow.* Yes, sir, punch! A glass of warm punch, after our journey, will be comfortable. This is Liberty Hall, you know.

*Hardcastle.* Here's cup, sir.

*Marlow* [*aside*]. So this fellow, in his Liberty Hall, will only let us have just what he pleases.

*Hardcastle* [*taking the cup*]. I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance!

[*Drinks.*]

*Marlow* [*aside*]. A very impudent fellow this! But he's a character, and I'll humor him a little. Sir, my service to you.

[*Drinks.*]

*Hastings* [*aside*]. I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper before he has learned to be a gentleman.

*Marlow*. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then, at elections, I suppose?

*Hardcastle*. No, sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business for us that sell ale.

*Hastings*. So, then, you have no turn for politics, I find.

*Hardcastle*. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but, finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about *Heyder Ally*, or *Ally Cawn*, than about *Ally Croaker*. Sir, my service to you.

*Hastings*. So that, with eating above stairs, and drinking below, with receiving your friends within, and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

*Hardcastle*. I do stir about a great deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlor.

*Marlow* [*after drinking*]. And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster Hall.

*Hardcastle*. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

*Marlow* [*aside*]. Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy.

*Hastings*. So then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack it with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. [*Drinks.*]

*Hardcastle*. Good, very good, thank you; ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear —

*Marlow*. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I believe it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

*Hardcastle*. For supper, sir! — [*Aside.*] Was ever such a request to a man in his own house!

*Marlow*. Yes, sir, supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work tonight in the larder, I promise you.

*Hardcastle* [*aside*]. Such a brazen dog, sure, never my eyes beheld. [*To him.*] Why, really, sir, as for supper I can't well tell. My Dorothy, and the cook maid, settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

*Marlow*. You do, do you?

*Hardcastle.* Entirely. By the by, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

*Marlow.* Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offense, I hope, sir.

*Hardcastle.* Oh, no, sir, none in the least; yet I don't know how: our Bridget, the cook maid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

*Hastings.* Let's see your list of the larder, then. I ask it as a favor. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

*Marlow* [*to Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise*]. Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

*Hardcastle.* Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for tonight's supper. I believe it's drawn out.

[*Exit Roger.*]

Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

*Hastings* [*aside*]. All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! We shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of peace. [*Re-enter Roger.*] But let's hear the bill of fare.

*Marlow* [*perusing*]. What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert. The devil, sir, do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

*Hastings.* But let's hear it.

*Marlow* [*reading*]. For the first course, at the top, a pig, and prune sauce.

*Hastings.* Damn your pig, I say!

*Marlow.* And damn your prune sauce, say I!

*Hardcastle.* And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry pig with prune sauce is very good eating.

*Marlow.* At the bottom, a calf's tongue and brains.

*Hastings.* Let your brains be knocked out, my good sir; I don't like them.

*Marlow.* Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves. I do.

*Hardcastle* [*aside*]. Their impudence confounds me. [*To them.*] Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there anything else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

*Marlow.* Item: a pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff-taff-taffety cream!

*Hastings.* Confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French Ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

*Hardcastle.* I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like, but if there be anything you have a particular fancy to —

*Marlow.* Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper. And now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

*Hardcastle.* I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

*Marlow.* Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me, I always look to these things myself.

*Hardcastle.* I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

*Marlow.* You see I'm resolved on it. — [*Aside.*] A very troublesome fellow this, as ever I met with.

*Hardcastle.* Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. [*Aside.*] This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like old-fashioned impudence.  
[*Exeunt Marlow and Hardcastle.*]

### From Act III

*Scene: the same. Enter Miss Hardcastle and Maid.*

*Miss Hardcastle.* What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn, ha! ha! I don't wonder at his impudence.

*Maid.* But what is more, madam, the young gentleman as you passed by in your present dress, asked me if you were the barmaid? He mistook you for the barmaid, madam!

*Miss Hardcastle.* Did he? Then as I live, I'm resolved to keep up the delusion. Tell me, Pimple, how do you like my present dress? Don't you think I look something like Cherry in the 'Beaux' Stratagem'?

*Maid.* It's the dress, madam, that every lady wears in the country, but when she visits or receives company.

*Miss Hardcastle.* And are you sure he does not remember my face or person?

*Maid.* Certain of it!

*Miss Hardcastle.* I vow, I thought so; for though we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such that he never once looked up during the interview. Indeed, if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from seeing me.

. . . *Maid.* But are you sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice, so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person?

*Miss Hardcastle.* Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar cant. — Did your honor call? — Attend the Lion there. — Pipes and tobacco for the Angel. — The Lamb has been outrageous this half hour!

*Maid.* It will do, madam. But he's here.

[*Exit Maid.*]

[*Enter Marlow.*]

*Marlow.* What a bawling in every part of the house; I have scarce a

moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story. If I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess with her curtsy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection.

[*Walks and muses.*]

*Miss Hardcastle.* Did you call, sir? Did your honor call?

*Marlow* [*musing*]. As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

*Miss Hardcastle.* Did your honor call?

[*She still places herself before him, he turning away.*]

*Marlow.* No, child! [*musing*]. Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

*Miss Hardcastle.* I'm sure, sir, I heard the bell ring.

*Marlow.* No, no! [*musing*]. I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll tomorrow please myself by returning.

[*Taking out his tablets, and perusing.*]

*Miss Hardcastle.* Perhaps the other gentleman called, sir?

*Marlow.* I tell you no.

*Miss Hardcastle.* I should be glad to know, sir. We have such a parcel of servants.

*Marlow.* No, no, I tell you. [*Looks full in her face.*] Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted — I wanted — I vow, child, you are vastly handsome!

*Miss Hardcastle.* Oh la, sir, you'll make one ashamed.

*Marlow.* Never saw a more sprightly, malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your — a — what d'ye call it in the house?

*Miss Hardcastle.* No, sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

*Marlow.* One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that, too?

*Miss Hardcastle.* Nectar? nectar? that's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, sir.

*Marlow.* Of true English growth, I assure you.

*Miss Hardcastle.* Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

*Marlow.* Eighteen years! Why one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

*Miss Hardcastle.* Oh sir, I must not tell my age! They say women and music should never be dated.

*Marlow.* To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty. [*Approaching.*] Yet nearer, I don't think so much. [*Approaching.*] By coming close to some women, they look younger still; but when we come very close indeed — [*Attempting to kiss her.*]

*Miss Hardcastle.* Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

*Marlow.* I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can be ever acquainted?

*Miss Hardcastle.* And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle that was here awhile ago in this obstropolous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you looked dashed, and kept bowing to the ground, and talked, for all the world, as if you was before a justice of peace.

*Marlow* [*aside*]. Egad! she has hit it, sure enough. [*To her.*] In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! ha! A mere awkward, squinting thing! No, no! I find you don't know me. I laughed, and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me!

*Miss Hardcastle.* Oh then, sir, you are a favorite, I find, among the ladies?

*Marlow.* Yes, my dear, a great favorite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the Ladies' Club in town I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons. Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service.

[*Offering to salute her.*]

*Miss Hardcastle.* Hold, sir; you were introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favorite there, you say?

*Marlow.* Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs. Longhorns, old Miss Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

*Miss Hardcastle.* Then it's a very merry place, I suppose.

*Marlow.* Yes, as merry as cards, suppers, wine, and old women can make us.

*Miss Hardcastle.* And their agreeable Rattle, ha! ha! ha!

*Marlow* [*aside*]. Egad! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh, child!

*Miss Hardcastle.* I can't but laugh to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

*Marlow* [*aside*]. All's well, she don't laugh at me. [*To her.*] Do you ever work, child?

*Miss Hardcastle.* Ay, sure. There's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

*Marlow.* Odso! Then you must show me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work you must apply to me.

[*Seizing her hand.*]

[*Enter Hardcastle, who stands in surprise.*]

*Miss Hardcastle.* Ay, but the colors don't look well by candle-light. You shall see all in the morning.

[*Struggling.*]

*Marlow.* And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance. — Pshaw! the father here! My old luck: I never nick'd seven that I did not throw ames-ace three times following.

[*Exit Marlow.*]

*Hardcastle.* So, madam! So I find *this* is your *modest* lover. This is your humble admirer that kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and only adored at humble distance. Kate, Kate, art thou not ashamed to deceive your father so?

*Miss Hardcastle.* Never trust me, dear papa, but he's still the modest man I first took him for; you'll be convinced of it as well as I.

*Hardcastle.* By the hand of my body, I believe his impudence is infectious! Didn't I see him seize your hand? Didn't I see him haul you about like a milkmaid? And now you talk of his respect and his modesty, forsooth!

*Miss Hardcastle.* But if I shortly convince you of his modesty, that he has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age, I hope you'll forgive him.

*Hardcastle.* The girl would actually make one run mad! I tell you I'll not be convinced. I am convinced. He has scarcely been three hours in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may like his impudence, and call it modesty. But my son-in-law, madam, must have very different qualifications.

*Miss Hardcastle.* Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

*Hardcastle.* You shall not have half the time, for I have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

*Miss Hardcastle.* Give me that hour then, and I hope to satisfy you.

*Hardcastle.* Well, an hour let it be then. But I'll have no trifling with your father. All fair and open, do you mind me?

*Miss Hardcastle.* I hope, sir, you have ever found that I considered your commands as my pride; for your kindness is such that my duty as yet has been inclination. [Exeunt.]

#### From Act V

*Scene: A Room in Mr. Hardcastle's House. Enter Sir Charles Marlow and Miss Hardcastle.*

*Sir Charles.* What a situation am I in! If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be true, I shall then lose one that, of all others, I most wished for a daughter.

*Miss Hardcastle.* I am proud of your approbation; and, to show I merit it, if you place yourselves as I directed, you shall hear his explicit declaration. But he comes.

*Sir Charles.* I'll to your father, and keep him to the appointment.

[Exit Sir Charles.]

[Enter Marlow.]

*Marlow.* Though prepared for setting out, I come once more to take leave, nor did I, till this moment, know the pain I feel in the separation.

*Miss Hardcastle* [in her own natural manner]. I believe these sufferings

cannot be very great, sir, which you can so easily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, might lessen your uneasiness, by showing the little value of what you now think proper to regret.

*Marlow* [*aside*]. This girl every moment improves upon me. [*To her.*] It must not be, madam. I have already trifled too long with my heart. My very pride begins to submit to my passion. The disparity of education and fortune, the anger of a parent, and the contempt of my equals begin to lose their weight, and nothing can restore me to myself but this painful effort of resolution.

*Miss Hardcastle*. Then go, sir. I'll urge nothing more to detain you. Though my family be as good as hers you came down to visit, and my education, I hope, not inferior, what are these advantages without equal affluence? I must remain contented with the slight approbation of imputed merit; I must have only the mockery of your addresses, while all your serious aims are fixed on fortune.

[*Enter Hardcastle and Sir Charles from behind.*]

*Sir Charles*. Here, behind this screen.

*Hardcastle*. Ay, ay, make no noise. I'll engage my Kate covers him with confusion at last.

*Marlow*. By heavens, madam, fortune was ever my smallest consideration. Your beauty at first caught my eye; for who could see that without emotion? But every moment that I converse with you steals in some new grace, heightens the picture, and gives it stronger expression. What at first seemed rustic plainness, now appears refined simplicity. What seemed forward assurance, now strikes me as the result of courageous innocence and conscious virtue.

*Sir Charles*. What can it mean? He amazes me!

*Hardcastle*. I told you how it would be. Hush!

*Marlow*. I am now determined to stay, madam, and I have too good an opinion of my father's discernment, when he sees you, to doubt his approbation.

*Miss Hardcastle*. No, Mr. Marlow, I will not, cannot detain you. Do you think I should suffer a connection in which there is the smallest room for repentance? Do you think I would take the mean advantage of a transient passion to load you with confusion? Do you think I could ever relish that happiness which was acquired by lessening yours?

*Marlow*. By all that's good, I can have no happiness but what's in your power to grant me. Nor shall I ever feel repentance but in not having seen your merits before. I will stay, even contrary to your wishes; and though you should persist to shun me, I will make my respectful assiduities atone for the levity of my past conduct.

*Miss Hardcastle*. Sir, I must entreat you'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to

levity; but, seriously; Mr. Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connection where *I* must appear mercenary and *you* imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addresses of a secure admirer?

*Marlow* [*kneeling*]. Does this look like security? Does this look like confidence? No, madam, every moment that shows me your merit only serves to increase my diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue —

*Sir Charles*. I can hold it no longer. Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me! Is this your indifference, your uninteresting conversation!

*Hardcastle*. Your cold contempt! your formal interview! What have you to say now?

*Marlow*. That I'm all amazement? What can it mean?

*Hardcastle*. It means that you can say and unsay things at pleasure. That you can address a lady in private, and deny it in public; that you have one story for us, and another for my daughter!

*Marlow*. Daughter! — this lady, your daughter!

*Hardcastle*. Yes, sir, my only daughter. My Kate, whose else should she be?

*Marlow*. Oh, the devil!

*Miss Hardcastle*. Yes, sir, that very identical tall, squinting lady you were pleased to take me for. [*Curtsy*ing.] She that you addressed as the mild, modest, sentimental man of gravity, and the bold, forward, agreeable Rattle of the Ladies' Club: ha, ha, ha!

*Marlow*. Zounds, there's no bearing this; it's worse than death!

*Miss Hardcastle*. In which of your characters, sir, will you give us leave to address you? As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that speaks just to be heard, and hates hypocrisy: or the loud, confident creature that keeps it up with Mrs. Mantrap and old Miss Biddy Buckskin till three in the morning; ha, ha, ha!

*Marlow*. O, curse on my noisy head. I never attempted to be impudent yet that I was not taken down. I must be gone.

*Hardcastle*. By the hand of my body, but you shall not. I see it was all a mistake, and I am rejoiced to find it. You shall not, sir, I tell you. I know she'll forgive you. Won't you forgive him, Kate? We'll all forgive you. Take courage man. [*They retire, she tormenting him, to the back scene.*] . . .

*Hastings* [*to Miss Hardcastle*]. Come, madam, you are now driven to the very last scene of all your contrivances. I know you like him, I'm sure he loves you, and you must and shall have him.

*Hardcastle* [*joining their hands*]. And I say so too. And, Mr. Marlow, if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever repent your bargain. So now to supper; tomorrow we shall gather all the poor of the parish about us, and the Mistakes of the Night shall be crowned with a merry morning; so, boy, take her; and as you have been mistaken in the mistress my wish is that you may never be mistaken in the wife.

## JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY

WITH a jocose reapplication in a literal sense of a metaphorical phrase, John Wesley was used to speak of himself as "a brand plucked from the burning." He had been forgotten when a child, through the excitement caused by a conflagration in his father's house due to incendiarism, and only rescued at the last possible moment. There were other experiences in that house, and in the one which succeeded it, which were quite out of the ordinary. Susannah Wesley, the mother of John and Charles, was a woman of fine education and of strong character, and a pious and devoted mother. She usually bent herself to her husband's will, though with discretion; but they were not politically agreed, and he at one time withdrew for a considerable period from association with her because he was offended on this account. It is said that his salary was never greater than £200 per annum, and he was frequently called upon to aid impecunious relatives; but Malthus had not yet come, and neither he nor his wife perhaps realized any incongruity between his income and their family of nineteen children. Mrs. Wesley had her own theory as to how the early education of children should be conducted. She did not begin with them until they were five years old, "and then she made them learn the alphabet perfectly in one day; on the next day they were put to spell and to read one line, and then a verse, never leaving it until they were perfect in the lesson." Of the nineteen, only a limited selection of three boys and three girls lived to grow up: the three boys all attained prominence, the girls all great unhappiness. Unseen powers appear to have taken part in the political schism between the Rev. Samuel Wesley and his wife: their home at Epworth parsonage, during a long period while John was a schoolboy, being the scene of the most unaccountable noises and other disturbances, which attained their maximum of obtrusiveness during the Reverend Samuel's prayers for the royal family. So customary did these noises become, that for convenience, their unknown author was given the name of "Old Jeffery," by which appellation "he" was long familiarly called in the family.

John Wesley was born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, June 17 (O. S.), 1703. His brother Charles, with whom he was closely associated throughout their lives, was born at the same place five years later (December 18, 1707). In studying their biographies, one cannot well avoid the conclusion that though Charles was less aggressive than his brother, and though his fame, in part on this account, has been wholly overshadowed by that of the latter, his was the steadier and better rounded character of the two; and that to him their common success as religious leaders is largely due. Charles was the forerunner in

the movement at Oxford, and again, though only by a few days, in his "conversion." He also was the hymn-writer of Methodism, and the influence of the service of song upon the Methodist movement it is almost impossible to exaggerate. Charles Wesley, it is said, wrote more than six thousand hymns; and though in this vast flux of words he sometimes — nay, often — "ran to emptins," there are among his sacred songs some which appeal to people of every faith, and promise to live as long as Divine service is continued. The strong musical bias in his blood is shown in the fact that his son Samuel played on the organ at three, and composed an oratorio at eight.

John was educated at Charterhouse School, and at Christ Church College, Oxford. He easily won a reputation as a fine scholar. He was ordained a deacon in 1725, was elected a Fellow of Lincoln College in 1726, was in the same year appointed Greek lecturer and moderator of the classes, became curate for his father at Wroote in 1727, and was ordained a priest in 1728. Charles was educated at Westminster School, at St. Peter's College, Westminster, and at Christ Church College; but was not ordained until 1735. At Oxford, about 1728, he with a dozen others organized an association, which in derision was known variously as the Holy Club, the Godly Club, the Bible Moths, the Bible Bigots, the Sacramentarians, and the Methodists. The latter term, referring to the formal system introduced by them in their services, was destined to become the title of the most important religious organization of the century; although this organization, founded by the same men, took a wholly different direction from the club from which it inherited its title. Among the members of the club, besides the Wesleys, the most important were George Whitefield, and James Hervey, the author of the 'Meditations.'

Returning to Oxford in 1729, John joined this club, and was immediately recognized as its leader. In the austerities practised by the members, and in many other ways, it is clear that they permitted themselves to be led into excesses, which later they more or less frankly acknowledged.

In 1735 the brothers went to Georgia in General Oglethorpe's company; the elder to take spiritual charge of his colony, the younger as his secretary. Upon the same vessel were a number of Moravians from Herrnhut, by whom John was greatly impressed; and under the influence of that body he remained for a number of years. This Georgia episode was characterized by a variety of disagreeable incidents. The responsibility for the troubles which occurred, it is now impossible to place with exactness; but it is safe to say that they resulted in part at least from some lack of tact or of fitness in the brothers for the tasks which they undertook. Charles returned to England in 1736, but John remained abroad until 1738.

Through their intercourse with the Moravians, the brothers had become convinced that although they had undertaken to teach others, they had themselves not yet become true Christians. Remaining under the same influence, it was in the natural order of events that John, a little later, recorded his awaken-

ing into the new life "at a religious meeting at a quarter before nine o'clock on the evening of May 24, 1738"; Charles having gone through the same experience three days earlier. From this time forward the work of evangelism occupied his life, until its close fifty-three years later. He died March 2, 1791, having traveled during the period of his active ministry, it is estimated, 225,000 miles, and preached more than 40,500 sermons, not including miscellaneous addresses. After he was seventy years of age he gave this explanation of his continued cheerfulness and good health: "The chief reasons are, my constant rising at four for about fifty years; my generally preaching at five in the morning — one of the most healthy exercises in the world; my never traveling less by sea or land than four thousand five hundred miles in a year." Until his later years he usually traveled on horseback; and he often read the while, until consequent mishaps warned him of the risks to which he was exposing himself. His home life was not inspiring. He had spoken much of the advantages of celibacy, but in 1750 married a widow with four children. The marriage was not a happy one. Mrs. Wesley seems to have been "good" but not wholly agreeable. Their intercourse was not harmonious; and after some tentative absences, it is said that she finally left him not to return, although in his journal there appears some indication that this is not a strictly correct statement.

Neither of the brothers withdrew from the Established Church, and Charles appears never to have reconciled himself to the prospective establishment of a new denomination, to which course John seems to have been fully committed many years before his death. Both engaged actively in the ministry from the date of their conversion or soon after, until 1740, in connection with the Moravians, and afterward independently; and when in London, their meetings were usually held in a room in Fetter Lane. In 1739 an old building in Moorfields called "The Foundery" was converted into a meeting-house; but this soon became inadequate for the crowds which were drawn together, and open-air preaching followed in the natural order of evolution. Whitfield was soon drawn into the work; but he and Wesley subsequently parted upon theological grounds, Wesley having fully assimilated the doctrines of Free Grace and Salvation by Faith, while Whitefield held firmly to Predestination. The impossibility of attending with frequency congregations gathered in various parts of the kingdom, led before long to the employment of lay speakers; and these in turn gradually gave place to an established order of itinerant preachers; and later these again to ministers settled for a limited period, with superintending bishops.

The ministrations of the two brothers and of Whitefield, but especially of John Wesley, were characterized by an impassioned earnestness which worked powerfully upon the susceptibilities of their hearers. The meetings were soon the scene of violent demonstrations of nervous emotion and physical contortions, such as have in a measure survived to this day; though in late years they have not been so frequent or so pronounced, nor do they appear to

be usually encouraged by the exhorters. These hysterical demonstrations, though familiar to every student of history, were then not so well known and understood as now; and perhaps it was quite natural that John Wesley accepted them as valuable testimony to the virtue of his teaching, without scrutinizing them too closely. It is true that he was at times on his guard, and disposed to "try the spirits": to which course he was prompted by the extravagances of the Camisards—the "French Prophets," then numerous in England, the counterparts of which had been seen in New England during the so-called witchcraft excitement of fifty years earlier. But his occasional success in restoring calm in some cases, which were clearly not intended as imposture, might have led him to a greater caution in other cases. Charles never looked with a kindly eye upon these paroxysms of "enthusiasm." He was more conservative in several ways than his brother; and though he was engaged for many years in itinerant preaching, he was disposed to a quieter and more contemplative life. His literary work is comprised in his innumerable hymns and verses, and in a journal and sermons published subsequent to his death. He was not quite so self-assertive as his brother, who perhaps would not have written

How ready is the man to go  
Whom God hath never sent!  
How timorous, diffident, and slow,  
His chosen instrument!  
Lord, if from thee this mark I have  
Of a true messenger,  
By whom thou wilt thy people save,  
And let me always fear.

Charles Wesley died March 29, 1788, three years earlier than his elder brother.

John Wesley was an eager reader and a voluminous writer. It seems almost impossible that even in his long life he could have found time for all that he accomplished. Sermons, letters, and controversial works; works on Divinity, on Ecclesiastical History, on Medicine; a short 'History of Rome,' a 'History of England'—what did he not indite! He even published an abbreviation of Brooke's 'Fool of Quality.' He was a good linguist and an extremely forcible writer, and his works have been republished in many forms and editions.

The value to the Church and to society of the work initiated by the Wesleys cannot be overestimated. The times in which they lived were sadly out of joint, and few would hesitate to say with Thackeray:—

"No wonder that Whitefield cried out in the wilderness—that Wesley quitted the insulted temple to pray on the hillside. I look with reverence on those men at that time. Which is the sublimer spectacle—the good John Wesley surrounded by his congregation of miners at the pit's mouth, or the

Queen's chaplains mumbling through their morning office in their anteroom under the picture of the great Venus, with the door opening into the adjoining chamber, where the Queen is dressing, talking scandal to Lord Hervey, or uttering sneers at Lady Suffolk, who is kneeling with a basin at her mistress's feet?"

WILLIAM POTTS

## JOHN WESLEY'S SERMONS

### THE CHILD OF GOD

From a Discourse entitled 'The New Birth'

**B**EFORE a child is born into the world, he has eyes but sees not; he has ears but does not hear. He has a very imperfect use of every other sense. He has no knowledge of any of the things of the world, or any natural understanding. To that manner of existence which he then has, we do not even give the name of life. It is then only when a man is born, that we say he begins to live. For as soon as he is born, he begins to see the light, and the various objects with which he is encompassed. His ears are then opened, and he hears the sounds which successively strike upon them. At the same time, all the other organs of sense begin to be exercised upon their proper objects. He likewise breathes, and lives in a manner wholly different from what he did before. How exactly doth the parallel hold in all these instances! While a man is in a mere natural state, before he is born of God, he has, in a spiritual sense, eyes and sees not; a thick impenetrable veil lies upon them: he has ears, but hears not; he is utterly deaf to what he is most of all concerned to hear. His other spiritual senses are all locked up; he is in the same condition as if he had them not. Hence he has no knowledge of God; no intercourse with him: he is not at all acquainted with him. He has no true knowledge of the things of God, either of spiritual or eternal things; therefore though he is a living man, he is a dead Christian. But as soon as he is born of God, there is a total change in all these particulars. The "eyes of his understanding are opened" (such is the language of the great apostle); and he who of old "commanded light to shine out of darkness shining on his heart, he sees the light of the glory of God," his glorious love "in the face of Jesus Christ." His ears being opened, he is now capable of hearing the inward voice of God, saying, "Be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee"; "Go and sin no more." This is the purport of what God speaks to his heart; although perhaps not in these very words. He is now ready to hear whatsoever "He that teacheth man knowledge" is pleased from time to time to reveal to him. He "feels in his heart" (to use the language of our Church) "the mighty working of the Spirit of God"; not in a gross, carnal sense, as the men of the world stupidly and wilfully misunderstand the expression; though they have

been told again and again, we mean thereby neither more nor less than this: he feels, is inwardly sensible of, the graces which the Spirit of God works in his heart. He feels, he is conscious of, a "peace which passeth all understanding." He many times feels such a joy in God as is "unspeakable, and full of glory." He feels "the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto him"; and all his spiritual senses are then exercised to discern spiritual good and evil. By the use of these, he is daily increasing in the knowledge of God, of Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, and of all the things pertaining to his inward kingdom. And now he may be properly said to live: God having quickened him by His spirit, he is alive to God through Jesus Christ. He lives a life which the world knoweth not of, a "life which is hid with Christ in God." God is continually breathing, as it were, upon the soul; and his soul is breathing unto God. Grace is descending into his heart; and prayer and praise ascending to heaven: and by this intercourse between God and man, this fellowship with the Father and the Son, as by a kind of spiritual respiration, the life of God in the soul is sustained; and the child of God grows up, till he comes to the "full measure of the stature of Christ."

From hence it manifestly appears, what is the nature of the new birth. It is that great change which God works in the soul when he brings it into life; when he raises it from the death of sin to the life of righteousness. It is the change wrought in the whole soul by the almighty Spirit of God, when it is "created anew in Christ Jesus," when it is "renewed after the image of God, in righteousness and true holiness"; when the love of the world is changed into the love of God; pride into humility; passion into meekness; hatred, envy, malice, into a sincere, tender, disinterested love for all mankind. In a word, it is that change whereby the earthly, sensual, devilish mind is turned into the "mind which was in Christ Jesus." This is the nature of the new birth: "So is every one that is born of the Spirit."

## OUR STEWARDSHIP

From a Discourse entitled 'The Good Steward'

WE shall not receive τὰ ἴδια — *our own things* — till we come to our own country. Eternal things only are our own: with all these temporal things we are barely intrusted by another — the Disposer and Lord of all. And he intrusts us with them on this express condition, that we use them only as our Master's goods, and according to the particular directions which he has given us in his word.

On this condition he hath intrusted us with our souls, our bodies, our goods, and whatever other talents we have received; but in order to impress this weighty truth on our hearts, it will be needful to come to particulars.

And first, God has intrusted us with our soul — an immortal spirit, made in the image of God; together with all the powers and faculties thereof — understanding, imagination, memory, will, and a train of affections, either included in it, or closely dependent upon it — love and hatred, joy and sorrow; respecting present good and evil, desire and aversion; hope and fear, respecting that which is to come. All these St. Paul seems to include in two words, when he says, "The peace of God shall keep your hearts and minds." Perhaps indeed the latter word, *νοήματα* might rather be rendered *thoughts*; provided we take that word in its most extensive sense, for every perception of the mind, whether active or passive.

Now of all these, it is certain we are only stewards. God has intrusted us with these powers and faculties, not that we may employ them according to our own will, but according to the express orders which he has given us: although it is true that in doing his will we most effectually secure our own happiness, seeing it is herein only that we can be happy, either in time or in eternity. Thus we are to use our understanding, our imagination, our memory, wholly to the glory of Him that gave them. Thus our will is to be wholly given up to him, and all our affections to be regulated as he directs. We are to love and hate, to rejoice and grieve, to desire and shun, to hope and fear, according to the rule which he prescribes, whose we are, and whom we are to serve in all things. Even our thoughts are not our own in this sense: they are not at our own disposal; but for every deliberate motion of our mind, we are accountable to our great Master.

God has, secondly, intrusted us with our bodies (those exquisitely wrought machines, so "fearfully and wonderfully made"), with all the powers and members thereof. He has intrusted us with the organs of sense; of sight, hearing, and the rest: but none of these are given us as our own, to be employed according to our own will. None of these are lent us in such a sense as to leave us at liberty to use them as we please for a season. No: we have received them on these very terms, that as long as they abide with us, we should employ them all in that very manner, and no other, which he appoints.

It is on the same terms that he imparted to us that most excellent talent of speech. "Thou hast given me a tongue," says the ancient writer, "that I may praise thee therewith." For this purpose was it given to all the children of men, to be employed in glorifying God. Nothing, therefore, is more ungrateful or more absurd than to think or say, "Our tongues are our own." That cannot be, unless we have created ourselves, and so are independent of the Most High. Nay, but "It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves": the manifest consequence is that he is still Lord over us, in this as in all other respects. It follows that there is not a word of our tongue for which we are not accountable to him.

To him we are equally accountable for the use of our hands and feet, and all the members of our body. These are so many talents which are committed

to our trust, until the time appointed by the Father. Until then, we have the use of all these; but as stewards, not as proprietors: to the end, we should "render them, not as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin, but as instruments of righteousness unto God."

God has intrusted us, thirdly, with a portion of worldly goods, with food to eat, raiment to put on, and a place where to lay our head; with not only the necessities but the conveniences of life. Above all, he has committed to our charge that precious talent which contains all the rest—money: indeed it is unspeakably precious, if we are wise and faithful stewards of it; if we employ every part of it for such purposes as our blessed Lord has commanded us to do.

God has intrusted us, fourthly, with several talents which do not properly come under any of these heads. Such is bodily strength; such are health, a pleasing person, an agreeable address; such are learning and knowledge in their various degrees, with all the other advantages of education. Such is the influence which we have over others, whether by their love and esteem of us, or by power—power to do them good or hurt, to help or hinder them in the circumstances of life. Add to these that invaluable talent of time, with which God intrusts us from moment to moment. Add, lastly, that on which all the rest depend, and without which they would all be curses, not blessings; namely, the grace of God, the power of his Holy Spirit, which alone worketh in us all that is acceptable in his sight. . . .

Brethren, "Who is an understanding man and endued with knowledge among you?" Let him show the wisdom from above, by walking suitably to his character. If he so account of himself, as a steward of the manifold gifts of God, let him see that all his thoughts, and words, and works, be agreeable to the post God has assigned him. It is no small thing to lay out for God all which you have received from God. It requires all your wisdom, all your resolution, all your patience, and constancy;—far more than ever you had by nature; but not more than you may have by grace. For his grace is sufficient for you; and "all things," you know, "are possible to him that believeth." By faith, then, "put on the Lord Jesus Christ"; "put on the whole armor of God": and you shall be enabled to glorify him in all your words and works; yea, to bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ!

## THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

From 'The First Discourse upon the Sermon on the Mount'

**T**HIS is that kingdom of heaven, or of God, which is within us: even "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." And what is "righteousness," but the life of God in the soul; the mind which was in Christ Jesus; the image of God stamped upon the heart now renewed

after the likeness of him that created it? What is it but the love of God, because he first loved us, and the love of all mankind for his sake?

And what is this "peace," the peace of God, but that calm serenity of soul, that sweet repose in the blood of Jesus, which leaves no doubt of our acceptance in him; which excludes all fear, but the loving, filial fear of offending our Father which is in heaven?

This inward kingdom implies also "joy in the Holy Ghost"; who seals upon our hearts "the redemption which is in Jesus," the righteousness of Christ imputed to us "for the remission of the sins that are past"; who giveth us now "the earnest of our inheritance," of the crown which the Lord, the righteous Judge will give at that day. And well may this be termed "the kingdom of heaven": seeing it is heaven already opened in the soul; the first springing up of those rivers of pleasure which flow at God's right hand for evermore.

"Theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Whosoever thou art to whom God hath given to be "poor in spirit," to feel thyself lost, thou hast a right thereto, through the gracious promise of Him who cannot lie. It is purchased for thee by the blood of the Lamb. It is very nigh: thou art on the brink of heaven! Another step, and thou enterest into the kingdom of righteousness, and peace, and joy! Art thou all sin? "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world!" All unholy? See thy "Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous!" Art thou unable to atone for the least of thy sins? "He is the propitiation for [all thy] sins." Now believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and all thy sins are blotted out!

Then thou learnest of him to be "lowly of heart." And this is the true, genuine, Christian humility, which flows from a sense of the love of God, reconciled to us in Christ Jesus. Poverty of spirit, in this meaning of the word, begins where a sense of guilt and of the wrath of God ends; and is a continual sense of our total dependence on him for every good thought, or word, or work — of our utter inability to all good, unless he "water us every moment," and an abhorrence of the praise of men, knowing that all praise is due unto God only. With this is joined a loving shame, a tender humiliation before God, even for the sins which we know he hath forgiven us, and for the sin which still remaineth in our hearts, although we know it is not imputed to our condemnation. Nevertheless, the conviction we feel of inbred sin is deeper and deeper every day. The more we grow in grace, the more do we see of the desperate wickedness of our heart. The more we advance in the knowledge and love of God through our Lord Jesus Christ (as great a mystery as this may appear to those who know not the power of God unto salvation), the more do we discern of our alienation from God — of the enmity that is in our carnal mind, and the necessity of our being entirely renewed in righteousness and true holiness.

## THE LAST JUDGMENT

From a Discourse on 'The Great Assize'

**S**UFFER me to add a few words to all of you who are at this day present before the Lord. Should not you bear it in your minds all the day long, that a more awful day is coming? A large assembly this! But what is it to that which every eye will then behold, the general assembly of all the children of men that ever lived on the face of the whole earth! A few will stand at the judgment seat this day, to be judged touching what shall be laid to their charge; and they are now reserved in prison, perhaps in chains, till they are brought forth to be tried and sentenced. But we shall all — I that speak, and you that hear — “stand at the judgment seat of Christ.” And we are now reserved on this earth, which is not our home, in this prison of flesh and blood, perhaps many of us in chains of darkness too, till we are ordered to be brought forth. Here a man is questioned concerning one or two acts which he is supposed to have committed: there we are to give an account of all our works, from the cradle to the grave; of all our words; of all our desires and tempers, all the thoughts and intents of our hearts; of all the use we have made of our various talents, whether of mind, body, or fortune, till God said, “Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward.” In this court, it is possible, some who are guilty may escape for want of evidence; but there is no want of evidence in that court. All men with whom you had the most secret intercourse, who were privy to all your designs and actions, are ready before your face. So are all the spirits of darkness who inspired evil designs and assisted in the execution of them. So are all the angels of God, those eyes of the Lord that run to and fro over all the earth; who watched over your soul, and labored for your good, so far as you would permit. So is your own conscience, a thousand witnesses in one; now no more capable of being either blinded or silenced, but constrained to know and to speak the naked truth touching all your thoughts, and words, and actions. And is conscience as a thousand witnesses? — yea; but God is as a thousand consciences! Oh, who can stand before the face of the great God, even our Saviour Jesus Christ!

See! see! He cometh! He maketh the clouds his chariot! He rideth upon the wings of the wind! A devouring fire goeth before him and after him, a flame burneth! See! He sitteth upon his throne, clothed with light as with a garment, arrayed with majesty and honor! Behold, his eyes are as a flame of fire, his voice as the sound of many waters!

How will ye escape? Will ye call to the mountains to fall on you, the rocks to cover you? Alas, the mountains themselves, the rocks, the earth, the heavens, are just ready to flee away! Can ye prevent the sentence? Wherewith? With

all the substance of thy house, with thousands of gold and silver? Blind wretch! Thou camest naked from thy mother's womb, and more naked into eternity. Hear the Lord, the Judge! "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Joyful sound! How widely different from that voice which echoes through the expanse of heaven, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels!" And who is he that can prevent or retard the full execution of either sentence? Vain hope! Lo, hell is moved from beneath to receive those who are ripe for destruction! And the everlasting doors lift up their heads, that the heirs of glory may come in!

"What manner of persons then ought we to be, in all holy conversation and godliness?" We know it cannot be long before the Lord will descend with the voice of the archangel, and the trumpet of God; when every one of us shall appear before him, and give account of his own works. "Wherefore, beloved, seeing ye look for these things," seeing ye know he will come, and will not tarry, "be diligent, that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot and blameless." Why should ye not? Why should one of you be found on the left hand, at his appearing? He willeth not that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance; by repentance, to faith in a bleeding Lord; by faith, to spotless love, to the full image of God renewed in the heart, and producing all holiness of conversation. Can you doubt of this, when you remember the Judge of all is likewise the Saviour of all? Hath he not bought you with his own blood, that ye might not perish, but have everlasting life? Oh, make proof of his mercy rather than his justice; of his love rather than the thunder of his power! He is not far from every one of us; and he is now come not to condemn, but to save, the world. He standeth in the midst! Sinner, doth he not now, even now, knock at the door of thy heart? Oh that thou mayest know, at least in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace! Oh that ye may now give yourselves to Him who gave himself for you, in humble faith, in holy, active, patient love! So shall ye rejoice with exceeding joy in his day, when he cometh in the clouds of heaven!

## CHARLES WESLEY'S HYMNS

### LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING

LOVE divine, all love excelling,  
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down!  
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling;  
 All thy faithful mercies crown.  
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,  
 Pure, unbounded love thou art:

Visit us with thy salvation;  
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast!  
Let us all in thee inherit,  
Let us find that second rest.  
Take away our bent to sinning;  
Alpha and Omega be:  
End of faith, as its beginning,  
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy life receive;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more thy temples leave.  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve thee as thy hosts above,  
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,  
Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation;  
Pure and spotless let us be;  
Let us see thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restored in thee:  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place;  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

#### GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND MILD

**G**ENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child;  
Pity my simplicity,  
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to thee be brought:  
Dearest God, forbid it not;

Give me, dearest God, a place  
In the kingdom of thy grace.

Put thy hands upon my head,  
Let me in thine arms be stayed;  
Let me lean upon thy breast —  
Lull me, lull me, Lord, to rest.

Hold me fast in thy embrace,  
Let me see thy smiling face.  
Give, me, Lord, thy blessing give;  
Pray for me, and I shall live.

I shall live the simple life,  
Free from sin's uneasy strife,  
Sweetly ignorant of ill,  
Innocent and happy still.

Oh that I may never know  
What the wicked people do!  
Sin is contrary to thee.  
Sin is the forbidden tree.

Keep me from the great offense,  
Guard my helpless innocence;  
Hide me, from all evil hide,  
Self, and stubbornness, and pride.

Lamb of God, I look to thee;  
Thou shalt my example be;  
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,  
Thou wast once a little child.

Fain I would be as thou art:  
Give me thy obedient heart.  
Thou art pitiful and kind:  
Let me have thy loving mind.

Meek and lowly may I be:  
Thou art all humility.  
Let me to my betters bow:  
Subject to thy parents thou.

Let me above all fulfil  
 God my heavenly Father's will;  
 Never his good Spirit grieve,  
 Only to his glory live.

Thou didst live to God alone,  
 Thou didst never seek thine own;  
 Thou thy self didst never please,  
 God was all thy happiness.

Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,  
 In Thy gracious hands I am.  
 Make me, Saviour, what thou art,  
 Live thyself within my heart.

I shall then show forth thy praise,  
 Serve thee all my happy days:  
 Then the world shall always see  
 Christ, the holy Child, in me.

### HAIL! HOLY, HOLY, HOLY LORD

**H**AIL! holy, holy, holy Lord,  
 Whom One in Three we know;  
 By all thy heavenly host adored,  
 By all thy Church below!

One undivided Trinity  
 With triumph we proclaim:  
 The universe is full of thee,  
 And speaks thy glorious name.

Thee, holy Father we confess;  
 Thee, holy Son adore;  
 Thee, Spirit of true holiness  
 We worship evermore.  
 Thine incommunicable right,  
 Almighty God, receive,  
 Which angel-choirs and saints in light  
 And saints embodied give.

Three Persons equally divine  
 We magnify and love;  
 And both the choirs ere long shall join  
 To sing thy praise above.  
 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord  
 (Our heavenly song shall be),  
 Supreme, essential One adored  
 In coeternal Three!

## A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE

**A** CHARGE to keep I have,  
 A God to glorify;  
 A never-dying soul to save,  
 And fit it for the sky;  
 To serve the present age,  
 My calling to fulfil:  
 Oh, may it all my powers engage  
 To do my Master's will!

Arm me with jealous care,  
 As in thy sight to live;  
 And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare  
 A strict account to give!  
 Help me to watch and pray,  
 And on thyself rely;  
 Assured, if I my trust betray,  
 I shall forever die.

## JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

**J**ESUS, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the nearer waters roll,  
 While the tempest still is high.  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past;  
 Safe into the haven guide;  
 Oh receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee.  
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me.  
 All my trust on thee is stayed,  
 All my help from thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenseless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.

Wilt thou not regard my call?  
 Wilt thou not accept my prayer?  
 Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall!  
 Lo, on thee I cast my care.  
 Reach me out thy gracious hand!  
 While I of thy strength receive:  
 Hoping against hope I stand;  
 Dying, and behold I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
 More than all in thee I find:  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is thy name;  
 I am all unrighteousness:  
 False and full of sin I am;  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to cover all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within.  
 Thou of life the fountain art:  
 Freely let me take of thee;  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

## MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT might be regarded as the embodiment of the finer and saner forces of the French Revolution; or rather of that spirit through which the eighteenth century was merged into the nineteenth, and which expressed itself as much in the lives of individuals as in revolutions. The author of the 'Vindication of the Rights of Women' was perhaps the most prophetic character of her time; since she alone, in a generation rabid for the rights of man, understood the subtle truth that the emancipation of men is largely dependent upon the emancipation of women — seeing that the unity of the sexes transcends their diversity.

Her troubled life was in many ways a preparation for her pioneership in the vindication of womanliness. She was literally badgered into the office of apostle. Her experiences forced her into extreme opinions, especially on the subject of marriage; but extreme opinions were necessary in the eighteenth century. She was born at the pivotal point of the eighteenth century, in the year 1759. Family troubles had begun long before her birth; and she found herself hampered in infancy with a good-for-nothing father, and a mother who submitted to be beaten by him. She was the second of six children, all of whom in later years were to depend upon her to aid them in their struggles with the world. The passion of pity — for it was less a sentiment than a passion with her — was early developed; her motherhood, begun in the care of her wretched parents and their helpless offspring, was later to include the race.

Her childhood was spent in a vagrancy which might well have demoralized a less earnest spirit. The irresponsible father was always moving his family from one town to another in the hope of better luck. They went from Hoxton to Edmonton; thence to Essex; from Essex to Beverley in Yorkshire; then to London. Mary had snatches of education in these places: books, however, were kept strictly subordinate to life, through the vagaries of her father. Her first stimulus to cultivation was received through a young girl, Fanny Blood, for whom she conceived a romantic affection. Her friend's accomplishments awakened her spirit of emulation. With her, love was synonymous with growth and expression. In whatever form it expressed itself, it was the mainspring of her character; which is indeed most clearly intelligible through the medium of her affections.

In 1780 her mother died, worn out by the brutalities of her husband. Mary went for a time to the home of Fanny Blood, where she supported herself by needlework. Her friend's father, like her own father, made his household wretched through his dissipations. From childhood Mary Wollstonecraft had

had before her the spectacle of unhappy marriages, made so by the tyranny of the husbands. The long and dreary courtship of her friend Fanny, by a man who played with her love; the miserable union of her sister Eliza with a man whose caprice and selfishness finally drove his wife into insanity — were further to increase her sense of outrage against a social system under which such evils could exist, and to prepare her for her championship of her sex. She first threw down the gauntlet to conventional opinion when she helped her sister Eliza to escape from her husband's roof. In so doing she displayed those forces of character which were afterwards to inspire the 'Vindication': the love of justice, the hatred of oppression, indomitable courage, and above all, a fund of common-sense which amounted to genius.

The two sisters and Fanny Blood opened a school at Newington Green, which at first was successful. About this time Mary was introduced to Dr. Johnson, who seems to have had some appreciation of her extraordinary powers. In 1785 Fanny Blood married her uncertain lover, and went with him to Lisbon. A few months later, Mary followed her there to nurse her in what proved to be her last illness. After the death of her beloved friend she commemorated their friendship in her first novel — 'Mary: a Fiction.' On her return to England she gave up her school, and accepted the position of governess in the family of Lord Kingsborough in Ireland. After holding this a year, she became a "reader" for the publisher Johnson, in London: it was owing to his encouragement that she resolved to give herself up entirely to literary work. She translated Salzmann's 'Elements of Morality' from the German, and Lavater's 'Physiognomy' from the French; besides writing some tales for children, published as 'Original Stories from Real Life,' with illustrations by Blake.

In 1789 Burke's 'Reflections on the French Revolution,' written from the standpoint of a Tory and a Conservative, aroused great indignation among the Liberals of England. Its scorn of the "common people" and their rights, its support of tradition merely as tradition, outraged the spirit of justice and mercy which dwelt continually with Mary Wollstonecraft. She published a pamphlet entitled 'Vindication of the Rights of Men,' in which she challenged the assumptions of Burke with more zeal perhaps than discretion, but with a wonderful passion for truth and charity, liberty and advancement. Amid the emotional confusions of the pamphlet, the clear outlines of logic can here and there be traced. Referring to Burke's reliance on medieval precedent for authority, she asks: "Does Burke recommend night as the fittest time to analyze a ray of light?"

The 'Vindication of the Rights of Women,' on which Mary Wollstonecraft's reputation as an author rests, was published in 1792. Although now little read — its assertions, so startling in the eighteenth century, having become truisms in the present one — it must be ranked among the epoch-making books. It is the prophecy of the coming centuries by a woman who in her own

epoch endured the tyranny of her time over her sex. In her dedication of the work to Talleyrand, she sets forth its argument: — "Contending for the rights of woman, my main argument is built on this simple principle — that if she be not prepared by education to become the companion of man, she will stop the progress of knowledge; for truth must be common to all, or it will be inefficacious with respect to its influence on the general practice."

The book as a whole is an elaborate demonstration of this principle. The author contends that no great improvement of society can be expected, unless women are regarded by men not as dolls made for their pleasure, but as rational beings on whose nobility of character the welfare of the family — and through the family, of the State — depends. She uncovers the falsity of Rousseau's ideal of women, as mere ministrants to the sentimentality of men; and proceeds to show that this ideal, governing the education of girls, has made them the inferior irrational beings which men find them. She urges as remedies, the freer mingling of the sexes in childhood, more out-of-door life for girls, and the training them to look upon marriage not as a means of support, or as a coveted dignity, but as the highest expression of love and friendship. She emphasizes the necessity of this friendship, which depends upon the intellectual congeniality of husband and wife. She affirms that intellectual companionship, indeed, is the chief as it is the lasting happiness of marriage.

It is difficult to believe that this reasonable and noble idea of woman's place in the family should have aroused the resentment of Hannah More, and of the majority of the English reading public. But like all books which mark a step in advance of prevailing custom and sentiment, it had to undergo stoning by the mob. Mary Wollstonecraft had uncovered the source of the frivolity of the eighteenth century, the source also of its soullessness, its deadening rationality: this was its contemptible view of women. It is small wonder that she incurred the resentment of her generation.

In 1792 she went to Paris to study the phenomena of the French Revolution, then in progress. She afterwards published the first volume of a work entitled 'An Historical and Moral View of the Origin and Progress of the French Revolution.' During her stay in Paris she entered upon the tragedy of her life, which came to her through her love for Gilbert Imlay, an American. His desertion of her — "my best friend and wife," as he calls her in a business document — whatever it proved to the world, proved to those who knew the integrity of Mary's character, that he was not able to appreciate the honorableness of her love, nor the sublime purity of her nature — a purity dangerous perhaps to society, through its rare and exquisite quality.

Mary Wollstonecraft's 'Letters Written During a Short Residence in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark' (1796) give a brief account of travel in the north of Europe; they show the serious bent of her mind in the numerous remarks on racial characteristics, agriculture, and wild nature, but have not the permanent value of Young's 'Travels in France.' Nearly all the personal

references to herself and to Imlay, to whom they were written, were removed before their publication.

In 1797 she became the wife of William Godwin, the author of 'Political Equality'—in his way also an idealist, who placed the individual before society. The other-worldliness of the pair was primeval. In this union Mary knew the first serenity of her short, troubled life; but it was not to be of long duration. She died in the year of her marriage, ten days after the birth of the daughter who was to become the wife of Shelley.

She was more guided by reasonableness in her books than in her life, which was ruled by her affections—being, as she was, a woman wholly womanly. Both her books and her life were necessary to her generation, to reveal to it the unsuspected forces of which its ignorance took little account in its estimate of the social order.

## MODERN IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD

From 'A Vindication of the Rights of Women'

TO account for and excuse the tyranny of man, many ingenious arguments have been brought forward to prove that the two sexes, in the acquirement of virtue, ought to aim at attaining a very different character; or to speak explicitly, women are not allowed to have sufficient strength of mind to acquire what really deserves the name of virtue. Yet it should seem, allowing them to have souls, that there is but one way appointed by Providence to lead *mankind* to either virtue or happiness.

If then women are not a swarm of ephemeron triflers, why should they be kept in ignorance under the specious name of innocence? Men complain, and with reason, of the follies and caprices of our sex, when they do not keenly satirize our headstrong passions and groveling vices. Behold, I should answer, the natural effect of ignorance! The mind will ever be unstable that has only prejudices to rest on, and the current will run with destructive fury when there are no barriers to break its force. Women are told from their infancy, and taught by the example of their mothers, that a little knowledge of human weakness, justly termed cunning, softness of temper, *outward* obedience, and a scrupulous attention to a puerile kind of propriety, will obtain for them the protection of man; and should they be beautiful, everything else is needless, for at least twenty years of their lives.

Thus Milton describes our first frail mother; though when he tells us that women are formed for softness and sweet attractive grace, I cannot comprehend his meaning—unless in the true Mahometan strain, he meant to deprive us of souls, and insinuate that we were beings only designed, by sweet

attractive grace and docile blind obedience, to gratify the senses of man when he can no longer soar on the wing of contemplation.

How grossly do they insult us who thus advise us only to render ourselves gentle domestic brutes! For instance, the winning softness so warmly and frequently recommended, that governs by obeying. What childish expressions; and how insignificant is the being — can it be an immortal one? — who will condescend to govern by such sinister methods! “Certainly,” says Lord Bacon, “man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature.” Men, indeed, appear to me to act in a very unphilosophical manner, when they try to secure the good conduct of women by attempting to keep them always in a state of childhood. Rousseau was more consistent when he wished to stop the progress of reason in both sexes: for if men eat of the tree of knowledge, women will come in for a taste; but from the imperfect cultivation which their understandings now receive, they only attain a knowledge of evil.

Children, I grant, should be innocent; but when the epithet is applied to men or women, it is but a civil term for weakness. For if it be allowed that women were destined by Providence to acquire human virtues, and by the exercise of their understandings that stability of character which is the firmest ground to rest our future hopes upon, they must be permitted to turn to the fountain of light, and not forced to shape their course by the twinkling of a mere satellite. Milton, I grant, was of a very different opinion, for he only bends to the indefeasible right of beauty; though it would be difficult to render two passages which I now mean to contrast, consistent. But into similar inconsistencies are great men often led by their senses.

To whom thus Eve, with *perfect beauty* adorned: —  
My author and disposer, what thou bid'st  
*Unargued* I obey: so God ordains;  
God is *thy law*, *thou mine*: to know no more  
Is woman's *happiest* knowledge and her *praise*.

These are exactly the arguments that I have used to children: but I have added, Your reason is now gaining strength, and till it arrives at some degree of maturity you must look up to me for advice; then you ought to *think*, and only rely on God.

Yet in the following lines Milton seems to coincide with me, when he makes Adam thus expostulate with his Maker: —

Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
And these inferior far beneath me set?  
Among *unequals* what society  
Can sort, what harmony or true delight?  
Which must be mutual, in proportion due

Given and received; but in *disparity*  
 The one intense, the other still remiss  
 Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove  
 Tedious alike: of *fellowship* I speak,  
 Such as I seek, fit to participate  
 All rational delight.

In treating therefore of the manners of women, let us, disregarding sensual arguments, trace what we should endeavor to make them in order to co-operate — if the expression be not too bold — with the Supreme Being.

By individual education I mean — for the sense of the word is not precisely defined — such an attention to a child as will slowly sharpen the senses, form the temper, regulate the passions as they begin to ferment, and set the understanding to work before the body arrives at maturity; so that the man may only have to proceed, not to begin, the important task of learning to think and reason.

To prevent any misconstruction, I must add that I do not believe that a private education can work the wonders which some sanguine writers have attributed to it. Men and women must be educated, in a great degree, by the opinions and manners of the society they live in. In every age there has been a stream of popular opinion that has carried all before it, and given a family character, as it were, to the century. It may then fairly be inferred that till society be differently constituted, much cannot be expected from education. It is however sufficient for my present purpose to assert, that whatever effect circumstances have on the abilities, every being may become virtuous by the exercise of its own reason; for if but one being was created with vicious inclinations — that is, positively bad — what can save us from atheism? or if we worship a God, is not that God a devil?

Consequently, the most perfect education, in my opinion, is such an exercise of the understanding as is best calculated to strengthen the body and form the heart; or in other words, to enable the individual to attain such habits of virtue as will render it independent. In fact, it is a farce to call any being virtuous whose virtues do not result from the exercise of its own reason. This was Rousseau's opinion respecting men: I extend it to women, and confidently assert that they have been drawn out of their sphere by false refinement, and not by an endeavor to acquire masculine qualities. Still, the regal homage which they receive is so intoxicating, that until the manners of the times are changed, and formed on more reasonable principles, it may be impossible to convince them that the illegitimate power which they obtain by degrading themselves is a curse, and that they must return to nature and equality if they wish to secure the placid satisfaction that unsophisticated affections impart. But for this epoch we must wait; wait perhaps till kings and nobles, enlightened by reason, and preferring the real dignity of man to childish state, throw off their gaudy

hereditary trappings; and if then women do not resign the arbitrary power of beauty — they will prove that they have *less* mind than man.

I may be accused of arrogance: still I must declare what I firmly believe, that all the writers who have written on the subject of female education and manners, from Rousseau to Dr. Gregory, have contributed to render women more artificial weak characters than they would otherwise have been; and consequently more useless members of society. I might have expressed this conviction in a lower key; but I am afraid it would have been the whine of affectation, and not the faithful expression of my feelings — of the clear result which experience and reflection have led me to draw. When I come to that division of the subject, I shall advert to the passages that I more particularly disapprove of, in the works of the authors I have just alluded to; but it is first necessary to observe that my objection extends to the whole purport of those books, which tend in my opinion to degrade one half of the human species, and render women pleasing at the expense of every solid virtue.

Though, to reason on Rousseau's ground, if man did attain a degree of perfection of mind when his body arrived at maturity, it might be proper, in order to make a man and his wife *one*, that she should rely entirely on his understanding; and the graceful ivy, clasping the oak that supported it, would form a whole in which strength and beauty would be equally conspicuous. But alas! husbands, as well as their helpmates, are often only overgrown children — nay, thanks to early debauchery, scarcely men in their outward form — and if the blind lead the blind, one need not come from heaven to tell us the consequence.

Many are the causes that, in the present corrupt state of society, contribute to enslave women by cramping their understandings and sharpening their senses. One, perhaps, that silently does more mischief than all the rest, is their disregard of order.

To do everything in an orderly manner is a most important precept, which women — who, generally speaking, receive only a disorderly kind of education — seldom attend to with that degree of exactness that men, who from their infancy are broken into method, observe. This negligent kind of guesswork — for what other epithet can be used to point out the random exertions of a sort of instinctive common-sense never brought to the test of reason? — prevents their generalizing matters of fact; so they do today what they did yesterday, merely because they did it yesterday.

This contempt of the understanding in early life has more baneful consequences than is commonly supposed: for the little knowledge which women of strong minds attain is, from various circumstances, of a more desultory kind than the knowledge of men; and it is acquired more by sheer observations on real life than from comparing what has been individually observed with the results of experience generalized by speculation. Led by their dependent situation and domestic employments more into society, what they learn is rather by

snatches; and as learning is with them in general only a secondary thing, they do not pursue any one branch with that persevering ardor necessary to give vigor to the faculties and clearness to the judgment. In the present state of society, a little learning is required to support the character of a gentleman, and boys are obliged to submit to a few years of discipline. But in the education of women, the cultivation of the understanding is always subordinate to the acquirement of some corporeal accomplishment. Even while enervated by confinement and false notions of modesty, the body is prevented from attaining that grace and beauty which relaxed half-formed limbs never exhibit. Besides, in youth their faculties are not brought forward by emulation; and having no serious scientific study, if they have natural sagacity it is turned too soon on life and manners. They dwell on effects and modifications, without tracing them back to causes; and complicated rules to adjust behavior are a weak substitute for simple principles.

As a proof that education gives this appearance of weakness to females, we may instance the example of military men; who are, like them, sent into the world before their minds have been stored with knowledge or fortified by principles. The consequences are similar: soldiers acquire a little superficial knowledge, snatched from the muddy current of conversation; and from continually mixing with society, they gain what is termed a knowledge of the world: and this acquaintance with manners and customs has frequently been confounded with a knowledge of the human heart. But can the crude fruit of casual observation, never brought to the test of judgment formed by comparing speculation and experience, deserve such a distinction? Soldiers, as well as women, practice the minor virtues with punctilious politeness. Where is, then, the sexual difference when the education has been the same? All the difference that I can discern arises from the superior advantage of liberty, which enables the former to see more of life.

It is wandering from my present subject, perhaps, to make a political remark; but as it was produced naturally by the train of my reflections, I shall not pass it silently over.

Standing armies can never consist of resolute, robust men; they may be well-disciplined machines, but they will seldom contain men under the influence of strong passions, or with very vigorous faculties: and as for any depth of understanding, I will venture to affirm that it is as rarely to be found in the army as amongst women. And the cause, I maintain, is the same. It may be further observed that officers are also particularly attentive to their persons, fond of dancing, crowded rooms, adventures, and ridicule.<sup>1</sup> Like the *fair sex*, the business of their lives is gallantry: they were taught to please, and they only live to please. Yet they do not lose their rank in the distinction of sexes,

<sup>1</sup> Why should women be censured with petulant acrimony because they seem to have a passion for a scarlet coat? Has not education placed them more on a level with soldiers than any other class of men?

for they are still reckoned superior to women; though in what their superiority consists, beyond what I have just mentioned, it is difficult to discover.

The great misfortune is this: that they both acquire manners before morals, and a knowledge of life before they have from reflection any acquaintance with the grand ideal outline of human nature. The consequence is natural. Satisfied with common nature, they become a prey to prejudices, and taking all their opinions on credit, they blindly submit to authority. So that if they have any sense, it is a kind of instinctive glance that catches proportions, and decides with respect to manners, but fails when arguments are to be pursued below the surface, or opinions analyzed.

May not the same remark be applied to women? Nay, the argument may be carried still further, for they are both thrown out of a useful station by the unnatural distinctions established in civilized life. Riches and hereditary honors have made ciphers of women to give consequence to the numerical figure; and idleness has produced a mixture of gallantry and despotism into society, which leads the very men who are the slaves of their mistresses to tyrannize over their sisters, wives, and daughters. This is only keeping them in rank and file, it is true. Strengthen the female mind by enlarging it, and there will be an end to blind obedience; but as blind obedience is ever sought for by power, tyrants and sensualists are in the right when they endeavor to keep women in the dark, because the former only want slaves and the latter a plaything. The sensualist, indeed, has been the most dangerous of tyrants; and women have been duped by their lovers, as princes by their ministers, whilst dreaming that they reigned over them.

I now principally allude to Rousseau; for his character of Sophia is undoubtedly a captivating one, though it appears to me grossly unnatural. However, it is not the superstructure but the foundation of her character, the principles on which her education was built, that I mean to attack; nay, warmly as I admire the genius of that able writer, whose opinions I shall often have occasion to cite, indignation always takes place of admiration, and the rigid frown of insulted virtue effaces the smile of complacency which his eloquent periods are wont to raise, when I read his voluptuous reveries. Is this the man who, in his ardor for virtue, would banish all the soft arts of peace, and almost carry us back to Spartan discipline? Is this the man who delights to paint the useful struggles of passion, the triumphs of good dispositions, and the heroic flights which carry the glowing soul out of itself? How are these mighty sentiments lowered when he describes the pretty foot and enticing airs of his little favorite!

But for the present I waive the subject; and instead of severely reprehending the transient effusions of overweening sensibility, I shall only observe that whoever has cast a benevolent eye on society must often have been gratified by the sight of humble mutual love, not dignified by sentiment or strengthened by a union in intellectual pursuits. The domestic trifles of the day have

afforded matters for cheerful converse, and innocent caresses have softened toils which did not require great exercise of mind or stretch of thought; yet has not the sight of this moderate felicity excited more tenderness than respect? — an emotion similar to what we feel when children are playing or animals sporting; whilst the contemplation of the noble struggles of suffering merit has raised admiration, and carried our thoughts to that world where sensation will give place to reason.

Women are therefore to be considered either as moral beings, or so weak that they must be entirely subjected to the superior faculties of men.

Let us examine this question. Rousseau declares that a woman should never for a moment feel herself independent; that she should be governed by fear to exercise her *natural* cunning, and made a coquettish slave in order to render her a more alluring object of desire, a *sweeter* companion to man whenever he chooses to relax himself. He carries the arguments, which he pretends to draw from the indications of nature, still further; and insinuates that truth and fortitude, the corner-stones of all human virtue, should be cultivated with certain restrictions, because, with respect to the female character, obedience is the grand lesson which ought to be impressed with unrelenting rigor.

What nonsense! When will a great man arise with sufficient strength of mind to puff away the fumes which pride and sensuality have thus spread over the subject? If women are by nature inferior to men, their virtues must be the same in quality, if not in degree, or virtue is a relative idea; consequently their conduct should be founded on the same principles, and have the same aim.

Connected with man as daughters, wives, and mothers, their moral character may be estimated by their manner of fulfilling those simple duties; but the end, the grand end, of their exertions should be to unfold their own faculties, and acquire the dignity of conscious virtue. They may try to render their road pleasant; but ought never to forget, in common with man, that life yields not the felicity which can satisfy an immortal soul. I do not mean to insinuate that either sex should be so lost in abstract reflections, or distant views, as to forget the affections and duties that lie before them, and are in truth the means appointed to produce the fruit of life; on the contrary, I would warmly recommend them, even while I assert that they afford most satisfaction when they are considered in their true sober light.

Probably the prevailing opinion that woman was created for man may have taken its rise from Moses's poetical story; yet as very few, it is presumed, who have bestowed any serious thought on the subject, ever supposed that Eve was, literally speaking, one of Adam's ribs, the deduction must be allowed to fall to the ground, or only be so far admitted as it proves that man, from the remotest antiquity, found it convenient to exert his strength to subjugate his companion, and his invention to show that she ought to have her neck bent

under the yoke, because the whole creation was only created for his convenience or pleasure.

Let it not be concluded that I wish to invert the order of things. I have already granted that from the constitution of their bodies, men seemed to be designed by Providence to attain a greater degree of virtue. I speak collectively of the whole sex; but I see not the shadow of a reason to conclude that their virtues should differ in respect to their nature. In fact, how can they, if virtue has only one eternal standard? I must therefore, if I reason consequentially, as strenuously maintain that they have the same simple direction as that there is a God.

It follows then that cunning should not be opposed to wisdom; little cares to great exertions; or insipid softness, varnished over with the name of gentleness, to that fortitude which grand views alone can inspire.

I shall be told that woman would then lose many of her peculiar graces; and the opinion of a well-known poet might be quoted to refute my unqualified assertion. For Pope has said, in the name of the whole male sex: —

Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create  
As when she touched the brink of all we hate.

In what light this sally places men and women, I shall leave to the judicious to determine. Meanwhile, I shall content myself with observing that I cannot discover why, unless they are mortal, females should always be degraded by being made subservient to love or lust.

To speak disrespectfully of love is, I know, high treason against sentiment and fine feelings; but I wish to speak the simple language of truth, and rather to address the head than the heart. To endeavor to reason love out of the world would be to out-Quixote Cervantes, and equally offend against common-sense; but an endeavor to restrain this tumultuous passion, and to prove that it should not be allowed to dethrone superior powers, or to usurp the scepter which the understanding should ever coolly wield, appears less wild.

Youth is the season for love in both sexes; but in those days of thoughtless enjoyment, provision should be made for the more important years of life, when reflection takes place of sensation. But Rousseau, and most of the male writers who have followed his steps, have warmly inculcated that the whole tendency of female education ought to be directed to one point — to render them pleasing.

Let me reason with the supporters of this opinion who have any knowledge of human nature. Do they imagine that marriage can eradicate the habitude of life? The woman who has only been taught to please will soon find that her charms are oblique sunbeams, and that they cannot have much effect on her husband's heart when they are seen every day — when the summer is past and gone. Will she then have sufficient native energy to look into herself for com-

fort, and cultivate her dormant faculties? or is it not more rational to expect that she will try to please other men, and in the emotions raised by the expectation of new conquests, endeavor to forget the mortification her love or pride has received? When the husband ceases to be a lover—and the time will inevitably come—her desire of pleasing will then grow languid, or become a spring of bitterness; and love, perhaps the most evanescent of all passions, gives place to jealousy or vanity.

I now speak of women who are restrained by principle or prejudice. Such women, though they would shrink from an intrigue with real abhorrence, yet nevertheless wish to be convinced by the homage of gallantry that they are cruelly neglected by their husbands; or days and weeks are spent in dreaming of the happiness enjoyed by congenial souls, till their health is undermined, and their spirits broken by discontent. How then can the great art of pleasing be such a necessary study? It is only useful to a mistress. The chaste wife and serious mother should only consider her power to please as the polish of her virtues, and the affection of her husband as one of the comforts that render her task less difficult and her life happier. But whether she be loved or neglected, her first wish should be to make herself respectable, and not to rely for all her happiness on a being subject to like infirmities with herself.

The worthy Dr. Gregory fell into a similar error. I respect his heart, but entirely disapprove of his celebrated 'Legacy to his Daughters.'

He advises them to cultivate a fondness for dress, because a fondness for dress, he asserts, is natural to them. I am unable to comprehend what either he or Rousseau mean when they frequently use this indefinite term. If they told us that in a pre-existent state the soul was fond of dress, and brought this inclination with it into a new body, I should listen to them with a half-smile, as I often do when I hear a rant about innate elegance. But if he only meant to say that the exercise of the faculties will produce this fondness, I deny it. It is not natural; but arises, like false ambition in men, from a love of power.

Dr. Gregory goes much further: he actually recommends dissimulation; and advises an innocent girl to give the lie to her feelings, and not dance with spirit, when gayety of heart would make her feet eloquent without making her gestures immodest. In the name of truth and common-sense, why should not one woman acknowledge that she can take more exercise than another, or in other words, that she has a sound constitution? And why, to damp innocent vivacity, is she darkly to be told that men will draw conclusions which she little thinks of? Let the libertine draw what inference he pleases, but I hope that no sensible mother will restrain the natural frankness of youth by instilling such indecent cautions. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh; and a wiser than Solomon hath said that the heart should be made clean, and not trivial ceremonies observed, which it is not very difficult to fulfil with scrupulous exactness when vice reigns in the heart.

Women ought to endeavor to purify their heart; but can they do so when their uncultivated understandings make them entirely dependent on their senses for employment and amusement? when no noble pursuit sets them above the little vanities of the day, or enables them to curb the wild emotions that agitate a reed over which every passing breeze has power? To gain the affections of a virtuous man, is affectation necessary? Nature has given woman a weaker frame than man; but to insure her husband's affections, must a wife, who by the exercise of her mind and body whilst she was discharging the duties of a daughter, wife, and mother, has allowed her constitution to retain its natural strength, and her nerves a healthy tone—is she, I say, to condescend to use art, and feign a sickly delicacy, in order to secure her husband's affection? Weakness may excite tenderness, and gratify the arrogant pride of man; but the lordly caresses of a protector will not gratify a noble mind that pants for and deserves to be respected. Fondness is a poor substitute for friendship.

In a seraglio, I grant that all these arts are necessary; the epicure must have his palate tickled, or he will sink into apathy: but have women so little ambition as to be satisfied with such a condition? Can they supinely dream life away in the lap of pleasure, or the languor of weariness, rather than assert their claim to pursue reasonable pleasures, and render themselves conspicuous by practising the virtues which dignify mankind? Surely she has not an immortal soul who can loiter life away merely employed to adorn her person, that she may amuse the languid hours and soften the cares of a fellow-creature, who is willing to be enlivened by her smiles and tricks when the serious business of life is over.

Besides, the woman who strengthens her body and exercises her mind will, by managing her family and practicing various virtues, become the friend and not the humble dependent of her husband; and if she, by possessing such substantial qualities, merit his regard, she will not find it necessary to conceal her affection, nor to pretend to an unnatural coldness of constitution to excite her husband's passions. In fact, if we revert to history, we shall find that the women who have distinguished themselves have neither been the most beautiful nor the most gentle of their sex.

Nature—or to speak with strict propriety, God—has made all things right; but man has sought him out many inventions to mar the work. I now allude to that part of Dr. Gregory's treatise where he advises a wife never to let her husband know the extent of her sensibility or affection. Voluptuous precaution, and as ineffectual as absurd. Love, from its very nature, must be transitory. To seek for a secret that would render it constant would be as wild a search as for the philosopher's stone, or the grand panacea; and the discovery would be equally useless, or rather pernicious, to mankind. The most holy band of society is friendship. It has been well said by a shrewd satirist that "Rare as true love is, true friendship is still rarer."

## JEREMY BENTHAM

**B**ENTHAM, whose name rightly stands sponsor for the utilitarian theory of morals in legislation, though not its originator, was a mighty and unique figure in many ways. His childhood reminds us of that of his disciple John Stuart Mill in its precocity; but fortunately for him, life had more juice in it for young Bentham than it had for Mill. In his maturity and old age he was widely recognized as a commanding authority, notwithstanding some startling absurdities.

He was born in London, February 15, 1748; the child of an attorney of ample means, who was proud of the youth, and did not hesitate to show him off. In his fourth year he began the study of Latin, and a year later was known in his father's circle as "the philosopher." At six or seven he began the study of French. He was then sent to Westminster school, where he must have had a rather uncomfortable time; for he was small in body, sensitive and delicate, and not fond of boyish sports. He had a much happier life at the houses of his grandmothers at Barking and at Browning Hill, where much of his childhood was spent. His reminiscences of these days, as related to his biographer, are full of charm. He was a great reader and a great student; and going to Oxford early, was only sixteen when he took his degree.

It must be confessed that he did not bear away with him a high appreciation of the benefits which he owed to his alma mater. "Mendacity and insincerity—in these I found the effects, the sure and only sure effects, of an English university education." He wrote a Latin ode on the death of George II, which was much praised. In later years he himself said of it, "It was a mediocre performance on a trumpery subject, written by a miserable child."

On taking his degree he entered at Lincoln's Inn, but he never made a success in the practice of the law. He hated litigation, and his mind became immediately absorbed in the study and development of the principles of legislation and jurisprudence, and this became the business of his life. He had an intense antipathy to Blackstone, under whom he had sat at Oxford; and in 1776 he published anonymously a severe criticism of his work, under the title 'A Fragment on Government,' which was at first attributed to Lord Mansfield, Lord Camden, and others. His identification as the author of the 'Fragment' brought him into relations with Lord Shelburne, who invited him to Bowood, where he made a long and happy visit, of which bright and gossipy letters tell the story. Here he worked on his 'Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation,' in which he developed his utilitarian theory, and here he fell in love with a young lady who failed to respond to his wishes. Writing in 1827, he says:—

"I am alive, more than two months advanced in my eightieth year, more lively than when you presented me in ceremony with a flower in Green Lane. Since that day not a single one has passed, not to speak of nights, in which you have not engrossed more of my thoughts than I could have wished. . . . Embrace —; though it is for me, as it is by you, she will not be severe, nor refuse her lips to me as she did her hand, at a time perhaps not yet forgotten by her, any more than by me."

Bentham wrote voluminously on morals, on rewards and punishments, on the poor laws, on education, on law reform, on the codification of laws, on special legislative measures, on a vast variety of subjects. His style, at first simple and direct, became turgid, involved, and obscure. He was in the habit of beginning the same work independently many times, and usually drove several horses abreast. He was very severe in his strictures upon persons in authority, and upon current notions; and was constantly being warned that if he should publish such or such a work he would surely be prosecuted. Numerous books were therefore not published until many years after they were written. His literary style became so prolix and unintelligible that his disciples—Dumont, Mill, and others—came to his rescue, and disentangled and prepared for the press his innumerable pamphlets, full of suggestiveness and teeming with projects of reform more or less completely realized since. His publications include more than seventy titles, and he left a vast accumulation of manuscript, much of which has never been read.

He had a wide circle of acquaintances, by whom he was held in high honor, and his correspondence with the leading men of his time was constant and important. In his later years he was a pugnacious writer, but he was on intimate and jovial terms with his friends. In 1814 he removed to Ford Abbey, near Chard, and there wrote 'Chrestomathia,' a collection of papers on the principles of education, in which he laid stress upon the value of instruction in science, as against the excessive predominance of Greek and Latin. In 1823, in conjunction with James Mill and others, he established the Westminster Review, but he did not himself contribute largely to it. He continued, however, to the end of his life to write on his favorite topics.

Robert Dale Owen, in his autobiography, gives the following description of a visit to Bentham during the philosopher's later years:—

"I preserve a most agreeable recollection of that grand old face, beaming with benignity and intelligence, and occasionally with a touch of humor which I did not expect. . . . I do not remember to have met anyone of his age [seventy-eight] who seemed to have more complete possession of his faculties, bodily and mental; and this surprised me the more because I knew that in his childhood he had been a feeble-limbed, frail boy. . . . I found him, having overpassed by nearly a decade the allotted threescore years and ten, with step as active and eye as bright and conversation as vivacious as one expects in a hale man of fifty. . . .

"I shall never forget my surprise when we were ushered by the venerable philosopher into his dining-room. An apartment of good size, it was occupied by a platform about two feet high, and which filled the whole room, except a passageway some three or four feet wide, which had been left so that one could pass all round it. Upon this platform stood the dinner-table and chairs, with room enough for the servants to wait upon us. Around the head of the table was a huge screen, to protect the old man, I suppose, against the draught from the doors. . . .

"When another half-hour had passed, he touched the bell again. This time his order to the servant startled me: —

"‘John, my nightcap!’

"I rose to go, and one or two others did the same; Neal sat still. ‘Ah!’ said Bentham, as he drew a black silk nightcap over his spare gray hair, ‘you think that’s a hint to go. Not a bit of it. Sit down! I’ll tell you when I am tired. I’m going to *vibrate* a little; that assists digestion, too.’

"And with that he descended into the trench-like passage, of which I have spoken, and commenced walking briskly back and forth, his head nearly on a level with ours, as we sat. Of course we all turned toward him. For full half an hour, as he walked, did he continue to pour forth such a witty and eloquent invective against kings, priests, and their retainers, as I have seldom listened to. Then he returned to the head of the table and kept up the conversation, without flagging, till midnight ere he dismissed us.

"His parting words to me were characteristic: — ‘God bless you — if there be such a being; and at all events, my young friend, take care of yourself.’”

His weak childhood had been followed by a healthy and robust old age. But he wore out at last, and died June 6, 1832, characteristically leaving his body to be dissected for the benefit of science. The greater part of his published writings were collected by Sir John Bowring, his executor, and issued in nine large volumes in 1843.

## OF THE PRINCIPLE OF UTILITY

From ‘An Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation’

NATURE has placed mankind under the governance of two sovereign masters, *pain* and *pleasure*. It is for them alone to point out what we ought to do, as well as to determine what we shall do. On the one hand the standard of right and wrong, on the other the chain of causes and effects, are fastened to their throne. They govern us in all we do, in all we say, in all we think; every effort we can make to throw off our subjection will serve but to demonstrate and confirm it. In words a man may pretend to abjure their

empire; but in reality he will remain subject to it all the while. The *principle of utility* recognizes this subjection, and assumes it for the foundation of that system, the object of which is to rear the fabric of felicity by the hands of reason and of law. Systems which attempt to question it deal in sounds instead of sense, in caprice instead of reason, in darkness instead of light.

But enough of metaphor and declamation: it is not by such means that moral science is to be improved.

The principle of utility is the foundation of the present work; it will be proper, therefore, at the outset to give an explicit and determinate account of what is meant by it. By the principle of utility is meant that principle which approves or disapproves of every action whatsoever, according to the tendency which it appears to have to augment or diminish the happiness of the party whose interest is in question; or, what is the same thing in other words, to promote or to oppose that happiness. I say of every action whatsoever; and therefore not only of every action of a private individual, but of every measure of government.

By utility is meant that property in any object whereby it tends to produce benefit, advantage, pleasure, good, or happiness (all this in the present case comes to the same thing), or (what comes again to the same thing) to prevent the happening of mischief, pain, evil, or unhappiness to the party whose interest is considered: if that party be the community in general, then the happiness of the community; if a particular individual, then the happiness of that individual.

The interest of the community is one of the most general expressions that can occur in the phraseology of morals: no wonder that the meaning of it is often lost. When it has a meaning, it is this: The community is a fictitious *body*, composed of the individual persons who are considered as constituting, as it were, its *members*. The interest of the community, then, is what? The sum of the interests of the several members who compose it.

It is vain to talk of the interest of the community, without understanding what is the interest of the individual. A thing is said to promote the interest, or to be *for* the interest, of an individual, when it tends to add to the sum total of his pleasures: or, what comes to the same thing, to diminish the sum total of his pains.

An action, then, may be said to be conformable to the principle of utility, or for shortness' sake to utility (meaning with respect to the community at large), when the tendency it has to augment the happiness of the community is greater than any it has to diminish it.

A measure of government (which is but a particular kind of action, performed by a particular person or persons) may be said to be conformable to or dictated by the principle of utility, when in like manner the tendency which it has to augment the happiness of the community is greater than any which it has to diminish it.

When an action, or in particular a measure of government, is supposed by a man to be conformable to the principle of utility, it may be convenient for the purposes of discourse to imagine a kind of law or dictate called a law or dictate of utility, and to speak of the action in question as being conformable to such law or dictate.

A man may be said to be a partisan of the principle of utility, when the approbation or disapprobation he annexes to any action, or to any measure, is determined by and proportioned to the tendency which he conceives it to have to augment or to diminish the happiness of the community; or in other words, to its conformity or unconformity to the laws or dictates of utility.

Of an action that is conformable to the principle of utility, one may always say either that it is one that ought to be done, or at least that it is not one that ought not to be done. One may say also that it is right it should be done, at least that it is not wrong it should be done; that it is a right action, at least that it is not a wrong action. When thus interpreted, the words *ought*, and *right* and *wrong*, and others of that *stamp*, have a meaning; when otherwise, they have none.

### REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD

**D**URING my visits to Barking, I used to be my grandmother's bed-fellow. The dinner hour being as early as two o'clock, she had a regular supper, which was served up in her own sleeping-room; and immediately after finishing it, she went to bed. Of her supper I was not permitted to partake, nor was the privation a matter of much regret. I had what I preferred—a portion of gooseberry pie; hers was a scrag of mutton, boiled with parsley and butter. I do not remember any variety.

My amusements consisted in building houses with old cards, and sometimes playing at 'Beat the knave out of doors' with my grandmother. My time of going to bed was perhaps an hour before hers; but by way of preparation, I never failed to receive her blessing. Previous to the ceremony, I underwent a catechetical examination, of which one of the questions was, "Who were the children that were saved in the fiery furnace?" Answer, "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego." But as the examination frequently got no farther, the word Abednego got associated in my mind with very agreeable ideas, and it ran through my ears like "Shadrach, Meshach, and To-bed-we-go," in a sort of pleasant confusion, which is not yet removed. As I grew in years, I became a fit receptacle for some of my grandmother's communications, among which the state of her family and the days of her youth were most prominent.

There hung on the wall, perpetually in view, a sampler, the produce of the industry and ingenuity of her mother or her grandmother, of which the subject-matter was the most important of all theologico-human incidents, the

fall of man in Paradise. There was Adam — there was Eve — and there was the serpent. In these there was much to interest and amuse me. One thing alone puzzled me; it was the forbidden fruit. The size was enormous. It was larger than that species of the genus *Orangeum* which goes by the name of "the forbidden fruit" in some of our West India settlements. Its size was not less than that of the outer shell of a cocoanut. All the rest of the objects were as usual in *plano*; this was in *alto*, indeed in *altissimo rilievo*. What to make of it, at a time when my mind was unable to distinguish fictions from realities, I knew not. The recollection is strong in me of the mystery it seemed to be. My grandmother promised me the sampler after her death as a legacy, and the promise was no small gratification; but the promise, with many other promises of jewels and gold coins, was productive of nothing but disappointment. Her death took place when I was at Oxford. My father went down; and without consulting me, or giving the slightest intimation of his intention, let the house, and sold to the tenant almost everything that was in it. It was doing as he was wont to do, notwithstanding his undoubted affection for me. In the same way he sold the estate he had given to me as a provision on the occasion of his second marriage. In the mass went some music-books which I had borrowed of Mrs. Browne. Not long after, she desired them to be returned. I stood before her like a defenseless culprit, conscious of my inability to make restitution; and at the same time, such was my state of mental weakness that I knew not what to say for apology or defense.

My grandmother's mother was a matron, I was told, of high respectability and corresponding piety; well-informed and strong-minded. She was distinguished, however; for while other matrons of her age and quality had seen many a ghost, she had seen but *one*. She was in this particular on a level with the learned lecturer, afterwards judge, the commentator Blackstone. But she was heretical, and her belief bordered on Unitarianism. And by the way, this subject of ghosts has been among the torments of my life. Even now, when sixty or seventy years have passed over my head since my boyhood received the impression which my grandmother gave it, though my judgment is wholly free, my imagination is not wholly so. My infirmity was not unknown to the servants. It was a permanent source of amusement to ply me with horrible phantoms in all imaginable shapes. Under the pagan dispensation, every object a man could set his eyes on had been the seat of some pleasant adventure. At Barking, in the almost solitude of which so large a portion of my life was passed, every spot that could be made by any means to answer the purpose was the abode of some specter or group of specters. So dexterous was the invention of those who worked upon my apprehensions, that they managed to transform a real into a fictitious being. His name was *Palethorp*; and Palethorp, in my vocabulary, was synonymous with hobgoblin. The origin of these horrors was this: —

My father's house was a short half-mile distant from the principal part of

the town, from that part where was situated the mansion of the lord of the manor, Sir Crisp Gascoigne. One morning the coachman and the footman took a conjunct walk to a public-house kept by a man of the name Palethorp; they took me with them: it was before I was breeched. They called for a pot of beer; took each of them a sip, and handed the pot to me. On their requisition, I took another; and when about to depart, the amount was called for. The two servants paid their quota, and I was called on for mine. *Nemo dat quod non habet* — this maxim, to my no small vexation, I was compelled to exemplify. Mr. Palethorp, the landlord, had a visage harsh and ill-favored, and he insisted on my discharging my debt. At this very early age, without having put in for my share of the gifts of fortune, I found myself in the state of an insolvent debtor. The demand harassed me so mercilessly that I could hold out no longer: the door being open, I took to my heels; and as the way was too plain to be missed, I ran home as fast as they could carry me. The scene of the terrors of Mr. Palethorp's name and visitation, in pursuit of me, was the country-house at Barking; but neither was the town-house free from them; for in those terrors, the servants possessed an instrument by which it was in their power at any time to get rid of my presence. Level with the kitchen — level with the landing-place in which the staircase took its commencement — were the usual offices. When my company became troublesome, a sure and continually repeated means of exonerating themselves from it was for the footman to repair to the adjoining subterraneous apartments, invest his shoulders with some strong covering, and concealing his countenance, stalk in with a hollow, menacing, and inarticulate tone. Lest that should not be sufficient, the servants had, stuck by the fireplace, the portraiture of a hobgoblin, to which they had given the name of Palethorp. For some years I was in the condition of poor Dr. Priestley, on whose bodily frame another name, too awful to be mentioned, used to produce a sensation more than mental.

## LATER GEORGIAN LYRICS

CHARLES DIBDIN

**C**HARLES DIBDIN was born in 1745, in a small village near the great seaport of Southampton. His love of the sea, ships, and sailors made him the popular poet of that sea-fighting period, and during the Napoleonic wars a pension of £200 a year was awarded to him as the "Ocean Bard of England." He wrote more than 1300 songs, most of which had of course only a brief existence; but there were enough of them, burning with genuine lyric fire, to entitle him to grateful remembrance. His songs are simple and melodious; there is a manly ring in their word and rhythm; they have the swagger and the fearlessness of the typical tar; they have, too, the beat of his true heart, his kindly waggery, his sturdy fidelity to his country.

### POOR JACK

**G**O patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,  
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;  
A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me,  
And it ain't to a little I'll strike.  
Though the tempest topgallant-mast smack smooth should smite  
And shiver each splinter of wood,  
Clear the deck, stow the yards, and house everything tight,  
And under reef foresail we'll scud:  
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft,  
To be taken for trifles aback;  
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,  
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day  
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;  
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay;  
Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch;  
For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,  
Without orders that come down below:  
And a many fine things that proved clearly to me oft  
That Providence takes us in tow:

For, says he, do you mind me, let storms ne'er so oft  
 Take the topsails of sailors aback,  
 There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,  
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I said to our Poll (for d'ye see, she would cry  
 When last we weighed anchor for sea),  
 What argufies sniveling and piping your eye?  
 Why, what a young fool you must be!  
 Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,  
 Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?  
 And so if to old Davy I go, my dear Poll,  
 Why, you never will hear of me more.  
 What then? all's a hazard: come, don't be so soft;  
 Perhaps I may, laughing, come back;  
 For d'ye see? there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,  
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me? a sailor should be every inch  
 All as one as a piece of the ship,  
 And with her brave the world, without offering to flinch,  
 From the moment the anchor's a-trip.  
 As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,  
 Naught's a trouble from duty that springs;  
 For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,  
 And as for my life, 'tis the King's.  
 Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft;  
 As for grief to be taken aback;  
 For the same little cherub that sits up aloft  
 Will look out a good berth for poor Jack.

#### TOM BOWLING

**H**ERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,  
 The darling of our crew;  
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
 For Death has broached him to.  
 His form was of the manliest beauty,  
 His heart was kind and soft;  
 Faithful below he did his duty,  
 But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,  
His virtues were so rare;  
His friends were many and true-hearted,  
His Poll was kind and fair:  
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly;  
Ah, many's the time and oft!  
But mirth is turned to melancholy,  
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
When He who all commands  
Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
The word to pipe all hands.  
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,  
In vain Tom's life has doffed;  
For though his body's under hatches,  
His soul is gone aloft.

## REGINALD HEBER

**A**N earlier generation of cultivated readers knew Heber by heart, and he maintains his rank among the best of the hymn-writers. The son of a country clergyman and sent to Oxford at seventeen, the boy began at once a brilliant university career, winning prize after prize for Latin verse, English verse, and English essay. In 1807 he received holy orders and took one of the family livings, which had been kept waiting for him. He never liked his position, he confides to a friend, "as half squire, half parson," but he did his best to justify his place. In 1822 he accepted with much hesitation the appointment to the bishopric of Calcutta. At that time the whole of British India made one vast see, the care of which demanded almost superhuman labor and endurance. Overwork, or the merciless climate, or anxiety, or all together, killed him at the end of three years in the very midst of his labors, when he was not yet forty-three. He wrote prose enough to fill two or three volumes, besides a book of travels called 'A Journey through India, from Calcutta to Bombay,' but he is best remembered for his hymns, still sung today in all Protestant Christian churches.

## THE MISSIONARY HYMN

INTENDED TO BE SUNG ON OCCASION OF HIS PREACHING A SERMON  
FOR THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY, IN APRIL, 1820

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile:  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation, oh salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till like a sea of glory  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

## TRINITY SUNDAY

**H**OLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;  
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!  
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,  
Which wert and art and evermore shall be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,  
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!  
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth and sky and sea.  
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty,  
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

## EPIPHANY

**B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;  
Angels adore him in slumber reclining —  
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom and offerings divine?  
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ampler oblation;  
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

### JOANNA BAILLIE

JOANNA BAILLIE'S early childhood was passed at Bothwell, Scotland, where she was born in 1762. In 1776 Dr. James Baillie was made Professor of Divinity at Glasgow University; during the two years the family lived in the college atmosphere, Joanna first read 'Comus,' and, led by the delight it awakened, the great epic of Milton. It was here that her vigor and disputatious turn of mind "cast an awe" over her companions. After her father's death she settled, in 1784, with her mother and brother and sister in London. Her literary enthusiasm found first expression in a volume of 'Fugitive Verses,' published in 1790. The book caused little stir but made friends for her in the world of letters. The thought of essaying dramatic composition burst upon the author one summer afternoon as she sat sewing with her mother. She had a high moral purpose in her plan of composition, and subordinated plot and incident to the teaching of virtue. Her tragedy 'De Montfort' was presented at Drury Lane Theater in 1800; but in spite of every effort and the acting of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, it had a run of but eleven nights. She persevered, however, in writing for the stage, and only in 1836, having finally given up the long hope of seeing her plays become popular, did she acknowledge defeat by the publication of a complete edition of her dramas, some of which had never reached the boards. Her last book, like her first, was a volume of 'Fugitive Verses,' and it is by the simple charm of some of her shorter poems that she is still remembered.

"A sweeter picture of old age was never seen," wrote Harriet Martineau. "Her figure was small, light, and active; her countenance, in its expression of serenity, harmonized wonderfully with her gay conversation and her cheerful voice. Her eyes were beautiful, dark, bright, and penetrating, with the full innocent gaze of childhood. Her face was altogether comely, and her dress did justice to it. She wore her own silvery hair and a mob cap, with its delicate lace border fitting close around her face. She was well dressed, in handsome dark silks, and her lace caps and collars looked always new.

No Quaker was ever neater, while she kept up with the times in her dress as in her habit of mind, as far as became her years." She died, "without suffering, in the full possession of her faculties," in her ninetieth year, 1851.

## IT WAS ON A MORN WHEN WE WERE THRANG

**I**T was on a morn when we were thrang,  
 The kirk it croon'd, the cheese was making,  
 And bannocks on the girdle baking,  
 When ane at the door chapp't loud and lang.  
 Yet the auld gudewife, and her mays sae tight,  
 Of a' this bauld din took sma' notice I ween;  
 For a chap at the door in braid daylight  
 Is no like a chap that's heard at e'en.

But the docksy auld laird of the Warlock glen,  
 Wha waited without, half blate, half cheery,  
 And langed for a sight o' his winsome deary,  
 Raised up the latch and cam' crouselly ben.  
 His coat it was new, and his o'erlay was white,  
 His mittens and hose were cozie and bien;  
 But a wooer that comes in braid daylight  
 Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

He greeted the carline and lasses sae braw,  
 And his bare lyart pow sae smoothly he straitkit,  
 And he looket about, like a body half glaikit,  
 On bonny sweet Nanny, the youngest of a'.  
 "Ha, laird!" quo' the carline, "and look ye that way?  
 Fye, let na' sic fancies bewilder you clean:  
 An elderin man, in the noon o' the day,  
 Should be wiser than youngsters that come at e'en.

"Na, na," quo' the pawky auld wife, "I trow  
 You'll no fash your head wi' a youthfu' gilly,  
 As wild and as skeig as a muirland filly:  
 Black Madge is far better and fitter for you."  
 He hem'd and he haw'd, and he drew in his mouth,  
 And he squeezed the blue bannet his twa hands between;  
 For a wooer that comes when the sun's i' the south  
 Is mair landward than woovers that come at e'en.

"Black Madge is sae carefu' " — "What's that to me?"

"She's sober and eydent, has sense in her noodle;

She's douce and respeckit" — "I carena a bodle:  
Love winna by guided, and fancy's free."

Madge toss'd back her head wi' a saucy slight,

And Nanny, loud laughing, ran out to the green;  
For a wooer that comes when the sun shines bright  
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

Then away flung the laird, and loud mutter'd he,

"A' the daughters of Eve, between Orkney and Tweed O,  
Black or fair, young or auld, dame or damsel or widow,  
May gang in their pride to the de'il for me!"

But the auld gudewife, and her mays sae tight,

Cared little for a' his stour banning, I ween;  
For a wooer that comes in braid daylight  
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

#### THE WEARY PUND O' TOW

**A** YOUNG gudewife is in my house,  
And thrifty means to be,  
But aye she's runnin' to the town  
Some ferlie there to see.

The weary pund, the weary pund, the weary pund o' tow,  
I soothly think, ere it be spun, I'll wear a lyart pow.

And when she sets her to her wheel  
To draw her threads wi' care,  
In comes the chapman wi' his gear,  
And she can spin nae mair.

The weary pund, etc.

And she, like ony merry may,  
At fairs maun still be seen,  
At kirkyard preachings near the tent,  
At dances on the green.

The weary pund, etc.

Her dainty ear a fiddle charms,  
A bagpipe's her delight,  
But for the crooning o' her wheel  
She disna care a mite.

The weary pund, etc.

You spake, my Kate, of snaw-white webs,  
 Made o' your linkum twine,  
 But, ah! I fear our bonny burn  
 Will ne'er lave web o' thine.  
 The weary pund, etc.

Nay, smile again, my winsome mate;  
 Sic jeering means nae ill;  
 Should I gae sarkless to my grave,  
 I'll lo'e and bless thee still.  
 The weary pund, etc.

### SONG, 'POVERTY PARTS GOOD COMPANY'

For an old Scotch Air

**W**HEN my o'erlay was white as the foam o' the lin,  
 And siller was chinkin my pouches within,  
 When my lambkins were bleatin' on meadow and brae,  
 As I went to my love in new cleeding sae gay,  
 Kind was she, and my friends were free,  
 But poverty parts good company.

How swift passed the minutes and hours of delight,  
 When piper played cheerly, and crusie burned bright,  
 And linked in my hand was the maiden sae dear,  
 As she footed the floor in her holyday gear!  
 Woe is me; and can it then be,  
 That poverty parts sic company?

We met at the fair, and we met at the kirk,  
 We met i' the sunshine, we met i' the mirk;  
 And the sound o' her voice, and the blinks o' her een,  
 The cheerin and life of my bosom hae been.  
 Leaves frae the tree at Martinmas flee,  
 And poverty parts sweet company.

At bridal and infare I braced me wi' pride,  
 The broose I hae won, and a kiss o' the bride;  
 And loud was the laughter good fellows among,  
 As I uttered my banter or chorused my song;  
 Dowie and dree are jestin and glee,  
 When poverty spoils good company.

Wherever I gaed, kindly lasses looked sweet,  
 And mithers and aunties were unco discreet;  
 While kebbuck and bicker were set on the board:  
 But now they pass by me, and never a word!  
     Sae let it be, for the worldly and slee  
     Wi' poverty keep nae company.

But the hope of my love is a cure for its smart,  
 And the spae-wife has tauld me to keep up my heart,  
 For, wi' my last saxpence, her loof I hae crost,  
 And the bliss that is fated can never be lost,  
     Though cruelly we may ilka day see  
     How poverty parts dear company.

### JAMES HOGG

**J**AMES HOGG, better known as the Ettrick Shepherd, was born in 1770 in Ettrick, which is situated in one of the most picturesque and mountainous districts in the South of Scotland, so that when he was thirty he had but half a year's schooling; he was sent to fold the sheep when but seven years old, and at sixteen attained to the dignity of shepherd, in which capacity he remained until in 1802 he met Sir Walter Scott, who felt that in him he had found a "true son of nature and genius, hardly conscious of his power," and advised him to publish his poems. From 1810 to 1816 he lived in Edinburgh, but then went back to Eltrive Lake in Yarrow, where he died in 1835. Hogg's poetry, which is happiest when it has a strong flavor of dialect, is notable for its fanciful humor, rollicking spirit of song, and love of country life.

### WHEN MAGGY GANGS AWAY

**O**H, what will a' the lads do  
     When Maggy gangs away?  
 Oh, what will a' the lads do  
     When Maggy gangs away?  
 There's no a heart in a' the glen  
     That disna dread the day:  
 Oh, what will a' the lads do  
     When Maggy gangs away?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for't,  
 A waefu' wight is he;  
 Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't,  
 An' laid him down to dee;  
 An' Sandy's gane unto the kirk,  
 An' learnin' fast to pray:  
 An' oh, what will the lads do  
 When Maggy gangs away?

The young laird o' the Lang-Shaw  
 Has drunk her health in wine;  
 The priest has said — in confidence —  
 The lassie was divine,  
 An' that is mair in maiden's praise  
 Than ony priest should say:  
 But oh, what will the lads do  
 When Maggy gangs away?

The wailing in our green glen  
 That day will quaver high;  
 'Twill draw the redbreast frae the wood,  
 The laverock frae the sky;  
 The fairies frae their beds o' dew  
 Will rise an' join the lay:  
 An' hey! what a day 'twill be  
 When Maggy gangs away?

## THE SKYLARK

**B**IRD of the wilderness,  
 Blithesome and cumberless,  
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!  
 Emblem of happiness,  
 Blest is thy dwelling-place:  
 Oh to abide in the desert with thee!  
 Wild is thy lay, and loud,  
 Far in the downy cloud;  
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth!  
 Where, on thy dewy wing —  
 Where art thou journeying?  
 Thy lay is in heaven; thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
 O'er moor and mountain green,  
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,  
 Over the cloudlet dim,  
 Over the rainbow's rim,  
 Musical cherub, soar singing away!  
 Then when the gloaming comes,  
 Low in the heather blooms,  
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!  
 Emblem of happiness,  
 Blest is thy dwelling-place —  
 Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

### WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME

COME, all ye jolly shepherds,  
 That whistle through the glen,  
 I'll tell ye of a secret  
 That courtiers dinna ken:  
 What is the greatest bliss  
 That the tongue o' man can name?  
 'Tis to woo a bonny lassie  
 When the kye comes hame,  
 When the kye comes hame,  
 When the kye comes hame,  
 'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,  
 When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,  
 Nor canopy of state,  
 'Tis not on couch of velvet,  
 Nor arbor of the great —  
 'Tis beneath the spreading birk,  
 In the glen without the name,  
 Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,  
 When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest,  
 For the mate he lo'es to see,  
 And on the topmost bough  
 Oh! a happy bird is he!

Where he pours his melting ditty  
And love is a' the theme,  
And he'll woo his bonny lassie  
When the kye comes hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,  
And the daisy turns a pea,  
And the bonny luken gowan  
Has fauldit up her ee,  
Then the laverock, frae the blue lift,  
Drops down and thinks nae shame  
To woo his bonny lassie  
When the kye comes hame.

See yonder pawkie shepherd,  
That lingers on the hill:  
His ewes are in the fauld,  
An' his lambs are lying still,  
Yet he downa gang to bed,  
For his heart is in a flame,  
To meet his bonny lassie  
When the kye comes hame.

When the little wee bit heart  
Rises high in the breast,  
An' the little wee bit starn  
Rises red in the east,  
Oh, there's a joy sae dear  
That the heart can hardly frame  
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie  
When the kye comes hame.

Then since all Nature joins  
In this love without alloy,  
Oh wha wad prove a traitor  
To Nature's dearest joy?  
Or wha wad choose a crown,  
Wi' its perils and its fame,  
And miss his bonnie lassie  
When the kye comes hame?

## ROBERT BURNS

THERE have been, there are, and there always will be, poets concerning whose lives it is not necessary that the world should know anything in order to understand their poetry; and there have been, there are, and there always will be, other poets concerning whose lives it is necessary that the world should know all there is to be known, before it can begin to understand their poetry. The difference between these two classes of poets is the difference between a company of accomplished actors, who by virtue of their training and practice are able to project themselves into imaginary characters on the public stage, and the originals of these characters in private personal life; or to put it in other words, the difference between art and nature. It is the privilege of art to dispense with explanations and extenuations; for if it be true to itself it is sufficient in itself, and anything added to it or taken from it is an impertinence or a deformity. When we read 'Hamlet' and 'Lear,' or 'As You Like It' and 'Much Ado About Nothing,' we do not ask ourselves what Shakespeare meant by them — why some scenes were written in verse and other scenes in prose — for it is not of Shakespeare that we are thinking as we read, but of his characters, for whom we feel that he is no more responsible than we are, since they move, live, and have their being in a world of their own, above the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call Earth — the world of pure, perfect, poetic art. If Shakespeare was conscious of himself when he wrote, he succeeded in concealing himself so thoroughly that it is impossible to discover him in his writing — as impossible as it is not to discover other poets in their writings; for whatever is absent from the choir of British song, the note of personality is always present there. A low laugh in the gracious mouth of Chaucer, a harsh rebuke on the stern lips of Milton, a modish sneer in the smile of Pope — it was now a stifled complaint, now an amorous ditty, and now a riotous shout with Burns, who was as much a poet through his personality as through his genius. He put his life into his song; and not to know what his life was, is not to know what his song is — why it was a consolation to him while he lived, and why after his death it made his name

One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die.

Early in the last half of the eighteenth century a staid and worthy man, named William Burness (as the name Burns was then spelled), a native

of Kincardineshire, emigrated to Ayrshire in pursuit of a livelihood. He hired himself as a gardener to the laird of Fairlie, and later to a Mr. Crawford of Doonside, and at length took a lease of seven acres of land on his own account at Alloway on the banks of the Doon. He built a clay cottage there with his own hands, and to this little cottage, in December 1757, he brought a wife, the eldest daughter of a farmer of Carrick. There was a disparity in their ages, for he was about thirty-six and she some eight or nine years younger; and a disparity in their education, for he was an intelligent reader and lover of books, while she, though she had been taught as a child to read the Bible and to repeat the Psalms, was not able to write her name. She had a great respect for her husband, whose occupation was now that of a nurseryman. A little more than a year after their marriage, on January 25, 1759, she bore him a son who was christened Robert, who was followed, as time went on, by brothers and sisters; and before many years were over, what with the guidman, the guidwife, and the bonny bairns, there was not much spare room in the little clay biggin at Alloway.

Poor as they were, the social condition of this Scottish family was superior to the social condition of most English families in the same walk of rustic life; this superiority resulting from certain virtues inherent in the national character—the virtues of simple appetites and frugal habits, of patience and courage in adversity, and best of all, in affectionate hearts, reverential minds, and a thirst for knowledge which only books could supply. William Burness inherited respect for education from his father, who in his young manhood was instrumental in building a schoolhouse on his farm at Clockenhill. Accordingly, when his son Robert was in his sixth year he sent him to a little school at Alloway Mill, about a mile from his cottage; and not long after he took the lead in hiring a young teacher named Murdoch to instruct him and his younger brother Gilbert at some place near at hand. Their school-books consisted of the Shorter Catechism, the Bible, the spelling-book, and Fisher's 'English Grammar.' Robert was a better scholar than Gilbert, especially in grammar, in which he acquired some proficiency. The only book which he is known to have read outside of his primitive curriculum was a 'Life of Hannibal,' which was loaned him by his teacher. When he was seven the family removed to a small upland farm called Mount Oliphant, about two miles from Alloway, to and from which the boys plodded daily in pursuit of learning. At the end of two years the teacher obtained a better situation in Carrick; the school was broken up, and from that time onward William Burness took upon himself the education of his lads and lassies, whom he treated as if they were men and women, conversing with them on serious topics as they accompanied him in his labors on the farm, and borrowing for their edification, from a Book Society in Ayr, works like Derham's 'Physico-Theology' and 'Astro-Theology' and Ray's 'Wisdom of God in the Creation.' This course of reading was lightened by the 'History of Sir William Wallace,' which was loaned to Robert by a blacksmith named

Kilpatrick, and which forced a hot flood of Scottish feeling through his boyish veins. His next literary benefactor was a brother of his mother, who while living for a time with the family had learned some arithmetic by their winter evening's candle. He went one day into a bookseller's shop in Ayr to purchase a Ready Reckoner and a Complete Letter-Writer, but procured by mistake in place of the latter a small collection of 'Letters by Eminent Wits,' which proved of more advantage (or disadvantage) to his nephew than to himself, for it inspired the lad with the desire to excel in epistolary writing. Not long after this Robert's early tutor Murdoch returned to Ayr, and lent him Pope's Works; a bookish friend of his father's obtained for him the reading of two volumes of Richardson's 'Pamela,' and another friendly soul the reading of Smollett's 'Ferdinand Count Fathom,' and 'Peregrine Pickle.' The book which most delighted him, however, was a collection of English songs called 'The Lark.'

Mount Oliphant taxed the industry and endurance of William Burness to the utmost; and what with the sterility of the soil, which was the poorest in the parish, and the loss of cattle by accidents and disease, it was with great difficulty that he managed to support his family. They lived so sparingly that butcher's meat was for years a stranger in the house, and they labored, children and all, from morning to night. Robert, at the age of thirteen, assisted in threshing the crop of corn, and at fifteen he was the principal laborer on the farm, for they could not afford a hired hand. That he was constantly afflicted with a dull headache in the evenings was not to be wondered at; nor that the sight and thought of his gray-haired father, who was turned fifty, should depress his spirits and impart a tinge of gloom to his musings. It was under circumstances like these that he composed his first song, the inspiration of which was a daughter of the blacksmith who had loaned him the 'History of Sir William Wallace.' It was the custom of the country to couple a man and woman together in the labors of harvest; and on this occasion his partner was Nelly Kilpatrick, with whom, boy-like — for he was in his seventeenth year and she a year younger — he liked to lurk behind the rest of the hands when they returned from their labors in the evening, and who made his pulse beat furiously when he lingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles. She sang sweetly, and among her songs there was one which was said to be composed by a small laird's son about one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love; and Robert saw no reason why he should not rhyme as well as he, for the author had no more school-craft than himself. Writing of this song a few years later, he called it puerile and silly; and his verdict as a poetical one was correct. Still, considered as a song, this artless effusion possessed one merit of which he himself was probably not conscious: it was inspired by his feeling and not by his reading, by the warmth and purity of his love of Nelly Kilpatrick, and not by his admiration of any amorous ditty in his collection of English songs. It was a poor thing, but it was certainly his own,

and nowhere more so than in its recognition of the womanly personality of its heroine: —

And then there's something in her gait  
Gars ony dress look weel.

This touch of nature, which no modish artist would have attempted, marked the hand of one who painted from the life.

William Burness struggled along for twelve years at Mount Oliphant, and then removed to Lochlea, in the Parish of Tarbolton. Here he rented a larger farm, the soil of which promised a surer maintenance for himself and the hostages he had given to Fortune. And there these loving hostages began to put away childish things, and to become men and women. They were cheerful, in spite of the frugality which their poverty imposed upon them; and they were merry in their simple homely way, singing and dancing among themselves and among their friendly neighbors. Their hearts expanded in the healthy air about them, particularly the heart of Robert, which turned to thoughts of love — not lightly, as in his boyish fancy for Nelly Kilpatrick, but seriously, as beseemed a man; for he was now in his nineteenth year, and as conscious of what he was to woman as of what woman was to him. A born lover, and a born poet, he discovered himself and his song at Tarbolton. The custom of the country and the time sanctioned a freedom of manners, and a frequency of meeting on the part of rustic amorists, of which he was not slow to avail himself. The love affairs of the Scottish peasantry are thus described by one of his biographers: — "The young farmer or plowman, after his day of exhausting toil, would proceed to the home of his mistress, one, two, three, or more miles distant, there signal her to the door, and then the pair would seat themselves in the barn for an hour or two's conversation." Burns practised this mode of courtship, which was the only one open to him, and among the only women whom he knew at Tarbolton. "He made no distinction between the farmer's own daughters and those who acted as his servants, the fact after all being that the servants were often themselves the daughters of farmers, and only sent to be the hirelings of others because their services were not needed at home." We should remember this habit of the Scottish peasantry if we wish to understand the early songs of Burns; for they were suggested by it, and vitalized by it, as much as by his impassioned genius. He painted what he saw; he sang what he felt. We have a glimpse of him in one of his winter courtships in 'My Nanie, O'; another and warmer glimpse of him in one of his summer courtships in 'The Rigs o' Barley'; and another and livelier glimpse of him in one of his mocking moods in 'Tibbie, I hae seen the day.' But he was more than the lover which these songs revealed: he was a man of sound understanding and fine active intelligence, gifted with ready humor and a keen sense of wit. If he had been other than he was, he might and probably would have been elated by his poetic powers, of which he must have been

aware; but being what he was, he was content to enjoy them and to exercise them modestly, and at such scanty intervals as his daily duties afforded. He composed his songs as he went about his work, plowing, sowing, reaping; crooning them as he strode along the fields, and correcting them in his head as the hours dragged on, until night came, and he could write them down in his little room by the light of his solitary candle. He had no illusions about himself: he was the son of a poor farmer, who, do what he might, was never prosperous; and poverty was his portion. His apprehension, which was justified by the misfortunes of the family at Mount Oliphant, was confirmed by their dark continuance at Tarbolton, where he saw his honored father, bowed with years of toil, grow older and feebler day by day, dying of consumption before his eyes. The end came on February 13, 1784; and a day or two afterwards the humble coffin of William Burness, arranged between two leading horses placed the one after the other, and followed by relations and neighbors on horseback, was borne to Alloway and buried in the old kirkyard.

The funeral over, the family removed to Mossgiel, in the parish of Mauchline, where, at Martinmas, Robert and Gilbert had rented another farm. Having no means of their own, they and their sisters were obliged to rank as creditors of their dead father for the arrears of wages due them as laborers at Lochlea; and it was with these arrears, which they succeeded in wresting from their old landlord or his factor, that they stocked the new farm. The change was a beneficial one for all the family, who were now for the first time in their lives provided with a comfortable dwelling; and everything considered, especially so for their head—which Robert, who was now in his twenty-sixth year, virtually became. He realized the gravity of the responsibility which rested upon him, and rightly judging that industry alone would not enable him to support it, resolved to work with the brains of others as well as his own hard hands. He read farming books, he calculated crops, he attended markets, but all to no purpose; for like his father before him, however much he may have deserved success, he could not command it. What he could and did command however was the admiration of his fellows, who were quick to perceive and ready to acknowledge his superiority. There was that about him which impressed them—something in his temperament or talent, in his personality or character, which removed him from the roll of common men. What seemed to distinguish him most was the charm of his conversation, which, remarkable as it was for fluency and force, for originality and brilliancy, was quite as remarkable for good sense and good feeling. Grave or gay, as the occasion suggested and the spirit moved him, he spoke as with authority and was listened to with rapt attention. His company was sought, and go where he would he was everywhere welcomed as a good fellow. He had the art of making friends; and though they were not always of the kind that his well-wishers could have desired, they were

the best of their kind in and about Mauchline. What he saw in some of them, other than the pleasure they felt in his society, it is hard to say; but whatever it was, he liked it and the conviviality to which it led—which, occasionally coarsened by stories that set the table in a roar, was ever and anon refined by songs that filled his eyes with tears. His life was a hard one—a succession of dull, monotonous, laborious days, haunted by anxiety and harassed by petty, irritating cares—but he faced it cheerfully, manfully, and wrestled with it triumphantly, for he compelled it to forge the weapons with which he conquered it. He sang like a boy at Lochlea; he wrote like a man at Mossgiel. The first poetical note that he struck there was a personal one, and commemorative of his regard for two rustic rhymers, David Sillar and John Lapraik, to whom he addressed several Epistles—a form of composition which he found in Ferguson and Ramsay, and of which he was enamored. That he thoroughly enjoyed the impulse which suggested and dictated these Epistles was evident from the spirit with which they were written. In the first of the two, which he addressed to Sillar, he discovered and disclosed for the first time the distinctive individuality of his genius. It was a charming and touching piece of writing; charming as a delineation of his character, and touching as a confession of his creed—the patient philosophy of the poor. As his social horizon was enlarged, his mental vision was sharpened; and before long, other interests than those which concerned himself and his poetical friends excited his sympathies and stimulated his powers. It was a period of theological squabbles, and he plunged into them at once, partly no doubt because there was a theological strain in his blood, but largely because they furnished opportunities for the riotous exercise of his wit. He paid his disrespects to the fomenters of this holy brawl in ‘The Twa Herds,’ and he pilloried an old person who was obnoxious to him, in that savage satire on sanctimonious hypocrisy, ‘Holy Willy’s Prayer.’ Always a poet, he was more, much more than a poet. He was a student of man—of all sorts of men; caring much, as a student, for the baser sort which reveled in Poosie Nansie’s dram-shop, and which he celebrated in ‘The Jolly Beggars’; but caring more, as a man, for the better sort which languished in huts where poor men lodged, and of which he was the voice of lamentation in ‘Man was Made to Mourn.’ He was a student of manners, which he painted with a sure hand, his masterpiece being that reverential reproduction of the family life at Lochlea—‘The Cotter’s Saturday Night.’ He was a student of nature—his love of which was conspicuous in his poetry, flushing his words with picturesque phrases and flooding his lines with the feeling of outdoor life. He was a student of animal life—a lover of horses and dogs, observant of their habits and careful of their comfort. He felt for the little mouse which his plowshare turned out of its nest, and he pitied the poor hare which the unskilful fowler could only wound. The commoners of earth and air were dear to him; and the flower beside his

path, the gowan wet with dew, was precious in his eyes. His heart was large, his mind was comprehensive, and his temper singularly sweet and sunny.

Such was Robert Burns at Mossgiel, and a very likable person he was. But all the while there was another Robert Burns at Mossgiel, and he was not quite so likable. He had a strange fascination for women, and a strange disregard of the consequences of this fascination. This curious combination of contradictory traits was an unfortunate one, as a young woman of Mauchline was destined to learn. She was the daughter of a mason, and her name was Jean Armour. He met her on a race day at a house of entertainment which must have been popular, since it contained a dancing-hall, admission to which was free, any man being privileged to invite to it any woman whom he fancied and for whose diversion he was willing to disburse a penny to the fiddler. He was accompanied on this occasion by his dog, who insisted on following him into the hall and persisted in keeping at his heels while he danced — a proof of its fidelity which created considerable amusement, and which its master turned to his personal account by saying he wished he could get any of the lasses to like him as well as his dog. Jean heard his remark, and not long afterwards, as he was passing through the washing-green where she was bleaching clothes (from which she begged him to call off his troublesome follower), she reminded him of it by asking him if he had yet got any of the lasses to like him as well as did his dog? He got one there and then; for from that hour Jean was attached to him and he to Jean. He was reticent about his conquest, concealing it from his closest friends, and even from his dearest foe, the Muse; but however reticent, his conquest was not to be concealed, for Jean one day discovered that she was with child. What he felt when this calamity was made known to him we know not, for he kept his own counsel. What he wished his friends to feel, if they could and would, we may divine from a poem which he wrote about this time — an address to the rigidly righteous, into whose minds he sought to instil the charity of which he and Jean were sorely in need: —

Then gently scan your brother man,  
 Still gentler sister woman;  
 Though they may gang a kennin' wrang  
 To step aside is human:

One point must still be greatly dark,  
 The moving why they do it:  
 And just as lamely can ye mark  
 How far perhaps they rue it.

He wrote a paper which he gave Jean, in the belief that it constituted marriage between them — a belief which was perhaps justifiable in the existing condition of Scottish laws of marriage. But he counted without his host;

for instead of accepting it as a manly endeavor to shield the reputation of his daughter and divert scandal from his family, the hot-headed father of Jean denounced it and demanded its destruction—a foolish proceeding to which his foolish daughter consented. Whether its destruction could destroy his obligation need not be curiously considered; it is enough to know that he believed that it did, and that it was a proof of perfidy on the part of Jean. But they should see! She had forsaken him, and he would forsake her. So, the old love being off, he was straightway on with a new one. Of this new love little is known, except that she was, or had been, a servant in the family of one of his friends—a nurserymaid or something of the sort—and that she was of Highland parentage. Her name was Mary Campbell. He transferred his affections from Jean to Mary, and his fascination was so strong that she promised to become his wife. They met one Sunday in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr, where, standing on each side of a little brook, they laved their hands in its limpid waters, plighted their troth, and exchanged Bibles—she giving him her copy, which was a small one, he giving her his copy, which was a large one in two volumes, on the blank leaves of which he had written his name and two quotations from the sacred text, one being the solemn injunction to fidelity in Leviticus:—“And ye shall not swear by my name falsely. I am the Lord.” They parted. She returned to her relatives, among whom she died a few months afterward of a malignant fever; he returned to his troubles at Mossgiel. They were not all of his own making. It was not his fault that the farm was an unproductive one; he could not impart fertility to barren acres nor compel the sun to ripen scanty crops. In the hope of bettering his fortunes he resolved to expatriate himself, and entered into negotiations with a man who had an estate in the West Indies, and who agreed to employ him as his factor. He had no money and no means of getting any, except by the publication of his poems, none of which had yet appeared in print. He issued a prospectus for their publication by subscription; and such was the reputation they had made for him through their circulation in manuscript, and the activity of his friends, that the necessary number of subscribers was soon obtained. They were published at Kilmarnock in the summer of 1786, and were read by all classes—by the plowman as eagerly as by the laird, by the milkmaid in the dairy as eagerly as by her mistress in the parlor—and wherever they were read they were admired. No poet was ever so quickly recognized as Burns, who captivated his readers by his human quality as well as his genius. They understood him at once. He sung of things which concerned them—of emotions which they felt, the joys and sorrows of their homely lives, and, singing from his heart, his songs went to their hearts. His fame as a poet spread along the country and came to the knowledge of Dr. Blacklock, a blind poet in Edinburgh, who after hearing Burns’s poetry was so impressed by it that he wrote or dictated a letter about it, which he addressed to a correspondent in Kilmarnock,

by whom it was placed in the hands of Burns. He was still at Mossgiel, and in a perturbed condition of mind, not knowing whether he could remain there, or whether he would have to go to Jamaica. He resolved at last to do neither, but to go to Edinburgh, which he accordingly did, proceeding thither on a pony borrowed from a friend.

The visit of Burns to Edinburgh was a hazardous experiment from which he might well have shrunk. He was ignorant of the manners of its citizens — the things which differentiated them as a class from the only class he knew — but his ignorance did not embarrass him. He was self-possessed; manly in his bearing; modest, but not humble; courteous, but independent. He had no letters of introduction, and needed none, for his poetry had prepared the way for him. It was soon known among the best people in Edinburgh that he was there, and they hastened to make his acquaintance; one of the first to do so being a man of rank, Lord Glencairn. To know him was to know other men of rank, and to be admitted to the brilliant circles in which they moved. Burns's society was sought by the nobility and gentry and by the literary lords of the period, professors, historians, men of letters. They dined him and wined him and listened to him — listened to him eagerly, for here as elsewhere he distinguished himself by his conversation, the charm of which was so potent that the Duchess of Gordon declared that she was taken off her feet by it. He increased his celebrity in Edinburgh by the publication of a new and enlarged edition of his *Poems*, which he dedicated to the noblemen and gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt in a page of manly prose, the proud modesty and the worldly tact of which must have delighted them. "The poetic genius of my country found me," he wrote, "as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha, and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil in my native tongue. I tuned my wild, artless notes as she inspired. She whispered me to come to this ancient metropolis of Caledonia and lay my songs under your honored protection. I now obey her dictates." His mind was not active at this time, for beyond a few trivial verses he wrote nothing worthy of him except a short but characteristic 'Epistle to the Guidwife of Wauchope House.' He spent the winter of 1786 and the spring of 1787 in Edinburgh; and summer being close at hand, he resolved to return for a time to Mossgiel. There were strong reasons for his return, some of which pertained to his impoverished family, whom he was now in a condition to assist, for the new edition of his *Poems* had proved profitable to himself, and others — for before his departure for Edinburgh, Jean had borne twins, a boy and a girl; and the girl was being cared for at Mossgiel. He returned therefore to his family and his child, and whether he purposed to do so or not, to the mother of his child. It was not a wise thing to do, perhaps, but it was a human thing, and very characteristic of the man, who, whatever else he was not, was very human. And the Armours were

very human also, for old Armour received him into his house, and Jean received him into her arms. She was not a prudent young woman, but she was a fond and forgiving one.

The life of Burns during the next twelve months may be briefly described. He returned to Edinburgh, where in his most serious moods he held sessions of thought. It may have been a silent one, but it was not a sweet one; for while he summoned up remembrance of things past, he summoned up apprehensions of things to come. That he had won distinction as a poet was certain; what was not certain was the duration of this distinction. He was famous today; he might be forgotten tomorrow. But famous or forgotten, he and those dependent on him must have bread; and since he saw no reasonable prospect of earning it with his head, he must earn it with his hands. They were strong and willing. So he leased a farm at Ellisland in Dumfriesshire, and obtained an appointment from the Board of Excise: then, poet, farmer, and exciseman, he went back to Mauchline and was married to Jean. Leaving her and her child he repaired to Ellisland, where he was obliged to build a cottage for himself. He dug the foundations, collected stone and sand, carted lime, and generally assisted the masons and carpenters. Nor was this all, for he directed at the same time whatever labor the careful cultivation of a farm demanded from its tenant. He was happy at Ellisland—happier than he had been at Mount Oliphant, where his family had been so sorely pinched by poverty, and much happier than he had been at Mossgiel, where he had wrought so much trouble for himself and others. A good son and a good brother, he was a good husband and a good father. It was in no idle moment that he wrote this stanza, which his conduct now illustrated:—

To make a happy fireside chime  
To weans and wife,  
That's the true pathos and sublime  
Of human life.

His life was orderly; his wants were few and easily supplied; his mind was active, and his poetical vein more productive than it had been at Edinburgh. The best lyric that he wrote at Ellisland was the one in praise of his wife ('Of a' the airts the wind can blaw—'); the most important poem 'Tam o' Shanter.' Farmer and exciseman, he was very busy—busier, perhaps, as the last than the first, for while his farming labors might be performed by others, his excise labors could only be performed by himself; the district under his charge covering ten parishes, the inspection of which required his riding about two hundred miles a week. The nature of his duties, and the spirit with which he went through them, may be inferred from a bit of his doggerel:—

Searching auld wives' barrels,  
 Och, hone, the day!  
 That clarty barm should stain my laurels:  
 But — what'll ye say —  
 These movin' things ca'd wives and weans  
 Wad move the very hearts o' stanes!

A model exciseman, he was neither a model nor a prosperous farmer, for here as elsewhere, mother earth was an unkind stepmother to him. He struggled on, hoping against hope, from June 1788 to December 1791; then, beaten, worn-out, exhausted, he gave up his farm and removed to Dumfries, exchanging his cozy cottage with its outlook of woods and waters for a mean little house in the Wee Vennel, with its inlook of narrow dirty streets and alleys. His life in Dumfries was not what one could wish it might have been for his sake; for though it was not without its hours of happiness, its unhappy days were many, and of a darker kind than he had hitherto encountered. They were monotonous, they were wearisome, they were humiliating. They could not be other than humiliating to a man of his proud, impulsive spirit, who, schooling himself to prudence on account of his wife and children, was not always prudent in his speech. Who indeed could be, unless he were a mean, cowardly creature, in the storm and stress of the great Revolution with which France was then convulsed? His utterances, whatever they may have been, were magnified to his official and social disadvantage, and he was greatly troubled. He felt his disfavor with the people of Dumfries — as he could not help showing to one of his friends, who, riding into the town on a fine summer evening to attend a county ball, saw him walking alone on the shady side of the principal street, while the other side was crowded with ladies and gentlemen who seemed unwilling to recognize him. This friend dismounted, and joining him, proposed that they should cross the street. "Nay, nay, my young friend," said the poet, "that's all over now." Then, after a pause, he quoted two stanzas from a pathetic ballad by Lady Grizel Bailie: —

His bonnet stood then fu' fair on his brow,  
 His auld ane looked better than mony ane's new;  
 But now he lets 't wear ony way it will hing,  
 And casts himself doure upon the corn bing.

O were we young now as we ance hae been,  
 We should hae been galloping down on yon green,  
 And linking it owre the lily-white lea —  
 And werena my heart light I wad die.

The light heart of Burns failed him at last — failed him because, enfeebled by disease and incapacitated from performing his excise duties, his salary, which had never exceeded seventy pounds a year, was reduced to half that beggarly sum; because he was so distressed for money that he was obliged to solicit a loan of a one-pound note from a friend — failed him, poor heart, because it was broken! He took to his bed for the last time on July 21, 1796, and two days later, surrounded by his little family, he passed away in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

Such was the life of Robert Burns — the hard, struggling, erring, suffering, manly life, of which his poetry is the imperishable record. He was what his birth, his temperament, his circumstances, his genius made him. He owed but little to books, and the books to which he owed anything were written in his mother tongue. His English reading, which was not extensive, harmed him rather than helped him. No English author taught or could teach him anything. He was not English, but Scottish — Scottish in his nature and genius, Scottish to his heart's core — the singer of the Scottish people, their greatest poet, and the greatest poet of his time.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

### THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

MY loved, my honored, much-respected friend!  
 No mercenary bard his homage pays;  
 With honest pride I scorn each selfish end;  
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:  
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,  
 The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;  
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;  
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been;  
 Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blows loud wi' angry sugh <sup>1</sup>;  
 The shortening winter day is near a close:  
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;  
 The blackening trains o' craws to their repose  
 The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes;  
 This night his weekly moil is at an end;  
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,  
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,  
 And weary, o'er the moor his course does hameward bend.

<sup>1</sup> Sough.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;  
 The expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher <sup>2</sup> through  
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.  
 His wee bit ingle, <sup>3</sup> blinking bonnily,  
 His clean hearthstane, his thriftie wifie's smile,  
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,  
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,  
 An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

Belyve <sup>4</sup> the elder bairns come drapping in,  
 At service out, amang the farmers roun',  
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie <sup>5</sup> rin  
 A cannie errand to a neebor town.  
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,  
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,  
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,  
 Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,  
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,  
 An' each for other's weelfare kindly speirs <sup>6</sup>:  
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;  
 Each tells the uncoss <sup>7</sup> that he sees or hears:  
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years,  
 Anticipation forward points the view.  
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,  
 Gars <sup>8</sup> auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;  
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their masters' an' their mistresses' command,  
 The yonkers a' are warnèd to obey;  
 An' mind their labors wi' an eydent <sup>9</sup> hand,  
 An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk <sup>10</sup> or play:  
 "An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!  
 An' mind your duty duly, morn an' night!  
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
 Implore His counsel and assisting might:  
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright."

<sup>2</sup> Stagger.<sup>3</sup> Fire, or fireplace.<sup>4</sup> By-and-by.<sup>5</sup> Careful.<sup>6</sup> Inquires.<sup>7</sup> News.<sup>8</sup> Makes.<sup>9</sup> Diligent.<sup>10</sup> Dally.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;  
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,  
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,  
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.  
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame  
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;  
 With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,  
 While Jenny hafflins <sup>11</sup> is afraid to speak:  
 Weel pleased, the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben, <sup>12</sup>  
 A strappan youth; he tak's the mother's eye;  
 Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en:  
 The father cracks <sup>13</sup> of horses, pleughs, and kye: <sup>14</sup>  
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,  
 But blate <sup>15</sup> and laithfu', <sup>16</sup> scarce can weel behave;  
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy  
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;  
 Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave. <sup>17</sup>

O happy love, where love like this is found!  
 O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!  
 I've pacèd much this weary mortal round,  
 And sage experience bids me this declare: —  
 "If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,  
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,  
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Is there in human form, that bears a heart —  
 A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!  
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?  
 Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling, smooth!  
 Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?  
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,  
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?  
 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?

<sup>11</sup> Half.<sup>12</sup> Into the spence, or parlor.<sup>13</sup> Gossips.<sup>14</sup> Cows.<sup>15</sup> Bashful.<sup>16</sup> Sheepish.<sup>17</sup> Rest.

But now the supper crowns their simple board,  
 The halesome parritch,<sup>18</sup> chief o' Scotia's food:  
 The soupe their only Hawkie<sup>19</sup> does afford,  
 That 'yont the hallan<sup>20</sup> snugly chows her cood:<sup>21</sup>  
 The dame brings forth in complimental mood,  
 To grace the lad, her weel-hained<sup>22</sup> kebbuck,<sup>23</sup> fell,  
 An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;  
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,  
 How 'twas a towmond<sup>24</sup> auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.<sup>25</sup>

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
 They round the ingle form a circle wide:  
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,  
 The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;  
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
 His lyart haffets<sup>26</sup> wearing thin an' bare;  
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
 He wales<sup>27</sup> a portion wi' judicious care;  
 And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise,  
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:  
 Perhaps 'Dundee's' wild warbling measures rise,  
 Or plaintive 'Martyrs,' worthy of the name;  
 Or noble 'Elgin' beets<sup>28</sup> the heavenward flame,  
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:  
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;  
 The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;  
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,  
 How Abram was the friend of God on high;  
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage  
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny;  
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie  
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;  
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;  
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire:  
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

<sup>18</sup> Porridge.<sup>19</sup> A white-faced cow.<sup>20</sup> Wall.<sup>21</sup> Chews her cud.<sup>22</sup> Saved.<sup>23</sup> Cheese.<sup>24</sup> Twelvemonth.<sup>25</sup> Flax was in flower.<sup>26</sup> Gray locks.<sup>27</sup> Chooses.<sup>28</sup> Increases.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme:  
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;  
 How He who bore in heaven the second name  
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:  
 How his first followers and servants sped;  
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;  
 How he who, lone in Patmos banishèd,  
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;  
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King  
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays:  
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"<sup>29</sup>  
 That thus they all shall meet in future days:  
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
 In such society, yet still more dear;  
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,  
 In all the pomp of method and of art,  
 When men display to congregations wide  
 Devotion's every grace, except the heart!  
 The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,  
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;  
 But haply in some cottage far apart,  
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;  
 And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way;  
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest:  
 The parent pair their secret homage pay,  
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request  
 That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,  
 And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,  
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,  
 For them and for their little ones provide;  
 But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs  
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;  
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God":<sup>30</sup>

<sup>29</sup> Pope's 'Windsor Forest.'

<sup>30</sup> Pope's 'Essay on Man.'

And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,  
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind:  
 What is a lordling's pomp! a cumbrous load,  
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!  
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!  
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!  
 And oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent  
 From Luxury's contagion weak and vile!  
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle.

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide  
 That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart;  
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,  
 (The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,  
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)  
 O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;  
 But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,  
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

### JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquent,  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonnie brow was brent;  
 But now your brow is bald, John,  
 Your locks are like the snaw;  
 But blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither;  
 And mony a canty day, John,  
 We've had wi' one anither:

Now we maun totter down, John,  
 But hand in hand we'll go,  
 And sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

## GREEN GROW THE RASHES

**T**HERE'S naught but care on every han',  
 In every hour that passes, O:  
 What signifies the life o' man,  
 An 't werena for the lasses, O?

## CHORUS

Green grow the rashes, O!  
 Green grow the rashes, O!  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent  
 Were spent among the lasses, O!

The warly race may riches chase,  
 An' riches still may fly them, O;  
 An' though at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O .

But gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie, O;  
 An' warly cares, an' warly men,  
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,  
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;  
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,  
 He dearly loved the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears  
 Her noblest work she classes, O;  
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
 An' then she made the lasses, O.

## IS THERE FOR HONEST POVERTY

**I**S there for honest poverty  
 That hangs his head, and a' that?  
 The coward slave, we pass him by,  
 We dare be poor for a' that!  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Our toils obscure, and a' that:  
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?  
 Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
 A man's a man for a' that;  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their tinsel show, and a' that —  
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie,<sup>1</sup> ca'd a lord,  
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that:  
 Though hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a coof<sup>2</sup> for a' that:  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 His riband, star, and a' that —  
 The man of independent mind,  
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, and a' that,  
 But an honest man's aboon his might —  
 Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their dignities, and a' that,  
 The pith o' sense and pride o' worth  
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may —  
 As come it will for a' that —

<sup>1</sup> Spirited fellow.

<sup>2</sup> Fool.

That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
 May bear the gree, and a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 It's comin' yet, for a' that —  
 That man to man, the warld o'er,  
 Shall brothers be for a' that!

## TO A MOUSE

## FLYING BEFORE A PLOW

WEE, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie,  
 Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!  
 Thou needna start awa' sae hasty,  
 Wi' bick'ring brattle! <sup>1</sup>  
 I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,  
 Wi' murd'ring pattle! <sup>2</sup>

I'm truly sorry man's dominion  
 Has broken nature's social union,  
 And justifies that ill opinion  
 Which mak's thee startle  
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion  
 And fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve;  
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!  
 A daimen icker in a thrave <sup>3</sup>  
 'S a sma' request:  
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,  
 And never miss 't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!  
 Its silly <sup>4</sup> wa's the win's are strewin'!  
 And naething now to big <sup>5</sup> a new ane  
 O' foggage <sup>6</sup> green!  
 And bleak December's winds ensuin',  
 Baith snell <sup>7</sup> and keen!

<sup>1</sup> Hurrying run.

<sup>2</sup> The plow-spade.

<sup>3</sup> An ear of corn in twenty-four sheaves — that is, in a thrave.

<sup>4</sup> Frail.

<sup>5</sup> Build.

<sup>6</sup> Aftermath.

<sup>7</sup> Bitter.

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,  
 And weary winter comin' fast,  
 And cozie here, beneath the blast  
     Thou thought to dwell,  
 Till, crash! the cruel coulter past  
     Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble  
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!  
 Now thou's turned out for a' thy trouble,  
     But house or hauld,<sup>8</sup>  
 To thole<sup>9</sup> the winter's sleety dribble,  
     And cranreuch<sup>10</sup> cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane<sup>11</sup>  
 In proving foresight may be vain!  
 The best-laid schemes o' mice and men  
     Gang aft agley,  
 And lea'e us naught but grief and pain  
     For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!  
 The present only toucheth thee;  
 But och! I backward cast my e'e  
     On prospects drear!  
 And forward, though I canna see,  
     I guess and fear.

### TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOW

**W**EE, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,  
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;  
 For I maun crush amang the stoure<sup>1</sup>  
     Thy slender stem;  
 To spare thee now is past my power,  
     Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,  
 The bonnie lark, companion meet!  
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,  
     Wi' speckled breast,  
 When upward-springing, blithe, to greet  
     The purpling east.

<sup>8</sup> Holding.    <sup>9</sup> Endure.    <sup>10</sup> Crevice.    <sup>11</sup> Alone.    <sup>1</sup> Dust.

Cauld blew the bitter biting north  
 Upon thy early, humble birth,  
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted <sup>2</sup> forth  
   Amid the storm,  
 Scarce reared above the parent earth  
   Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,  
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;  
 But thou beneath the random bield <sup>3</sup>  
   O' clod or stane,  
 Adorns the histie <sup>4</sup> stibble-field,  
   Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
 Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,  
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
   In humble guise;  
 But now the share uptears thy bed,  
   And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,  
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!  
 By love's simplicity betrayed,  
   And guileless trust,  
 Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid  
   Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,  
 On life's rough ocean luckless starred!  
 Unskilful he to note the card  
   Of prudent lore,  
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
   And overwhelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,  
 Who long with wants and woes has striven,  
 By human pride or cunning driven  
   To mis'ry's brink,  
 Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,  
   He, ruined, sink!

<sup>2</sup> Peeped.<sup>3</sup> Shelter.<sup>4</sup> Barren.

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,  
 That fate is thine — no distant date;  
 Stern Ruin's plowshare drives, elate,  
   Full on thy bloom,  
 Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight  
   Shall be thy doom!

## TAM O' SHANTER

WHEN chapman billies<sup>1</sup> leave the street,  
 And drouthy<sup>2</sup> neebors neebors meet,  
 As market days are wearing late,  
 An' folk begin to tak' the gate;<sup>3</sup>  
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,<sup>4</sup>  
 An' getting fou and unco happy,  
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,  
 The mosses, waters, slaps,<sup>5</sup> and stiles,  
 That lie between us and our hame,  
 Whaur sits our sulky, sullen dame,  
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,  
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter  
 (Aul Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,  
 For honest men and bonny lasses).  
 O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,  
 As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!  
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,<sup>6</sup>  
 A blethering,<sup>7</sup> blustering, drunken blellum;<sup>8</sup>  
 That frae November till October,  
 Ae market-day thou was nae sober;  
 That ilka melder,<sup>9</sup> wi' the miller,  
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;  
 That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Fellows.<sup>2</sup> Thirsty.<sup>3</sup> Road.<sup>4</sup> Ale.<sup>5</sup> Gates or openings through a hedge.<sup>6</sup> Good-for-nothing fellow.<sup>7</sup> Nonsensical.<sup>8</sup> Chattering fellow.<sup>9</sup> Grain sent to the mill to be ground; *i. e.*, that every time he carried the corn to the mill he sat to drink with the miller.<sup>10</sup> Nag that required shoeing.

The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;  
 That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,  
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean <sup>11</sup> till Monday.  
 She prophesied that, late or soon,  
 Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon;  
 Or caught wi' warlocks in the mirk,  
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet, <sup>12</sup>  
 To think how mony counsels sweet,  
 How many lengthened sage advices,  
 The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: — Ae market-night,  
 Tam had got planted unco right;  
 Fast by an ingle, <sup>13</sup> bleezing finely,  
 Wi' reaming swats, <sup>14</sup> that drank divinely;  
 And at his elbow, Souter <sup>15</sup> Johnny,  
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony:  
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;  
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.  
 The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter,  
 And aye the ale was growing better;  
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious,  
 Wi' favors, secret, sweet, and precious;  
 The Souter tauld his queerest stories;  
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;  
 The storm without might rair <sup>16</sup> and rustle,  
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, made to see a man sae happy,  
 E'en drowned himself amang the nappy;  
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,  
 The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure:  
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,  
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!  
 Or like the snowfall in the river,  
 A moment white — then melts for ever;

<sup>11</sup> Jean Kennedy, a public-house keeper at Kirkoswald.

<sup>12</sup> Makes me weep.

<sup>13</sup> Fire.

<sup>14</sup> Foaming ale.

<sup>15</sup> Shoemaker.

<sup>16</sup> Roar.

Or like the Borealis race,  
 That flit ere you can point their place;  
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
 Evanishing amid the storm.

Nae man can tether time or tide;  
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride:  
 That hour, o' night's black arch the keystone,  
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in:  
 And sic a night he tak's the road in,  
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.  
 The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;  
 The rattlin' showers rose on the blast;  
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;  
 Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed:  
 That night, a child might understand,  
 The de'il had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg  
 (A better never lifted leg),  
 Tam skelpit <sup>17</sup> on through dub and mire,  
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire;  
 Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,  
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,  
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,  
 Lest bogles <sup>18</sup> catch him unawares;  
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,  
 Whaur ghaists and houlets <sup>19</sup> nightly cry.

By this time he was 'cross the ford,  
 Whaur in the snaw the chapman smooored; <sup>20</sup>  
 And past the birks and meikle stane,  
 Whaur drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;  
 And through the whins and by the cairn,  
 Whaur hunters fand the murdered bairn;  
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
 Whaur Mungo's mither hanged hersel'.  
 Before him Doon pours all his floods;  
 The doubling storm roars through the woods;

<sup>17</sup> Rode carelessly.

<sup>18</sup> Ghosts, bogies.

<sup>19</sup> Owls.

<sup>20</sup> Was smothered.

The lightnings flash from pole to pole;  
 Near and more near the thunders roll;  
 When, glimmering through the groaning trees,  
 Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze;  
 Through ilka bore <sup>21</sup> the beams were glancing;  
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn!  
 What dangers thou canst mak' us scorn!  
 Wi' tippenny <sup>22</sup> we fear nae evil;  
 Wi' usquabae <sup>23</sup> we'll face the devil!  
 The swats <sup>24</sup> sae reamed <sup>25</sup> in Tammie's noddle,  
 Fair play, he cared na de'ls a boddle. <sup>26</sup>  
 But Maggie stood right sair astonished,  
 Till, by the heel and hand admonished  
 She ventured forward on the light;  
 And wow! Tam saw an unco sight!  
 Warlocks and witches in a dance;  
 Nae cotillion brent new frae France,  
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels  
 Put life and mettle in their heels.  
 At winnock-bunker <sup>27</sup> in the east,  
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast; —  
 A towzie tyke, <sup>28</sup> black, grim, and large;  
 To gi'e them music was his charge:  
 He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl, <sup>29</sup>  
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl! <sup>30</sup>  
 Coffins stood round, like open presses,  
 That shawed the dead in their last dresses;  
 And by some devilish cantrip <sup>31</sup> slight,  
 Each in its cauld hand held a light,  
 By which heroic Tam was able  
 To note upon the haly table  
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns; <sup>32</sup>  
 Twa span-lang, wee unchristened bairns;  
 A thief new-cuttet frae a rape,  
 Wi' his last gasp his gab <sup>33</sup> did gape;

<sup>21</sup> Crevice, or hole.

<sup>22</sup> Twopenny ale.

<sup>23</sup> Whisky.

<sup>24</sup> Drink.

<sup>25</sup> Frothed, mounted.

<sup>26</sup> A small old coin.

<sup>27</sup> Window-seat.

<sup>28</sup> Shaggy dog.

<sup>29</sup> Made them scream.

<sup>30</sup> Shake.

<sup>31</sup> Spell.

<sup>32</sup> Irons.

<sup>33</sup> Mouth.

Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;  
 Five scimitars wi' murder crusted;  
 A garter which a babe had strangled;  
 A knife a father's throat had mangled,  
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft —  
 The gray hairs yet stack to the heft:  
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',  
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glow'red,<sup>34</sup> amazed and curious,  
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;  
 The piper loud and louder blew;  
 The dancers quick and quicker flew;  
 They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,<sup>35</sup>  
 Till ilka carlin<sup>36</sup> swat and reekit,<sup>37</sup>  
 And coost<sup>38</sup> her duddies<sup>39</sup> to the wark,  
 And linket<sup>40</sup> at it in her sark!<sup>41</sup>

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans  
 A' plump and strapping, in their teens;  
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,<sup>42</sup>  
 Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen;<sup>43</sup>  
 Thir breeks<sup>44</sup> o' mine, my only pair,  
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,  
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,  
 For ane blink o' the bonnie burdies!  
 But withered beldams old and droll,  
 Rigwoodie<sup>45</sup> hags wad spean<sup>46</sup> a foal,  
 Lowping and flinging on a crummock,<sup>47</sup>  
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

<sup>34</sup> Stared.

<sup>35</sup> Caught hold of each other.

<sup>36</sup> Old hag.

<sup>37</sup> Reeked with heat.

<sup>38</sup> Cast off.

<sup>39</sup> Clothes.

<sup>40</sup> Tripped.

<sup>41</sup> Chemise.

<sup>42</sup> Greasy flannel.

<sup>43</sup> Manufacturers' term for linen woven in a reed of 1700 divisions.

<sup>44</sup> Breeches.

<sup>45</sup> Gallows-worthy.

<sup>46</sup> Wean.

<sup>47</sup> A crutch — a stick with a crook.

But Tam kenned what was what fu' brawlie:  
 "There was ae winsome wench and walie,"<sup>48</sup>  
 That night inlisted in the core  
 (Lang after kenned on Carrick shore!  
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,  
 And perished mony a bonnie boat,  
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,<sup>49</sup>  
 And kept the country-side in fear),  
 Her cutty sark,<sup>50</sup> o' Paisley harn,<sup>51</sup>  
 That while a lassie she had worn,  
 In longitude though sorely scanty,  
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.<sup>52</sup>  
 Ah! little kenned thy reverend grannie,  
 That sark she coft<sup>53</sup> for her wee Nannie,  
 Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),  
 Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;<sup>54</sup>  
 Sic flights are far beyond her power:  
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang  
 (A souple jade she was and strang),  
 And how Tam stood like ane bewitched,  
 And thought his very een enriched;  
 Even Satan glow'ed and fidget fu' fain,  
 And hotched and blew wi' might and main:  
 Till first ae caper, syne, anither,  
 Tam tints<sup>55</sup> his reason a'thegither,  
 And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"  
 And in an instant all was dark;  
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,<sup>56</sup>  
 When plundering hords assail their byke;<sup>57</sup>  
 As open pussie's mortal foes  
 When, pop! she starts before their nose;  
 As eager runs the market-crowd,  
 When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;  
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
 Wi' mony an eldritch<sup>58</sup> screech and hollow.

<sup>48</sup> Quoted from Allan Ramsay.

<sup>49</sup> Barley.

<sup>50</sup> Short shift or shirt.

<sup>51</sup> Very coarse linen.

<sup>52</sup> Proud.

<sup>53</sup> Bought.

<sup>54</sup> Cower — sink.

<sup>55</sup> Loses.

<sup>56</sup> Fuss.

<sup>57</sup> Hive.

<sup>58</sup> Unearthly.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam, thou'll get thy fairin'!  
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!  
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!  
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!  
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
 And win the keystone of the brig;  
 There at them thou thy tail may toss —  
 A running stream they darena cross.  
 But ere the keystone she could make,  
 The fiend a tail she had to shake!

For Nannie, far before the rest,  
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;  
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle —  
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,  
 But left behind her ain gray tail:  
 The carlin clauht her by the rump,  
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump!

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
 Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:  
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,  
 Or cutty sarks run in your mind,  
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear —  
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

#### BRUCE TO HIS MEN AT BANNOCKBURN

**S**COTS wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
 Scots wham Bruce has aften led;  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
 Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;  
 See the front o' battle lour:  
 See approach proud Edward's pow'r —  
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?  
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave?  
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
 Freemen stand, or freemen fa',  
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!  
 By our sons in servile chains!  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!  
 Tyrants fall in every foe!  
 Liberty's in every blow! —  
 Let us do or die!

## HIGHLAND MARY

**Y**E banks and braes and streams around  
 The castle o' Montgomery,  
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
 Your waters never drumlie!  
 There Simmer first unfold her robes,  
 And there the langest tarry;  
 For there I took the last fareweel  
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom!  
 As underneath their fragrant shade,  
 I clasped her to my bosom!  
 The golden hours, on angel wings,  
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
 For dear to me as light and life  
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace  
 Our parting was fu' tender;  
 And, pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore oursel's asunder;  
 But oh! fell Death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my flower sae early!  
 Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay  
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

Oh pale, pale now those rosy lips,  
 I aft hae kissed so fondly!  
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance,  
 That dwelt on me sae kindly;  
 And moldering now in silent dust  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

### MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

**M**Y heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;  
 My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;  
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe —  
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.  
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North!  
 The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;  
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow!  
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below!  
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods!  
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!  
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;  
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe —  
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

### THE BANKS O' DOON

**Y**E banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
 And I sae weary fu' o' care?  
 Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
 That wantons through the flowering thorn;  
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
 Departed — never to return!

Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,  
And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;  
And my fause lover stole my rose,  
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

## LADY NAIRNE (CAROLINA OLIPHANT)

CAROLINA OLIPHANT, better known as Lady Nairne, or the Baroness Nairne, the sweetest and tenderest of all the Scottish singers, was born at the house of Gask in Perthshire, August 16, 1766. Her family, whose original name was Olifard, had been distinguished for courage and loyalty from the middle of the twelfth century. In the civil wars of 1715 and 1745 they took part with the "Pretenders," and suffered grievously in consequence. Carolina was named after "Prince Charlie." From her earliest childhood she was remarkable for beauty, sweetness of disposition, and mental ability. She was especially fond of poetry and music, at which several of her ancestors had tried their hands. She knew all the old ballads and songs, and delighted to play and sing them. As she grew up, she became a universal favorite with high and low, and was celebrated in song as the "Flower o' Strathearn." She was a gay, robust, rollicking girl, extremely fond of dancing, riding, and all healthy amusements. In 1797, when she was in Durham, she received an offer of marriage from a royal duke, but declined it, being already engaged to her cousin, Major (afterwards Lord) Nairne. Meanwhile, having observed that many of the beautiful, simple tunes sung by the Scottish peasantry were accompanied with words of doubtful tendency, and being also encouraged by the example of Burns, she began to consider whether she might not do good by writing better words. Her first effort was 'The Plowman,' whose immediate success encouraged her to further effort. Soon after this she wrote most of her humorous and Jacobite songs. In 1798, on the death of the only child of a friend of her girlhood, she wrote the song by which she is best known, 'The Land o' the Leal'; which, for tenderness and genuine pathos, has no equal in any language. It is sung to almost the same tune as Burns's 'Scots Wha Hae.' About this time, the deeply loyal and religious tendency in her nature manifested itself in a genuine "conversion," which made her a Christian, in the deepest and best sense, for the rest of her life. She used to say, "Religion is a walking and not a talking concern"; and so she did her good deeds by stealth.

In 1806 she married her cousin, Major Nairne, then Inspector-General of Barracks for Scotland; and settled in Edinburgh, where her only child, named William Murray, was born in 1808. Though she might have mixed with the best fashionable and literary society of the Scottish capital, she preferred to live a retired life and to keep the secret of her authorship to herself. She did

not even communicate it to her adored husband, lest in his pride of her "he nicht blab." She did not even cultivate the friendship of Sir Walter Scott, although her sister married a relative of his. She did, however, take the lead in a committee of ladies who undertook to help Purdie, an Edinburgh music publisher, to bring out the 'Scottish Minstrel,' a purified collection of Scotch songs and airs, which was completed in 1824, in six octavo volumes. The same year Major Nairne was raised to the peerage, which his family had lost through loyalty to the Stuarts; and so his wife became Lady Nairne. He died in 1829; and this blow was followed by the death of her only son. Lady Nairne, now seventy-two years of age, never recovered, and the rest of her life was spent in quiet deeds of beneficence.

Her literary fame was entirely posthumous; but it has grown steadily, and will continue to grow. In the world of lyric poetry she stands, among women, next to Sappho. There is something about her songs that has no name — something simple, natural, living, inevitable. The range of her work is not equal to that of Burns; but where she could go, he could not follow her. She knew where the heart-strings lie, and she knew how to draw from them their deepest music. In handling the Scottish language, she has no equal. She spoke from her heart, in the heartiest of languages, and her words go to the heart and remain there.

THOMAS DAVIDSON

### THE LAND O' THE LEAL

I'M wearin' awa', John,  
 Like snaw wreaths in thaw, John;  
 I'm wearin' awa'  
     To the land o' the leal.  
 There's nae sorrow there, John,  
 There's neither cauld nor care, John,  
 The day is aye fair  
     In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John;  
 She was baith gude and fair, John,  
 And oh! we grudged her sair  
     To the land o' the leal.  
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,  
 And joy's a-comin' fast, John —  
 The joy that's aye to last  
     In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear that joy was bought, John,  
 Sae free the battle fought, John,  
 That sinfu' man e'er brought  
     To the land o' the leal.  
 Oh! dry your glist'ning e'e, John:  
 My saul lings to be free, John,  
 And angels beckon me  
     To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John:  
 Your day it's wearin' thro', John,  
 And I'll welcome you  
     To the land o' the leal.  
 Now fare ye weel, my ain John:  
 This warld's cares are vain, John;  
 We'll meet, and we'll be fain,  
     In the land o' the leal.

### THE HUNDRED PIPERS

**W**I' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',  
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',  
 We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw,  
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.  
 Oh! it's owre the Border awa, awa,  
 It's owre the Border awa, awa,  
 We'll on and we'll march to Carlisle ha',  
 Wi' its yetts, its castell, an' a', an' a'.

Oh! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,  
 Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a',  
 Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glittering gear,  
 An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.  
 Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?  
 Will they a' return, our Hieland men?  
 Second-sighted Sandy looked fu' wae,  
 And mothers grat when they marched away,  
     Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

Oh, wha is foremost o' a', o' a' ?  
 Oh, wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?  
 Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurra!  
 Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.  
 His bonnet an' feather he's wavin' high,  
 His prancin' steed maist seems to fly,  
 The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,  
 While the pipers blaw in an unco flare.  
 Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

The Esk was swollen, sae red and sae deep,  
 But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep;  
 Twa thousand swam owre to fell English ground,  
 An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.  
 Dumfounded, the English saw — they saw —  
 Dumfounded, they heard the blaw, the blaw,  
 Dumfounded, they a' ran awa, awa,  
 From the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.  
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',  
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',  
 We'll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw,  
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

## CALLER HERRIN'

**W**HA'LL buy my caller herrin' ?  
 They're bonnie fish and halesome fairin':  
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin',  
 New drawn frae the Forth?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,  
 Dreamed ye aught o' our puir fellows.  
 Darkling as they faced the billows,  
 A' to fill the woven willows?  
 Buy my caller herrin',  
 New drawn frae the Forth.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?  
 They're no brought here without brave darin';  
 Buy my caller herrin',  
 Hauled through wind and rain.  
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ? etc.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?  
 Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin' :  
 Wives and mithers maist despairin'  
 Ca' them lives o' men.  
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ? etc.


When the creel o' herrin' passes,  
 Ladies, clad in silks and laces,  
 Gather in their braw pelisses,  
 Cast their heads and screw their faces.  
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ? etc.

Caller herrin's no got lightlie:  
 Ye can trip the spring fu' tightlie;  
 Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',  
 Gow has set you a' a-singin'.  
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ? etc.

Neebor wives, now tent my tellin' :  
 When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',  
 At ae word be in ye're dealin' —  
 Truth will stand when a' thing's failin'.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?  
 They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';  
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin',  
 New drawn frae the Forth?

### THE AULD HOUSE

 H, the auld house, the auld house —  
 What though the rooms were wee?  
 Oh! kind hearts were dwelling there,  
 And bairnies fu' o' glee;  
 The wild rose and the jessamine  
 Still hang upon the wa':  
 How mony cherished memories  
 Do they, sweet flowers, reca'!  
 Oh, the auld laird, the auld laird,  
 Sae canty, kind, and crouse —  
 How mony did he welcome to  
 His ain wee dear auld house;

And the leddy too, sae genty,  
There sheltered Scotland's heir,  
And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand,  
Frae his lang yellow hair.

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,  
The bluebells sweetly blaw,  
The bonnie Earn's clear winding still,  
But the auld house is awa'.  
The auld house, the auld house —  
Deserted though ye be,  
There ne'er can be a new house  
Will seem sae fair to me.

Still flourishing the auld pear-tree  
The bairnies liked to see;  
And oh, how aften did they speir  
When ripe they a' wad be!  
The voices sweet, the wee bit feet  
Aye rinnin' here and there,  
The merry shout — oh! whiles we greet  
To think we'll hear nae mair.

For they are a' wide scattered now:  
Some to the Indies gane,  
And ane, alas! to her lang hame:  
Not here we'll meet again.  
The kirkyaird, the kirkyaird!  
Wi' flowers o' every hue,  
Sheltered by the holly's shade  
An' the dark somber yew.

The setting sun, the setting sun!  
How glorious it gaed doon;  
The cloudy splendor raised our hearts  
To cloudless skies aboon.  
The auld dial, the auld dial!  
It tauld how time did pass:  
The wintry winds hae dung it doon,  
Now hid 'mang weeds and grass.

## THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

THE Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,  
 His mind is ta'en up with things o' the State;  
 He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,  
 But favor wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,  
 At his table-head he thought she'd look well:  
 M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,  
 A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered, and as gude as new;  
 His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;  
 He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked-hat:  
 And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannily,  
 And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee:  
 "Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,  
 She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine:  
 "And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"  
 She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,  
 Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she came ben he bowed fu' low,  
 And what was his errand he soon let her know:  
 Amazed was the Laird when the lady said "Na";  
 And wi' a laigh curtesy she turned awa'.

Dumfounded he was, but nae sigh did he gie:  
 He mounted his mare, he rade cannily;  
 And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,  
 "She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

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And now that the Laird his exit had made,  
 Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said:  
 "Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten —  
 I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Next time that the Laird and the lady were seen,  
 They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green;  
 Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen —  
 But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

The last two verses were added by Miss Ferrier, author of 'Marriage.' They are not unworthy of being preserved with the original.

### WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

**T**HE news frae Moidart cam yestreen,  
 Will soon gar mony ferlie;  
 For ships o' war hae just come in,  
 And landit Royal Charlie.

Come through the heather, around him gather,  
 Ye're a' the welcomer early;  
 Around him cling wi' a' your kin:  
 For wha'll be king but Charlie?  
 Come through the heather, around him gather,  
 Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,  
 And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king!  
 For wha'll be king but Charlie?

The Hieland clans, wi' sword in hand,  
 Frae John o' Groat's to Airlie,  
 Hae to a man declared to stand  
 Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.  
 Come through the heather, etc.

The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma,  
 Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae  
 Declared for Scotia's king an' law,  
 An' speir ye, Wha but Charlie?  
 Come through the heather, etc.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the lan'  
 But vows baith late an' early,  
 She'll ne'er to man gie heart nor han'  
 Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.  
 Come through the heather, etc.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,  
 And be't complete an' early;  
 His very name our heart's blood warms:  
 To arms for Royal Charlie!

Come through the heather, around him gather,  
 Ye're a' the welcomer early;  
 Around him cling wi' a' your kin;  
 For wha'll be king but Charlie?  
 Come through the heather, around him gather,  
 Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,  
 And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king!  
 For wha'll be king but Charlie?

### WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?

**B**ONNIE Charlie's now awa',  
 Safely owre the friendly main;  
 Mony a heart will break in twa,  
 Should he ne'er come back again.  
 Will ye no come back again?  
 Will ye no come back again?  
 Better lo'ed ye canna be —  
 Will ye no come back again?

Ye trusted in your Hieland men,  
 They trusted you, dear Charlie;  
 They kent you hiding in the glen,  
 Your cleadin' was but barely.  
 Will ye no come back again?  
 Will ye no come back again?  
 Better lo'ed ye canna be —  
 Will ye no come back again?

English bribes were a' in vain;  
 An' e'en though puirer we may be,  
 Siller canna buy the heart  
 That beats aye for thine and thee.  
 Will ye no come back again?  
 Will ye no come back again?  
 Better lo'ed ye canna be —  
 Will ye no come back again?

We watched thee in the gloaming hour,  
 We watched thee in the morning gray;  
 Though thirty thousand pounds they'd gie,  
 Oh there is nane that wad betray.

Will ye no come back again?  
 Will ye no come back again?  
     Better lo'ed ye canna be —  
 Will ye no come back again?

Sweet's the laverock's note and lang,  
 Liltin' wildly up the glen;  
 But aye to me he sings ae sang,  
 Will ye no come back again?  
     Will ye no come back again?  
     Will ye no come back again?  
     Better lo'ed ye canna be —  
 Will ye no come back again?

### WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?

**W**OULD you be young again?  
     So would not I —  
     One tear to memory given,  
     Onward I'd hie.

Life's dark flood forded o'er,  
 All but at rest on shore,  
 Say, would you plunge once more,  
     With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now  
     Retrace your way?  
 Wander through thorny wilds,  
     Faint and astray?  
 Night's gloomy watches fled,  
 Morning all beaming red,  
 Hope's smiles around us shed,  
     Heavenward — away.

Where are they gone, of yore  
     My best delight?  
 Dear and more dear, though now  
     Hidden from sight.  
 Where they rejoice to be,  
 There is the land for me:  
 Fly time, fly speedily,  
     Come life and light.

## GEORGE CRABBE

**G**EORGE CRABBE was born at Aldborough in Suffolk, the son of a customs officer, in 1754. He received a fair education for a village lad, and at the age of fourteen was apprenticed to a country surgeon. He early showed an inclination toward letters, versifying much while a school-boy. In 1779 he abandoned his profession of medicine, in which he was not successful, and came up to London with a few pounds and some manuscript in his pocket, determined to make his way in literature. He met with the usual reverses of a beginner without reputation or patronage, and soon was desperately in need of money. He wrote many letters to well-known people, without response. In his extremity he applied to Burke, who, although a stranger, received him most kindly into his own house, gave him advice and criticism, recommended him to Dodsley the publisher, and introduced him to many notable men of the day, among them Reynolds, Johnson, and Fox.

During this time Crabbe composed 'The Library' and 'The Village'; and also at the suggestion of his patron qualified himself for the ministry. He took holy orders in 1782, and became shortly after chaplain to the Duke of Rutland. Subsequently he held a number of small livings, procured for him by his friends. The last of these, the rectory of Trowbridge, given him in 1813, he held until his death in 1832.

'The Village,' published in 1783, made the poet's reputation. His next work, 'The Newspaper,' published two years later, was much inferior. For twenty years thereafter he wrote and destroyed vast quantities of manuscript. Not until 1807 did he publish again. 'The Parish Register,' coming out in that year, was even more successful than his first work. In 1810 appeared 'The Borough,' containing his best work; 'Tales in Verse' following in 1812. With 'Tales of the Hall,' appearing in 1819, he took leave of the public.

Crabbe is an important link in the transition period between the poetry of the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. Men were growing tired of the artificiality and the conventional frigidity of the current verse in the hands of the imitators of Pope. A feeling for change was in the air, manifested in the incipient romantic movement and in what is called "the return to nature." Goldsmith was one of the first to lead the way back to simplicity, but he enveloped in a tender, somewhat sentimental idealism whatever he touched. Then came Thomson with his generalizations of nature, Cowper, a more faithful painter of rural scenes, and Burns, who sang of the thought and feeling of the common man. The work of these poets was a reaction against the poetry of town life, too apt to become artificial with its subject. Yet, being poets and singers,

they expressed not so much the reality as what lies behind — its beauty and its tenderness. To give the right perspective to this return to nature, there was needed a man who should paint life as it is, in its naked realism, unveiled by the glamour of poetic vision.

Crabbe was this man. The most uncompromising realist, he led poetry back to human life on its stern dark side. Born and bred among the poor, he described, as no one else in the whole range of English verse has done, the sordid existences among which he had grown up. He dispelled all illusions about rural life, and dealt the death-blow to the Corydons and Phyllises of pastoral poetry. He showed that the poor man can be more immoral and even more unprincipled than the rich, because his higher spiritual nature is hopelessly dwarfed in the desperate struggle to keep the wolf from the door. He supplied harrowing texts to the social economist. He is a gloomy poet, especially in the first part of his work, for he paints principally the shadows that hang over the lives of the lowly; he does not deal with that life imaginatively as Wordsworth and Burns do, but realistically, narrating with photographic accuracy what he saw. He excels in graphic delineations of external facts, but is also a powerful painter of the passions, especially the more violent ones, such as remorse and despair.

Crabbe has at times been denied the name of poet. There is little music in his verse, little of that singing quality that goes with all true poetry. His versification is often slipshod and careless. His lack of taste and artistic feeling shows itself not only in the manner but also in the matter of his work. He dwells by preference on the unlovely; he does not choose his details as an artist would. He is too minute, too like those Dutch painters who bestow as much care on the refuse as on the burnished platters of their interiors. And again he is trivial or too literal. But the steady admiration his poetry has excited in men of the most different tastes for several generations shows that it has deeper qualities. The truth is, that his mean and squalid details are not mere heaps of unrelated things, nor irrelevant to his story; they are not even mere "scenery." They are part of the history, in general the tragedy, of human hearts and souls; and owe their validity as poetic material, and their power of interesting us, to their being part of the influences that bear on the history.

Scott had Crabbe's poems read aloud in his last illness. Horace Smith called him "Pope in worsted stockings." Jane Austen said she "could fancy being Mrs. Crabbe." Cardinal Newman read the 'Tales of the Hall' with extreme delight on their first appearance, and fifty years later still thought well of them. The modern realists retain a high opinion of Crabbe and a century after his death his place in English literature appears as secure as it did in his own time.

## ISAAC ASHFORD

From 'The Parish Register'

NEXT to these ladies, but in naught allied,  
 A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.  
 Noble he was, contemning all things mean,  
 His truth unquestioned and his soul serene:  
 Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;  
 At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed;  
 Shame knew he not; he dreaded no disgrace;  
 Truth, simple truth, was written in his face:  
 Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,  
 Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved;  
 To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,  
 And with the firmest had the fondest mind.

Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,  
 And gave allowance where he needed none;  
 Good he refused with future ill to buy,  
 Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh;  
 A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast  
 No envy stung, no jealousy distressed;  
 (Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind  
 To miss one favor which their neighbors find.)  
 Yet far was he from stoic pride removed;  
 He felt humanely, and he warmly loved.  
 I marked his action when his infant died,  
 And his old neighbor for offense was tried:

The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,  
 Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.  
 If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride  
 Who in their base contempt the great deride;  
 Nor pride in learning: though my Clerk agreed,  
 If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;  
 Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew  
 None his superior, and his equals few:  
 But if that spirit in his soul had place,  
 It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;  
 A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,  
 In sturdy boys to virtuous labors trained:

Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,  
 And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;  
 Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied —  
 In fact a noble passion, misnamed Pride.  
 He had no party's rage, no sectary's whim;  
 Christian and countryman was all with him:  
 True to his church he came; no Sunday shower  
 Kept him at home in that important hour;  
 Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect  
 By the strong glare of their new light direct;  
 "On hope in mine own sober light I gaze,  
 But should be blind and lose it, in your blaze."

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain  
 Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain,  
 Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,  
 And feel in *that* his comfort and his pride. . . .  
 I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,  
 And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there:  
 I see no more those white locks thinly spread  
 Round the bald polish of that honored head;  
 No more that awful glance on playful wight,  
 Compelled to kneel and tremble at the sight,  
 To fold his fingers, all in dread the while,  
 Till Mr. Ashford softened to a smile:  
 No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,  
 Nor the pure faith (to give it force), are there; —  
 But he is blest, and I lament no more  
 A wise, good man, contented to be poor.

## THE PARISH WORKHOUSE AND APOTHECARY

From 'The Village'

**T**HEIRS is yon house that holds the parish poor,  
 Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;  
 There, where the putrid vapors flagging play,  
 And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;  
 There children dwell who know no parents' care;  
 Parents who know no children's love dwell there;  
 Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,  
 Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;

Dejected widows with unheeded tears,  
 And crippled age with more than childhood fears;  
 The lame, the blind, and — far the happiest they! —  
 The moping idiot and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,  
 Here brought amid the scenes of grief to grieve,  
 Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,  
 Mixed with the clamors of the crowd below;  
 Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,  
 And the cold charities of man to man:  
 Whose laws indeed for ruined age provide,  
 And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;  
 But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,  
 And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say ye, oppressed by some fantastic woes,  
 Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;  
 Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance  
 With timid eye, to read the distant glance;  
 Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,  
 To name the nameless ever-new disease;  
 Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,  
 Which real pain and that alone can cure:  
 How would ye bear in real pain to lie,  
 Despised, neglected, left alone to die?  
 How would ye bear to draw your latest breath  
 Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,  
 And naked rafters form the sloping sides;  
 Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,  
 And lath and mud are all that lie between:  
 Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patched, gives way  
 To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:  
 Here on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,  
 The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;  
 For him no hand the cordial cup applies,  
 Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;  
 No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,  
 Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,  
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls.  
Anon a figure enters, quaintly neat,  
All pride and business, bustle and conceit,  
With looks unaltered by these scenes of woe,  
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go;  
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,  
And carries fate and physic in his eye:  
A potent quack, long versed in human ills,  
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;  
Whose murderous hand a drowsy bench protect,  
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.

Paid by the parish for attendance here,  
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;  
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,  
Impatience marked in his averted eyes;  
And some habitual queries hurried o'er,  
Without reply he rushes to the door:  
His drooping patient, long inured to pain,  
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;  
He ceases now the feeble help to crave  
Of man; and silent sinks into the grave.

## WILLIAM BLAKE

**P**OET-PAINTER, visionary, and super-mystic in almost all capacities, William Blake was born in London in 1757. He was the second son of humble people — his father a stocking merchant. An "odd little boy," he was destined to be recognized as "one of the most curious and abnormal personages of the later eighteenth and earlier nineteenth centuries." Allan Cunningham describes him by saying that Blake at ten years of age was an artist and at twelve a poet. He seems really to have shown in childhood his double gift. But the boy's education was rudimentary, his advantages not even usual. To the end of his life, the mature man's works betray defective training — unless we hold that the process would have disciplined his mind to the loss of originality. Most of what Blake learned he taught himself, and that at haphazard. The mistiness and inexplicability of his productions is part of such a process, as well as of invincible temperament.

In 1767 Blake was studying drawing with Mr. Pars, at the sometime famous Strand Academy, where he was reckoned a diligent but egotistical pupil. At fourteen he became apprenticed, for a livelihood — afterward exchanged for the painter's and illustrator's freer career — to James Basire, an academic but excellent engraver, whose manner is curiously traceable through much of Blake's after work. Even in the formal atmosphere of the Royal Academy's antique school, Blake remained an opinionated and curiously "detached" scholar, with singular critical notions, with half-expressed or very boldly expressed theories as to art, religion, and most other things. In 1782 he married a young woman of equally humble derivation, who could not even sign the marriage register. He developed her character, educated her mind, and made her a devoted and companionable wife, full of faith in him. Their curious and retired ménage was as happy in a practical and mundane aspect as could be hoped from the most conventional union.

In 1780 he began to exhibit, his first picture being 'The Death of Earl Godwin.' After exhibiting five others, however, ending with 'Jacob's Dream,' he withdrew altogether from public advertisement. Several devoted patrons — especially Mr. Linnell, and a certain Mr. Thomas Butts, who bought incessantly, anything and everything — seized upon all he drew and painted. In his literary undertakings he was for the most part his own editor and printer and publisher. His career in verse and prose began early. In 1783 came forth the charming collection 'Poetical Sketches,' juvenile as the fancies of his boyish days, but full of a sensitive appreciation of nature worthy of a mature mind, and expressed with a diction often exquisite. The volume was not really

public nor published, but printed by the kindly liberality of two friends, one of them Flaxman. In 1787, "under the direction of the spirit of his dead brother," Robert, he decided on publishing a new group of lyrics and fancies, 'Songs of Innocence,' by engraving the text of the poems and its marginal embellishments on copper — printing the pages in various tints, coloring or recoloring them by hand, and even binding them, with his wife's assistance. The medium for mixing his tints, by the by, was "revealed to him by Saint Joseph."

With this volume — which appeared in 1789 and is now a rarity for the bibliophile — began Blake's system of giving his literary works and many of his extraordinary artistic productions their form and being. Like a poet-printer of a later day, William Morris, Blake insisted that each page of text, all his delicate illustrations, every cover even, should pass through his own fingers, or through those of his careful and submissive helpmeet. The expense of their paper was the chief one to the light purse of the queerly assorted, thrifty pair.

In 1794 came the 'Songs of Experience,' completing that brief lyrical trio on which rests Blake's poetical reputation and his claim on coming generations of sympathetic readers. To these early and exquisite fruits of Blake's feeling succeeded a little book 'For Children,' the mystic volume 'The Gates of Paradise,' 'The Visions of the Daughters of Albion,' 'America, a Prophecy,' Part First of his 'Book of Urizen,' and a collection of designs without text, treated in the methods usual with him, besides other labors with pencil and pen.

But the wonderful and disordered imagination of the artist and poet now embodied itself in a strange group of writings for which no parallel exists. To realize them, one must imagine the most transcendent notions of Swedenborg mingled with the rant of a superior kind of Mucklewrath. Such poems as 'The Book of Thel,' in spite of beautiful allegoric passages; 'The Gates of Paradise'; 'Tiriell,' and extended narrative-fantasy in irregular unrhymed verses; even the striking 'Marriage of Heaven and Hell' — may be reckoned as mere prologues to such productions as 'Jerusalem,' 'The Emanation of the Giant Albion,' 'Milton,' and the "prophecies" embodied in the completed 'Urizen,' the 'Europe,' 'Ahania,' and 'The Book of Los.' Such oracular works Blake put forth as dictated to him by departed spirits of supreme influence and intellectuality, or by angelic intelligences, quite apart from his own volition; indeed, only with his "grateful obedience." Such claims are not out of place in the instance of one who "saw God"; who often "conversed familiarly with Jesus Christ"; who "was" Socrates; who argued conclusions for hours at a time with Moses, with Milton, with Dante, with the Biblical prophets, with Voltaire; who could "see Satan" almost at will — all in vivid conceptions that sprang up in his mind with such force as to set seemingly substantial and even speaking beings before him. In his assumption of the seer, Blake was not a charlatan: he believed fully in his supernatural priv-

ileges. To him his modest London lodging held great company, manifest in the spirit.

Blake's greater "prophetic" writings ended, he busied himself with painting and illustration. He was incessant in industry; indeed, his ordinary recreation at any time was only a change of work from one design to another. So were wrought out the (incomplete) series of plates for Young's 'Night Thoughts'; the drawings for Hayley's 'Life of Cowper,' and for the same feeble author's 'Ballads on Anecdotes relating to Animals'; the 'Dante' designs; the 'Job' series of prints; a vast store of aquarelle and distemper paintings and plates, and a whole gallery of "portraits" derived from sitters of distinction in past universal history. These sitters, it is needless to say, were wholly invisible to other eyes than Blake's. The subjects vary from likenesses of Saint Joseph and the Virgin Mary to those of Mahomet and Shakespeare. Sundry of the old masters, Titian included, reviewed his efforts and guided his brush! Such assertions do not ill accord with the description of his once seeing a fairy's funeral, or his remark that he first beheld God when four years old.

But all his fantasies did not destroy his faith in the fundamentals of orthodoxy. He never ceased to be a believer in Christianity. His convictions of a revealed religion were reiterated. While incessant in asserting that he had a solemn message-spiritual to his day and generation, he set aside nothing significant in the message of the Scriptures. There is something touching in the anecdote of him and his devoted Kate told by the portrait-painter Richmond. Himself discouraged with his imperfect work, Richmond one day visited Blake and confessed his low mood. To his astonishment, Blake turned to his wife suddenly, and said, "It is just so with us, is it not, for weeks together, when the visions forsake us! What do we do then, Kate?" "We kneel down and pray, Mr. Blake."

So passed Blake's many years, between reality and dream, labors and chimeras. The painter's life was not one of painful poverty. He and his Kate needed little money; and the seer-husband's pencils and burin, or the private kindness so constantly shown him, provided daily bread. Despite the visions and inspirations and celestial phenomena that filled his head, Blake withal was sane enough in everyday concerns. He lived orderly, even if he thought chaos. Almost his last strokes were on the hundred water-colors for the 'Divina Commedia,' the 'Job' cycle, the 'Ancient of Days' drawing, or a "frenzied sketch" of his wife which he made, exclaiming in beginning it, "Stay! Keep as you are! You have ever been an angel to me. I will draw you." Natural decay and painful chronic ailments increased. He seldom left his rooms in Fountain Court, Strand, except in a visit to the Linnells, at Hampstead. He died gently in 1827, "singing of the things he saw in Heaven." His grave, for many years unknown, was a common one in Bunhill Fields Cemetery; it was identified by Hubert Jenkins, and on August 12, 1927, a memorial stone was

placed above it. Many friends mourned him. With all his eccentricities and the extravagances of his "visions" and "inspirations," he was loved. His ardor of temperament was balanced by meekness, his aggressiveness by true politeness. He was frank, abstemious, a lover of children — who loved him — devout in prayer, devoid of vice. Yet whenever he was in contact with his fellow-men, he was one living and walking apart. As an influence in literature he is less considerable than in painting. In the latter art, a whole group of notables, intellectualists, and rhapsodists of greater or less individuality have to do with him, among whom Dante Gabriel Rossetti was in much his literary child, still more his child in art.

His complete works were edited by William Michael Rossetti in 1874, and again by Ellis and Yeats in 1893. The twentieth century has produced careful modern reprints and reproductions, as well as numerous biographical and interpretative studies by scholars who have succeeded in disentangling from the Prophetic Books a complete metaphysical system. The centenary of Blake's death in 1927 saw a host of critical essays appear, and an admirable edition in one volume of his writings, the work of Geoffrey Keynes. Some of the rarest of Blake's literary productions, as well as the scarcest among his drawings, are owned in the United States.

## SONG

MY silks and fine array,  
 My smiles and languished air,  
 By love are driven away,  
 And mournful lean Despair  
 Brings me yew to deck my grave:  
 Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven  
 When springtime buds unfold;  
 Oh, why to *him* was't given,  
 Whose heart is wintry cold?  
 His breast is Love's all-worshiped tomb,  
 Where all Love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,  
 Bring me a winding-sheet;  
 When I my grave have made,  
 Let winds and tempests beat:  
 Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay:  
 True love doth never pass away.

## SONG

**L**OVE and harmony combine  
 And around our souls entwine,  
 While thy branches mix with mine  
 And our roots together join.

Joys upon our branches sit,  
 Chirping loud and singing sweet;  
 Like gentle streams beneath our feet,  
 Innocence and virtue meet.

Thou the golden fruit dost bear,  
 I am clad in flowers fair;  
 Thy sweet boughs perfume the air,  
 And the turtle buildeth there.

There she sits and feeds her young;  
 Sweet I hear her mournful song;  
 And thy lovely leaves among,  
 There is Love: I hear his tongue.

There his charmed nest he doth lay,  
 There he sleeps the night away,  
 There he sports along the day,  
 And doth among our branches play.

## THE TWO SONGS

**I** HEARD an Angel singing  
 When the day was springing:  
 "Mercy, pity, and peace,  
 Are the world's release."

So he sang all day  
 Over the new-mown hay,  
 Till the sun went down,  
 And the haycocks looked brown.

I heard a devil curse  
Over the heath and the furse:  
"Mercy could be no more  
If there were nobody poor,

And pity no more could be  
If all were happy as ye:  
And mutual fear brings peace.  
Misery's increase  
Are mercy, pity, peace."

At his curse the sun went down,  
And the heavens gave a frown.

## NIGHT

From 'Songs of Innocence'

**T**HE sun descending in the west,  
The evening star does shine,  
The birds are silent in their nest,  
And I must seek for mine.  
The moon, like a flower  
In heaven's high bower,  
With silent delight,  
Sits and smiles in the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy groves  
Where flocks have ta'en delight;  
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move  
The feet of angels bright;  
Unseen they pour blessing,  
And joy without ceasing,  
On each bud and blossom,  
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,  
Where birds are covered warm;  
They visit caves of every beast,  
To keep them all from harm;

If they see any weeping  
 That should have been sleeping,  
 They pour sleep on their head,  
 And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,  
 They pitying stand and weep;  
 Seeking to drive their thirst away,  
 And keep them from the sheep.  
 But if they rush dreadful,  
 The angels most heedful  
 Receive each wild spirit,  
 New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes  
 Shall flow with tears of gold;  
 And pitying the tender cries,  
 And walking round the fold,  
 Saying, "Wrath by His meekness,  
 And by His health, sickness,  
 Are driven away  
 From our immortal day.

"And now beside thee, bleating lamb,  
 I can lie down and sleep,  
 Or think on Him who bore thy name,  
 Graze after thee and weep.  
 For washed in life's river,  
 My bright mane forever  
 Shall shine like the gold,  
 As I guard o'er the fold."

## THE PIPER AND THE CHILD

Introduction to 'Songs of Innocence'

**P**IPING down the valleys wild,  
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
 On a cloud I saw a child,  
 And he laughing said to me: —

"Pipe a song about a lamb."  
 So I piped with merry cheer.  
 "Piper, pipe that song again:"  
 So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;  
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer:"  
 So I sang the same again,  
 While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write,  
 In a book that all may read." —  
 So he vanished from my sight;  
 And I plucked a hollow reed;

And I made a rural pen,  
 And I stained the water clear,  
 And I wrote my happy songs  
 Every child may joy to hear.

## HOLY THURSDAY

From 'Songs of Innocence'

'T WAS on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,  
 Came children walking two and two, in red and blue and green:  
 Gray-headed beadles walked before, with wands as white as snow,  
 Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames waters flow.

Oh, what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of London town!  
 Seated in companies they sit, with radiance all their own.  
 The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,  
 Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song,  
 Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among:  
 Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor.  
 Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

## A CRADLE SONG

From 'Songs of Experience'

SLEEP, sleep, beauty bright,  
 Dreaming in the joys of night;  
 Sleep, sleep; in thy sleep  
 Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face  
 Soft desires I can trace,  
 Secret joys and secret smiles,  
 Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,  
 Smiles as of the morning steal  
 O'er thy cheek and o'er thy breast,  
 Where thy little heart doth rest.

Oh, the cunning wiles that creep  
 In thy little heart asleep!  
 When thy little heart shall wake,  
 Then the dreadful light shall break.

## THE LITTLE BLACK BOY

From 'Songs of Innocence'

MY mother bore me in the Southern wild,  
 And I am black, but oh, my soul is white!  
 White as an angel is the English child,  
 But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,  
 And sitting down before the heat of day,  
 She took me on her lap and kissèd me,  
 And, pointing to the East, began to say: —

"Look on the rising sun: there God does live,  
 And gives his light, and gives his heat away,  
 And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive  
 Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

"And we are put on earth a little space,  
 That we may learn to bear the beams of love;  
 And these black bodies and this sunburnt face  
 Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For when our souls have learned the heat to bear,  
 The cloud will vanish, we shall hear his voice,  
 Saying, 'Come out from the grove, my love and care,  
 And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.'"

Thus did my mother say, and kissèd me,  
 And thus I say to little English boy:  
 When I from black, and he from white cloud free,  
 And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear  
 To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;  
 And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,  
 And be like him, and he will then love me.

### 'THE TIGER

From 'Songs of Experience'

**T**IGER! Tiger! burning bright  
 In the forests of the night,  
 What immortal hand or eye  
 Framed thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
 Burned that fire within thine eyes?  
 On what wings dared he aspire?  
 What the hand dared seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart?

When thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain,  
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?  
What the anvil? What dread grasp  
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

THE END





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